THE CHILDREN'S HYMNAL

ELEANOR SMITH
C. H. FARNSWORTH — C. A. FULLERTON

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THE CHILDREN'S HYMNAL

BY

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SMITH'S CHILDREN'S HYMNAL

W. P. I.

PREFACE

THE first definite movement towards the preparation of this *Children's Hymnal* was inaugurated at the annual meeting of the Music Supervisors' Conference held at Detroit in 1911. In the discussion which occurred at that time the desirability of better songs and better music for use in Sunday Schools was quite generally recognized, and a committee was appointed to take that matter into further consideration. This committee, consisting of Eleanor Smith, Charles H. Farnsworth, and C. A. Fullerton, began its task by making a critical examination of all the Sunday School song books now in general use. The result of this examination was reported at the next annual meeting of the Conference, and was very fully discussed by the music supervisors who were in attendance. Finally, the committee already appointed was authorized and directed to prepare a new collection of Sunday School music.

As a guide to the committee the Conference agreed upon certain basic principles which should govern them in the selection and arrangement of the contents of the proposed volume. Among these were the following: The religious lessons presented in the songs should be of universal application and in harmony with the beliefs and practices of the leading Christian churches. The quality of the literature should be of the best. Both the poetry and the music, while highly artistic in construction, should be adapted to the understanding and abilities of the children for whose use the work is intended. It was further agreed that the contents of the volume should consist mainly of familiar, dignified, and simple hymns, with a generous admixture of folk songs having a religious flavor, and appropriate selections from the best composers.

With these suggestions in mind, the committee proceeded at once with the duties thus conferred upon it. From a great mass of religious songs, choice was made of such productions as seemed best to meet the requirements indicated by the Conference. In making the selection, especial care was taken that not only should every text convey a worthy religious thought to the child, but that the music should so interpret that thought as to be itself religious. In no case were adaptations of secular music to sacred songs admitted; and in no case was any selection considered which contained matter that might be construed as offensive to any religious creed.

The results of the committee's labors are now offered to the Sunday School public in the following pages. The artistic content of the collection will be at once apparent in the many beautiful old songs, some well known and well tested, but many not familiar even to the most diligent students of children's music. Perhaps the most appealing of these are the Christmas folk songs from foreign lands, which so touchingly express the simple faith and piety of primitive peoples. A large number of beautiful old hymns, endeared to all Christians by centuries of use, are also included, as well as other less familiar lyrics which are here set to music for the first time.

One section of the book is devoted to songs for little children, another to songs for children somewhat older, while a third, of greater difficulty, may be sung by a Sunday School choir.

Various authorities in the religious training of children have been consulted as to the religious content of the literary portions of the book. Both valuable counsel and friendly approval have been received from these critics, whose views represent those of most of the leading bodies of Christians in our country.

Acknowledgments are due the Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to use "The Alder by the River" by Celia Thaxter, "Easter Dawn" by Lucy Larcom, "Send Down Thy Peace" by Edward Howland Sill, "Winter Song" by Samuel Longfellow, and "O Love Divine that Stooped to Share" by Oliver Wendell Holmes; to Katherine Lee Bates for "America, the Beautiful;" to Washington Gladden for "O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee;" to *The Continent* for "Rise Up, O Men of God;" to *The New Church Messenger* for "Snowdrop, Lift Your Timid Head;" to H. W. Gray and Company for the three carols, "Let the Merry Church Bells Ring," "Ye Happy Bells of Easter Day," and "The World Itself Keeps Easter Day," by Dr. J. S. B. Hodges; to the editors of *The Tucker Hymnal* for "God of our Fathers" by G. W. Warren and the tune "Vexilla" by H. W. Parker; to Helen Goodrich for six sentences; to W. W. Gilchrist and *The Hosanna* for "This is the Way the Snow Comes Down;" to H. J. Storer for the tune "Harvest Home;" to A. H. Messiter for the tune "Marion."

The committee desires especially to acknowledge the generous help of the Rev. Charles L. Hutchins, which greatly facilitated investigation into sources of material available for the book.

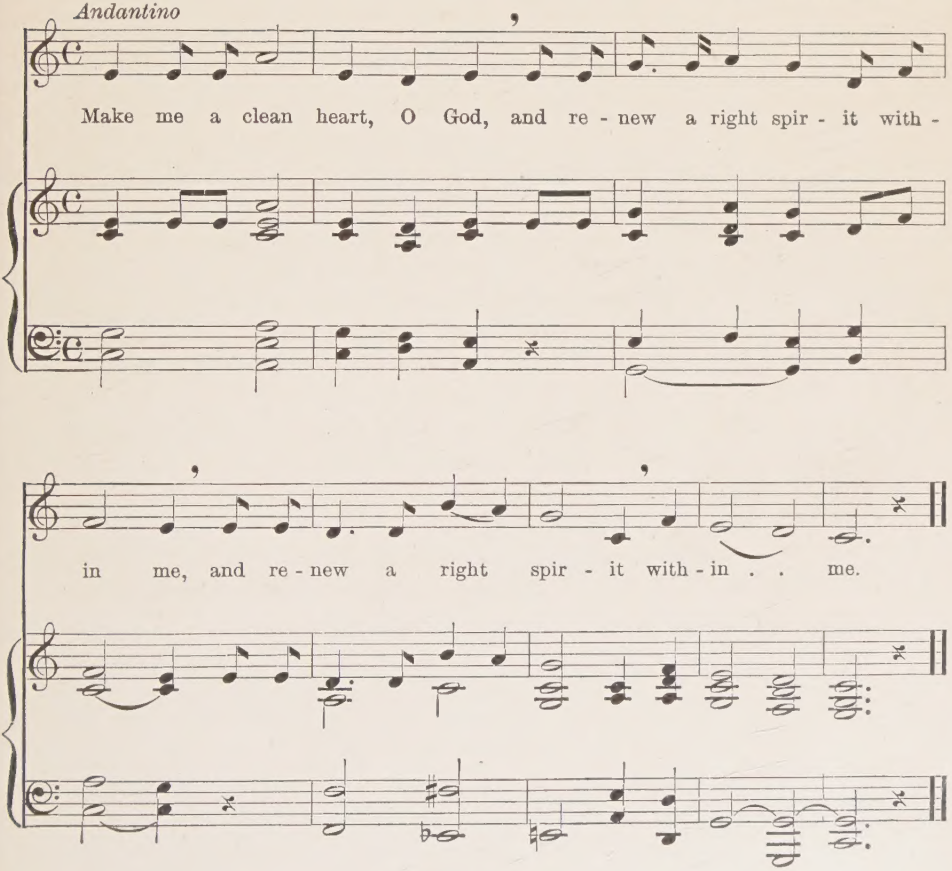
THE CHILDREN'S HYMNAL

SENTENCES

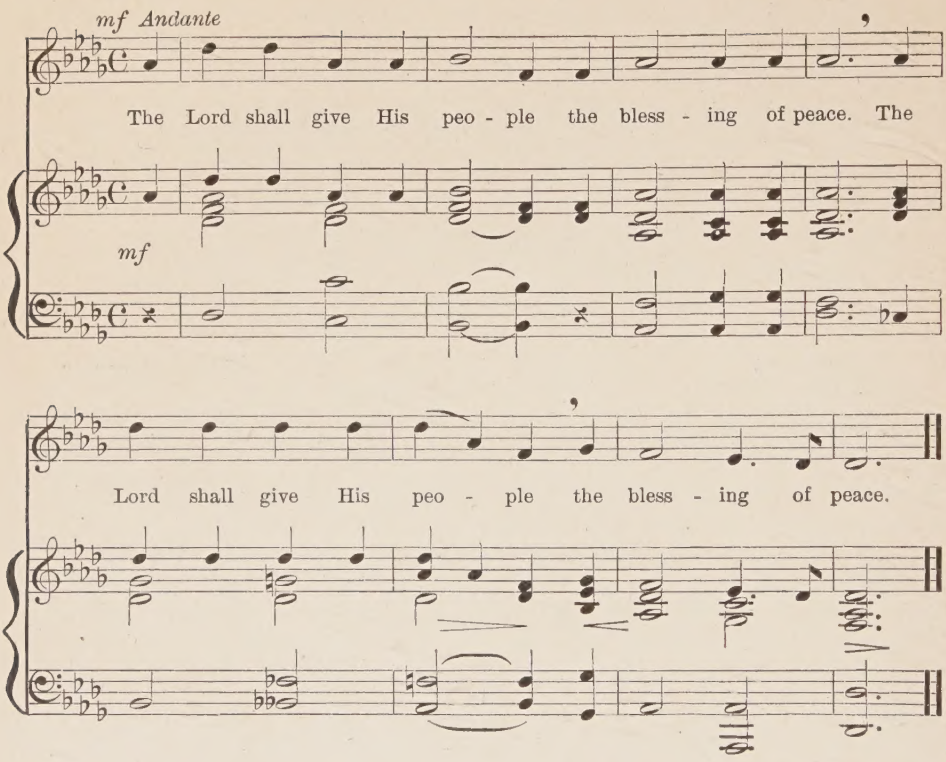
1 Make Me a Clean Heart

PSALM LI: 10 — HELEN GOODRICH

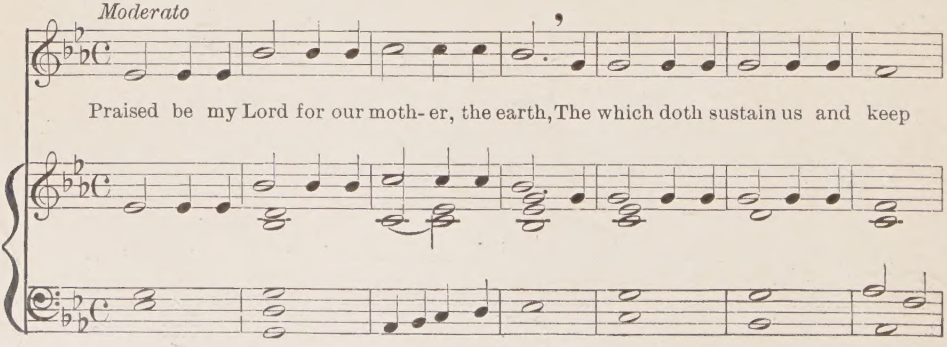
Andantino



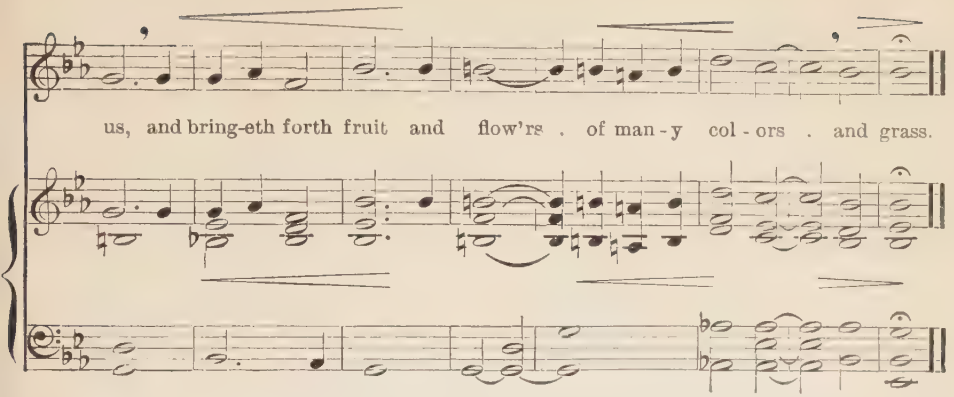
2 The Blessing of Peace

PSALM XXIX : 11 — HELEN GOODRICH

3 Praised be My Lord

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI — HELEN GOODRICH

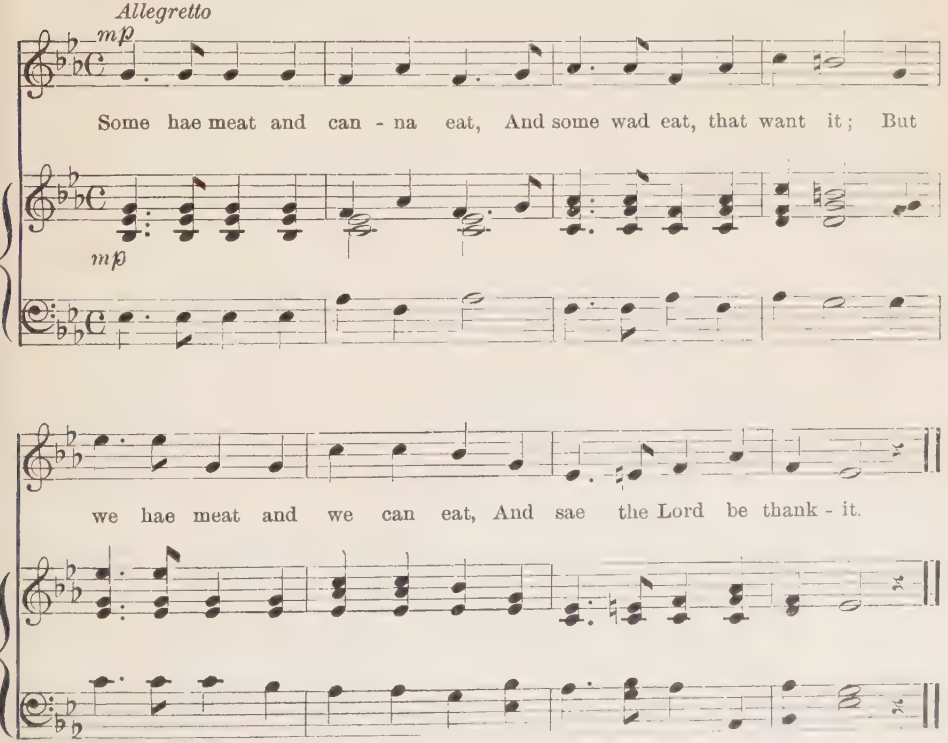


Praised be My Lord



4 Grace Before Meat

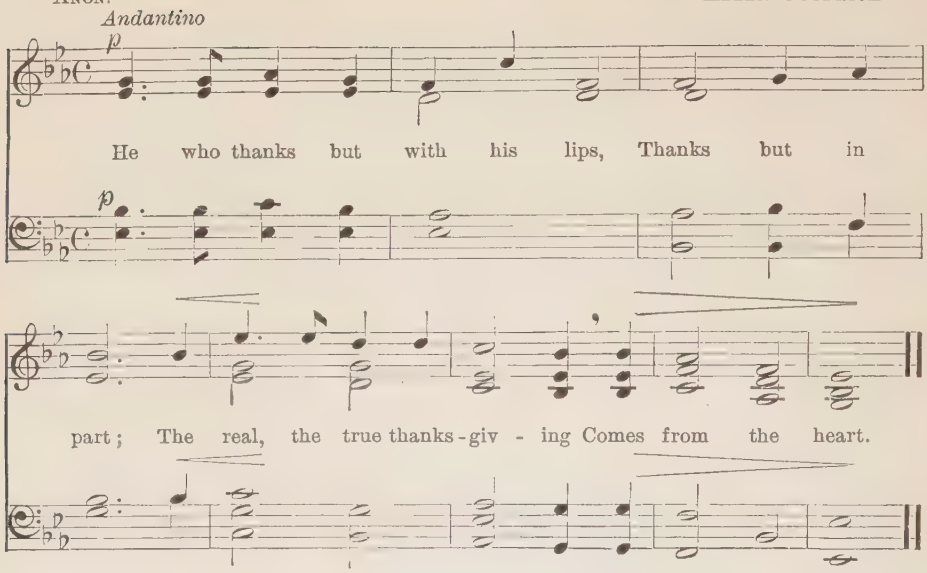
ROBERT BURNS HELEN GOODRICH


Allegretto
mp
Some hae meat and can - na eat, And some wad eat, that want it; But
mp
we hae meat and we can eat, And sae the Lord be thank - it.

5 Grace Before Meat

ANON. HELEN GOODRICH

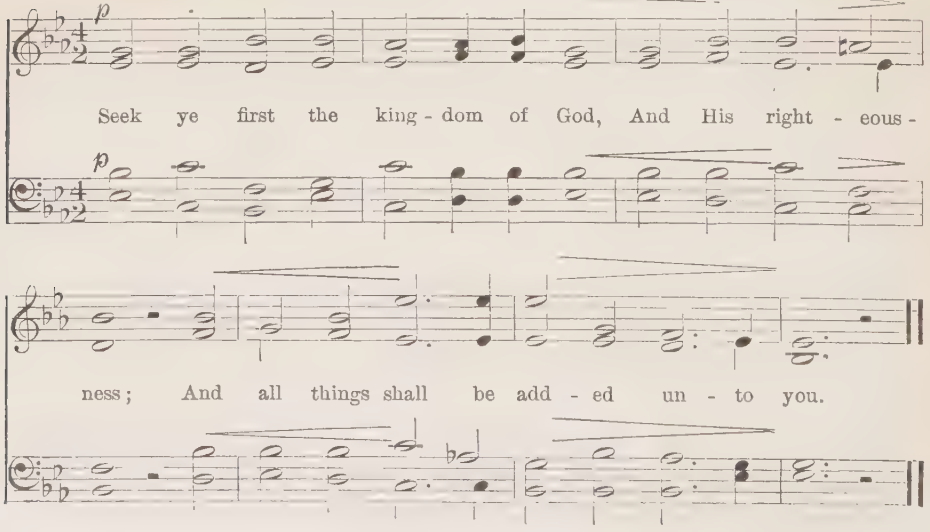
Andantino



6 Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God

MATTHEW VI: 33 R. REDHEAD

Andante

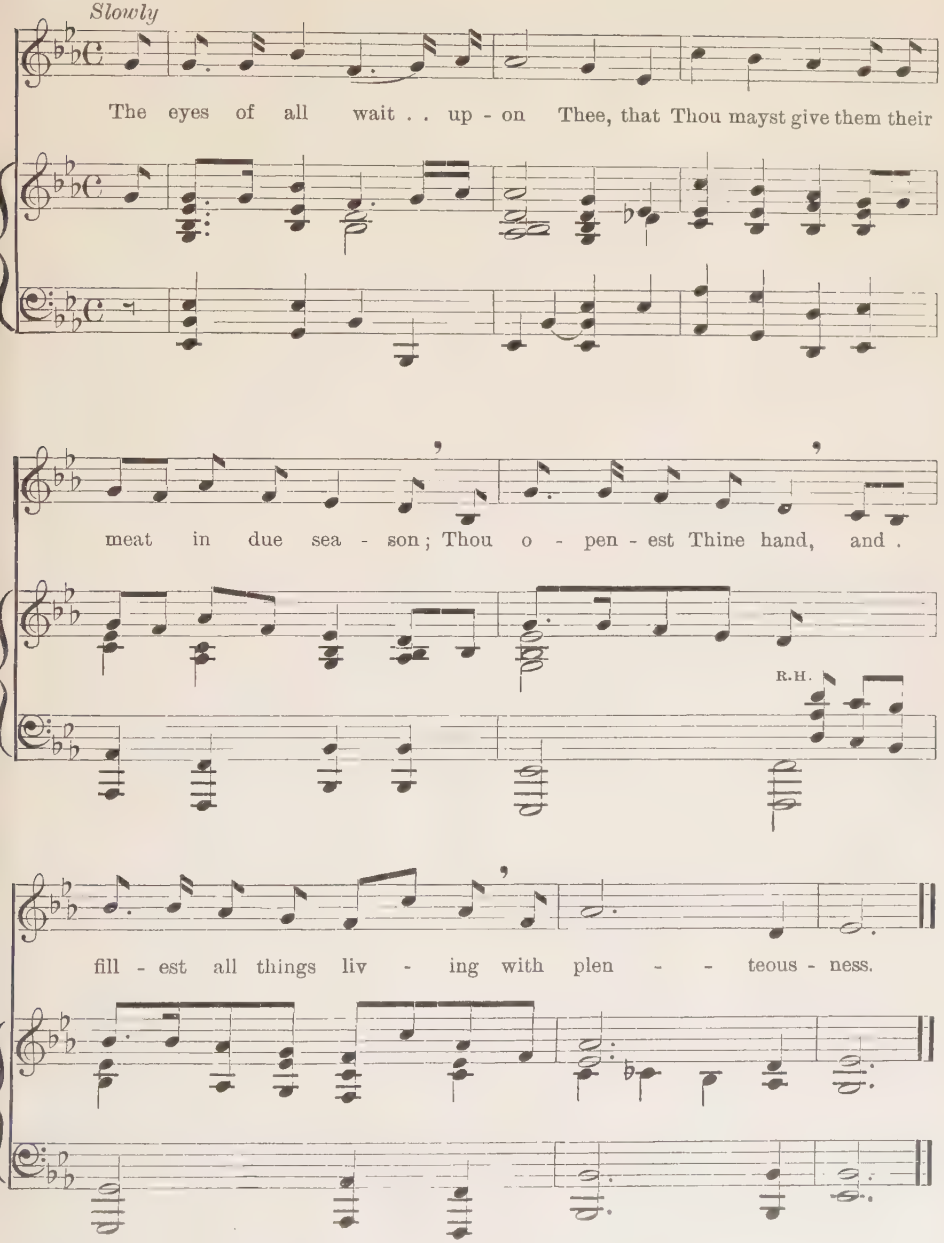


The Eyes of All Wait Upon Thee

PSALM CXLV : 15

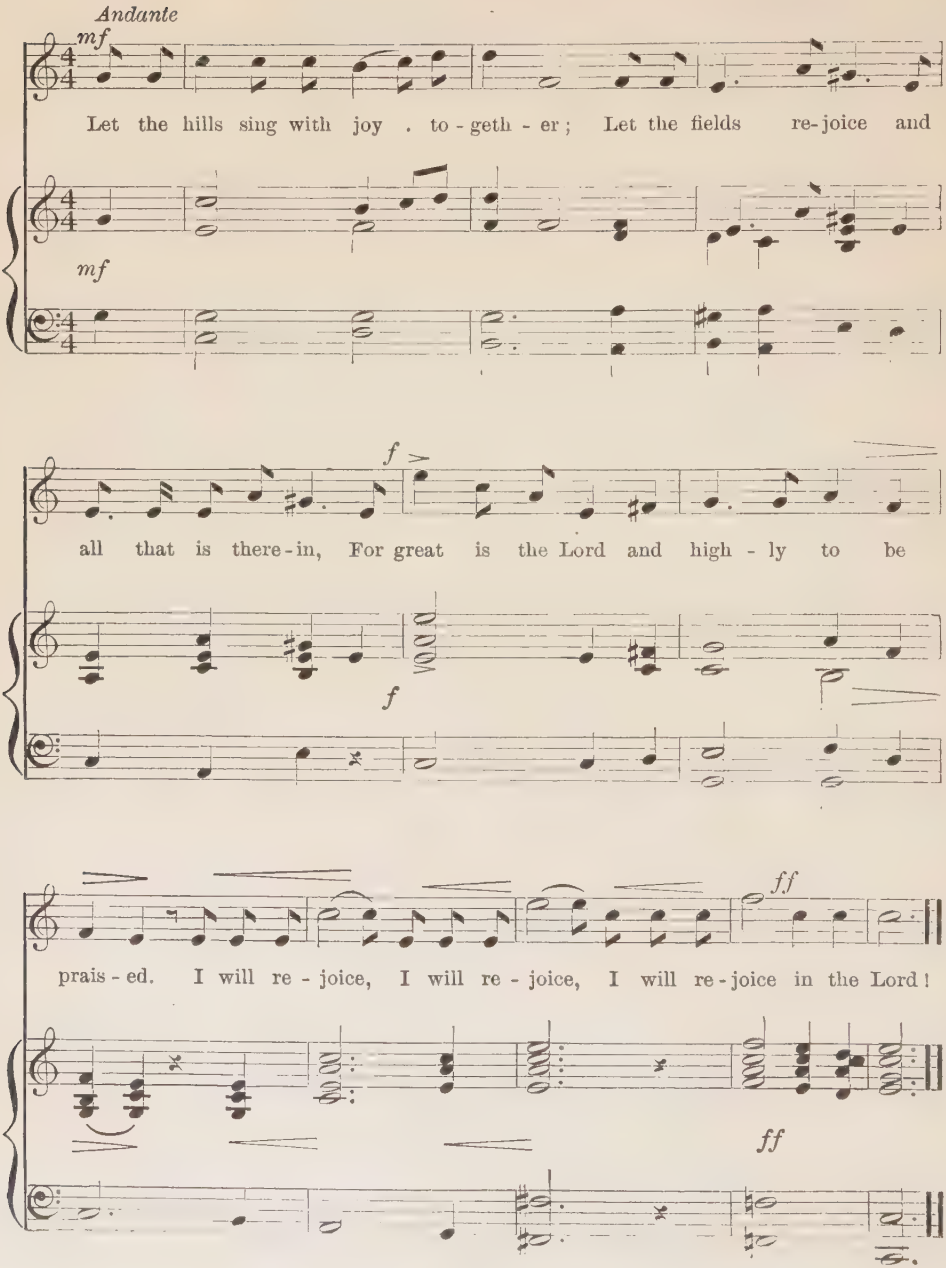
HELEN GOODRICH

Slowly


The eyes of all wait . . up - on Thee, that Thou mayst give them their
meat in due sea - son; Thou o - pen - est Thine hand, and .
R.H.
fill - est all things liv - ing with plen - - teous - ness.

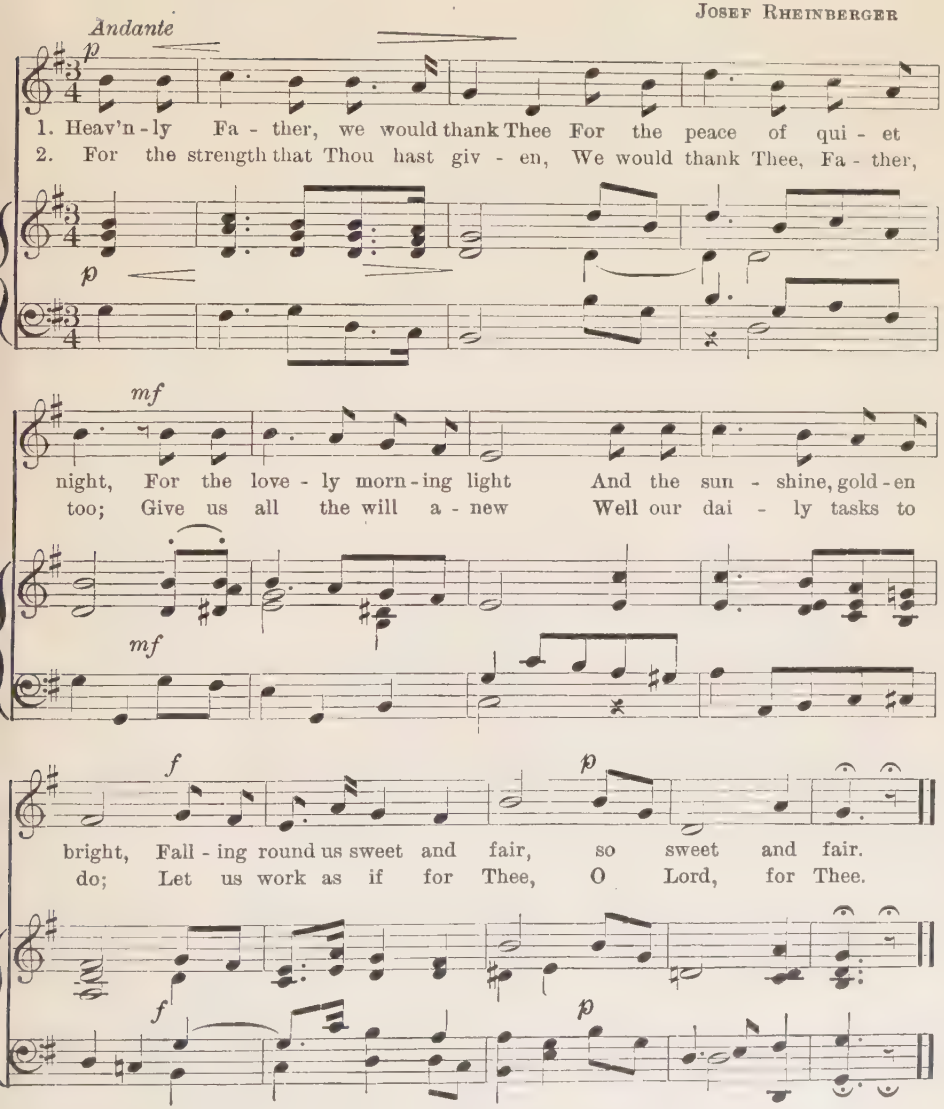
Let the Hills Sing

ELEANOR SMITH


Andante
mf
Let the hills sing with joy . to - geth - er; Let the fields re-joice and
mf
f
all that is there-in, For great is the Lord and high - ly to be
f
ff
prais - ed. I will re - joice, I will re - joice, I will re-joice in the Lord!
ff

9

Morning Prayer

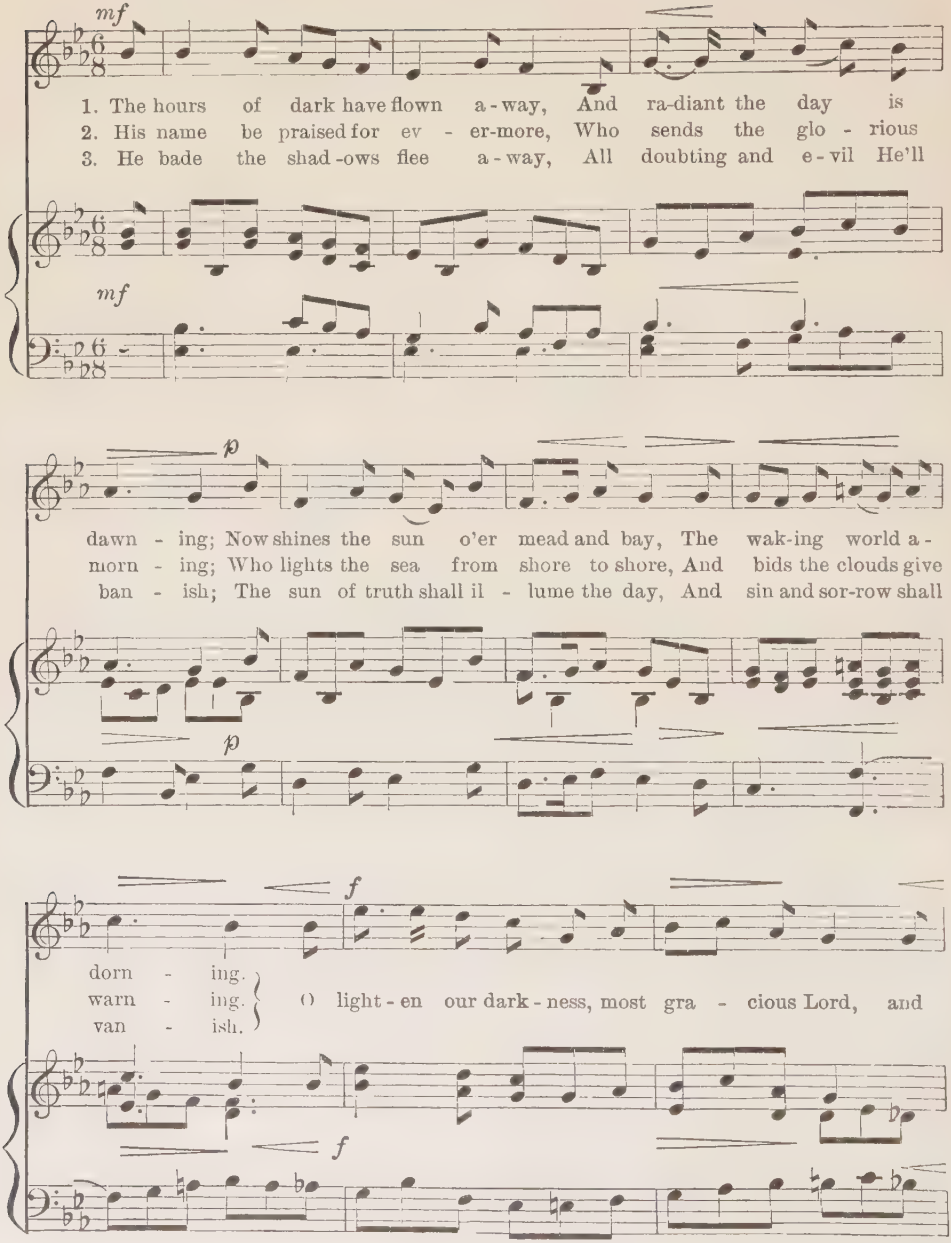
JOSEF RHEINBERGER

Andante
p
1. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, we would thank Thee For the peace of qui - et night,
2. For the strength that Thou hast giv - en, We would thank Thee, Fa - ther, too;
p
mf
For the love - ly morn - ing light And the sun - shine, gold - en
Give us all the will a - new Well our dai - ly tasks to
mf
f
p
bright, Fall - ing round us sweet and fair, so sweet and fair.
do; Let us work as if for Thee, O Lord, for Thee.
f
p

Morning Hymn

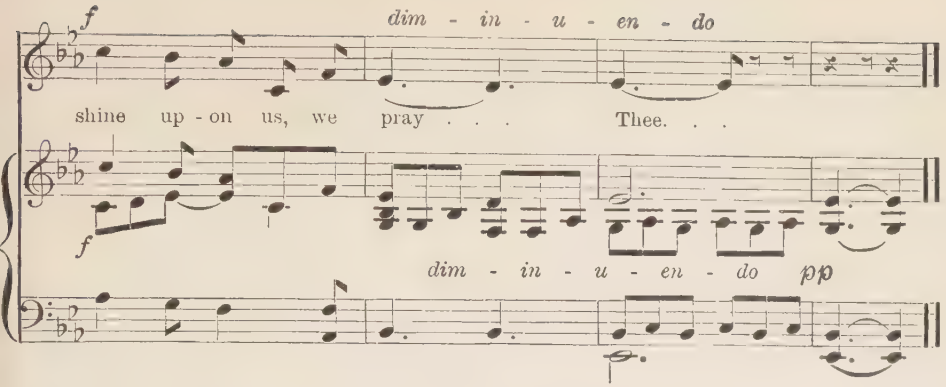
Tr. from the Danish

AUGUST WINDING

Andantino sostenuto


mf
1. The hours of dark have flown a - way, And ra-diant the day is
2. His name be praised for ev - er-more, Who sends the glo - rious
3. He bade the shad-ows flee a - way, All doubting and e - vil He'll
mf
p
dawn - ing; Now shines the sun o'er mead and bay, The wak-ing world a -
morn - ing; Who lights the sea from shore to shore, And bids the clouds give
ban - ish; The sun of truth shall il - lume the day, And sin and sor-row shall
p
f
dorn - ing.
warn - ing.
van - ish.
O light - en our dark - ness, most gra - cious Lord, and
f

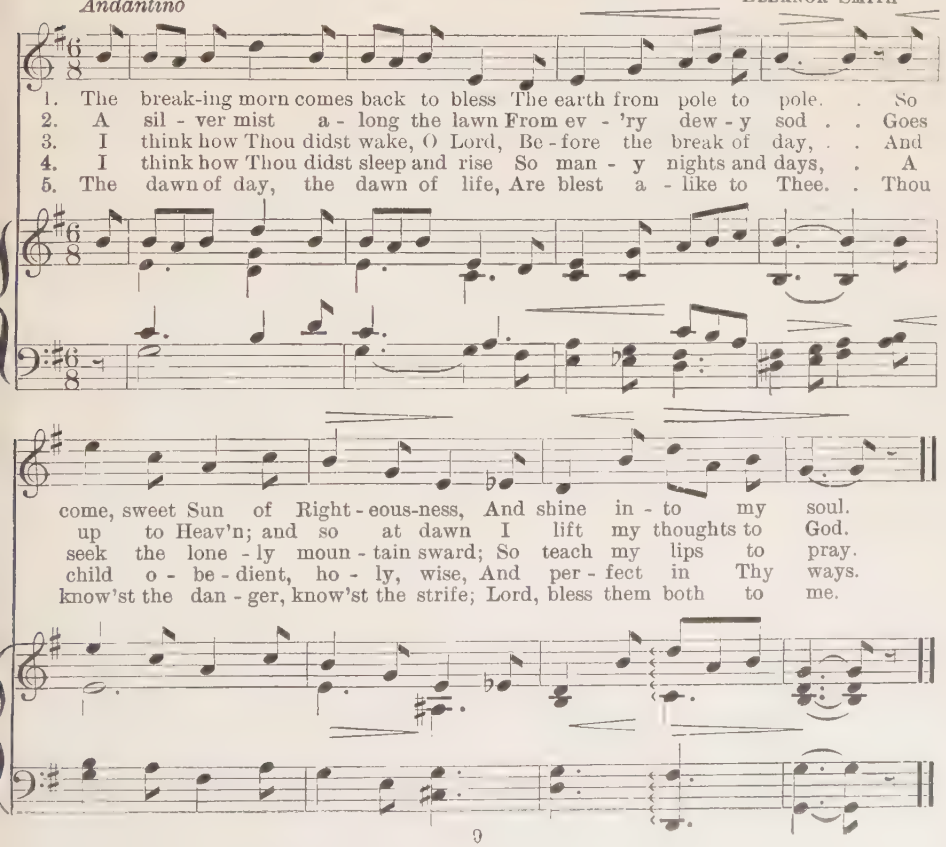
Morning Hymn



11 The Breaking Morn Comes Back to Bless

Andantino

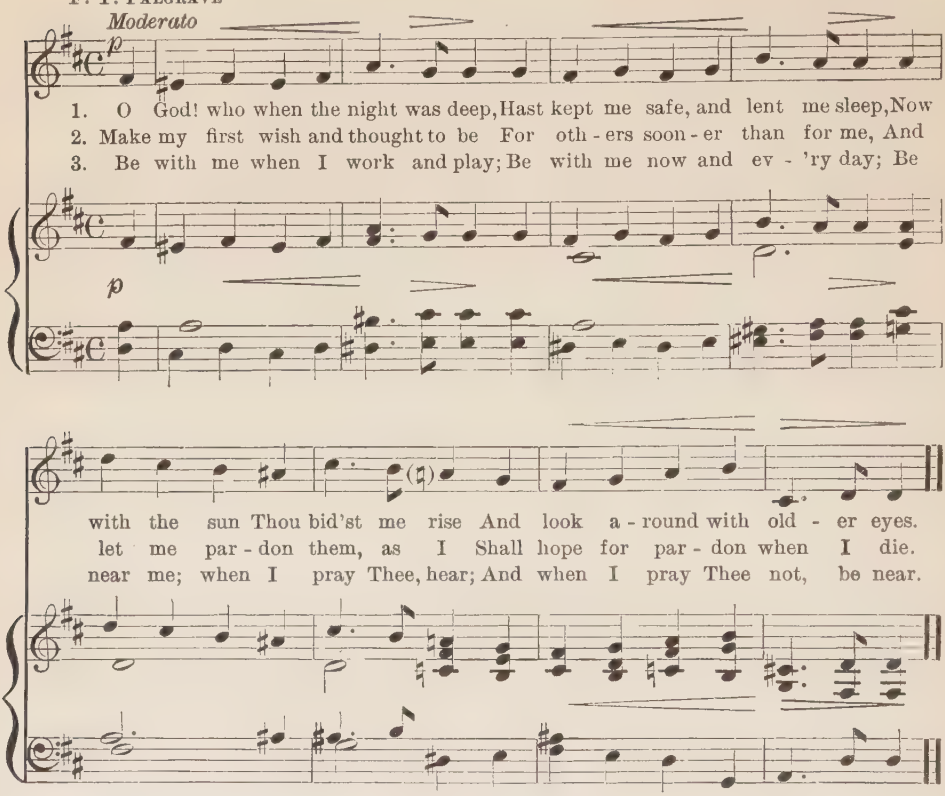
ELEANOR SMITH


1. The break-ing morn comes back to bless The earth from pole to pole. . So
2. A sil - ver mist a - long the lawn From ev - 'ry dew - y sod . . Goes
3. I think how Thou didst wake, O Lord, Be - fore the break of day, . . And
4. I think how Thou didst sleep and rise So man - y nights and days, . A
5. The dawn of day, the dawn of life, Are blest a - like to Thee. . Thou
come, sweet Sun of Right - eous-ness, And shine in - to my soul.
up to Heav'n; and so at dawn I lift my thoughts to God.
seek the lone - ly moun - tain sward; So teach my lips to pray.
child o - be - dient, ho - ly, wise, And per - fect in Thy ways.
know'st the dan - ger, know'st the strife; Lord, bless them both to me.

12 O God! Who When the Night was Deep

F. T. Palgrave

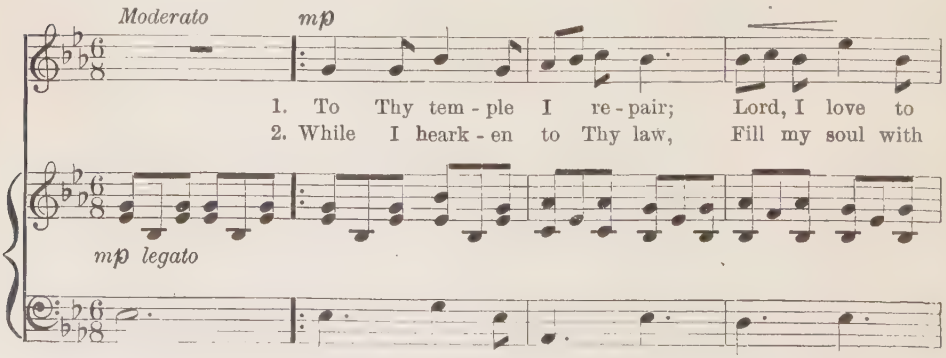
J. M. Courtney

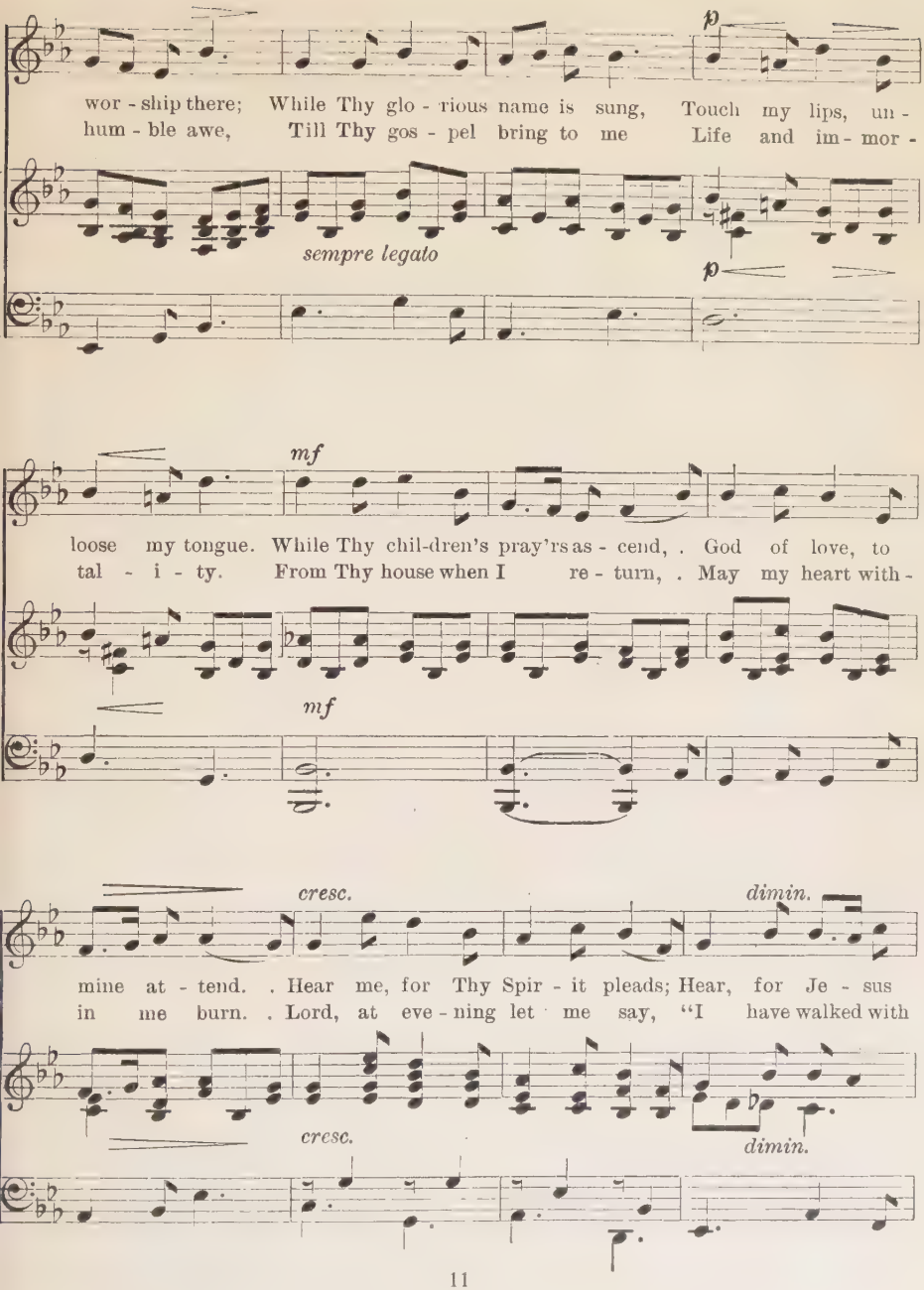

Moderato
p
1. O God! who when the night was deep, Hast kept me safe, and lent me sleep, Now
2. Make my first wish and thought to be For oth - ers soon - er than for me, And
3. Be with me when I work and play; Be with me now and ev - 'ry day; Be
p
with the sun Thou bid'st me rise And look a - round with old - er eyes.
let me par - don them, as I Shall hope for par - don when I die.
near me; when I pray Thee, hear; And when I pray Thee not, be near.

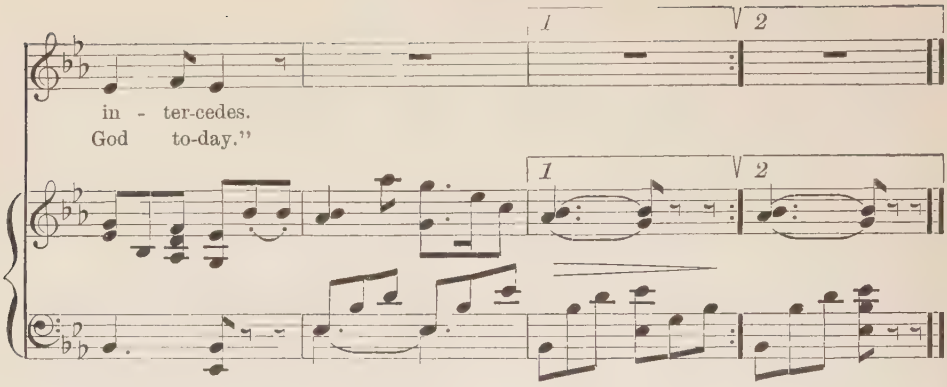
13 Sunday Morning

James Montgomery

Franz Abt




p
wor - ship there; While Thy glo - rious name is sung, Touch my lips, un -
hum - ble awe, Till Thy gos - pel bring to me Life and im - mor -
sempre legato
p
mf
loose my tongue. While Thy chil-dren's pray'rs as - cend, . God of love, to
tal - i - ty. From Thy house when I re - turn, . May my heart with -
mf
cresc.
dimin.
mine at - tend. . Hear me, for Thy Spir - it pleads; Hear, for Je - sus
in me burn. . Lord, at eve - ning let me say, "I have walked with
cresc.
dimin.

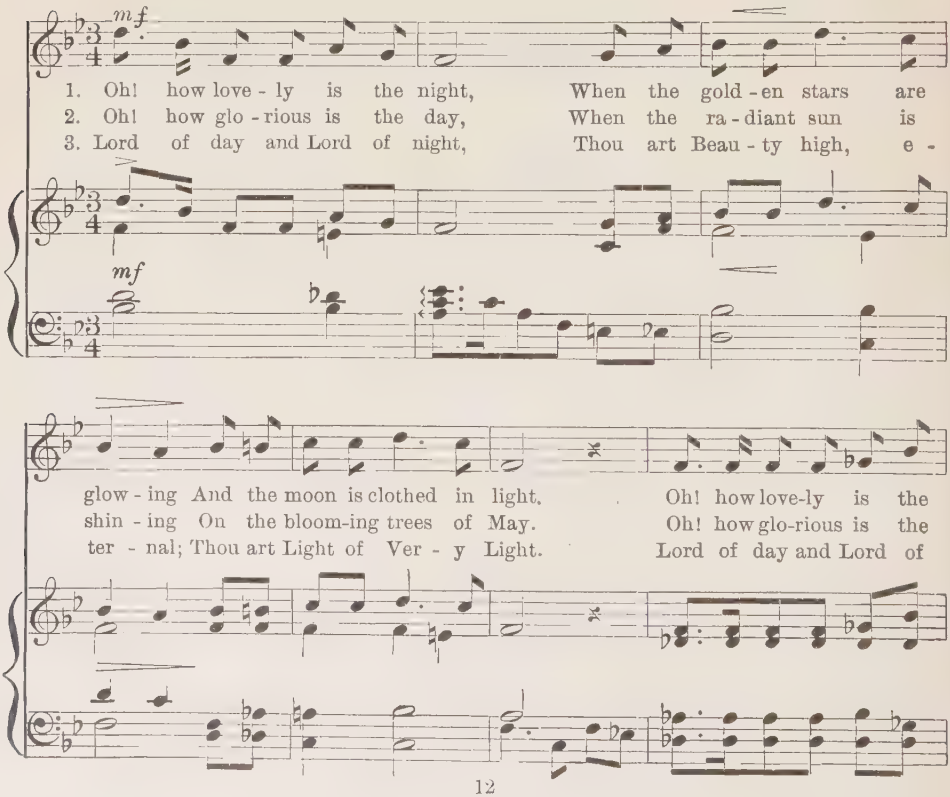
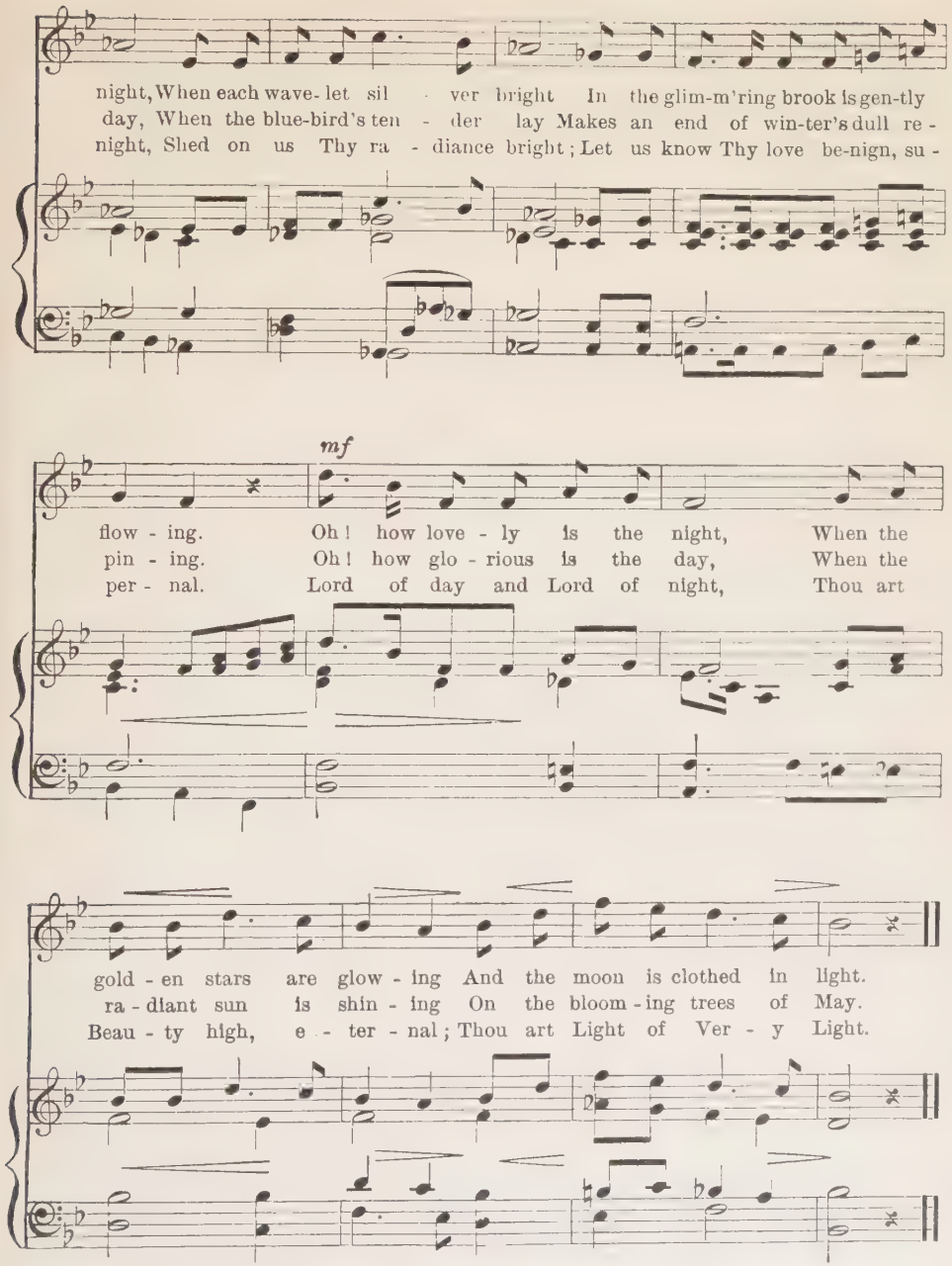


14 Night and Day

JOHANN MEYER-KIEL — CARL REINECKE

Translated and two stanzas added

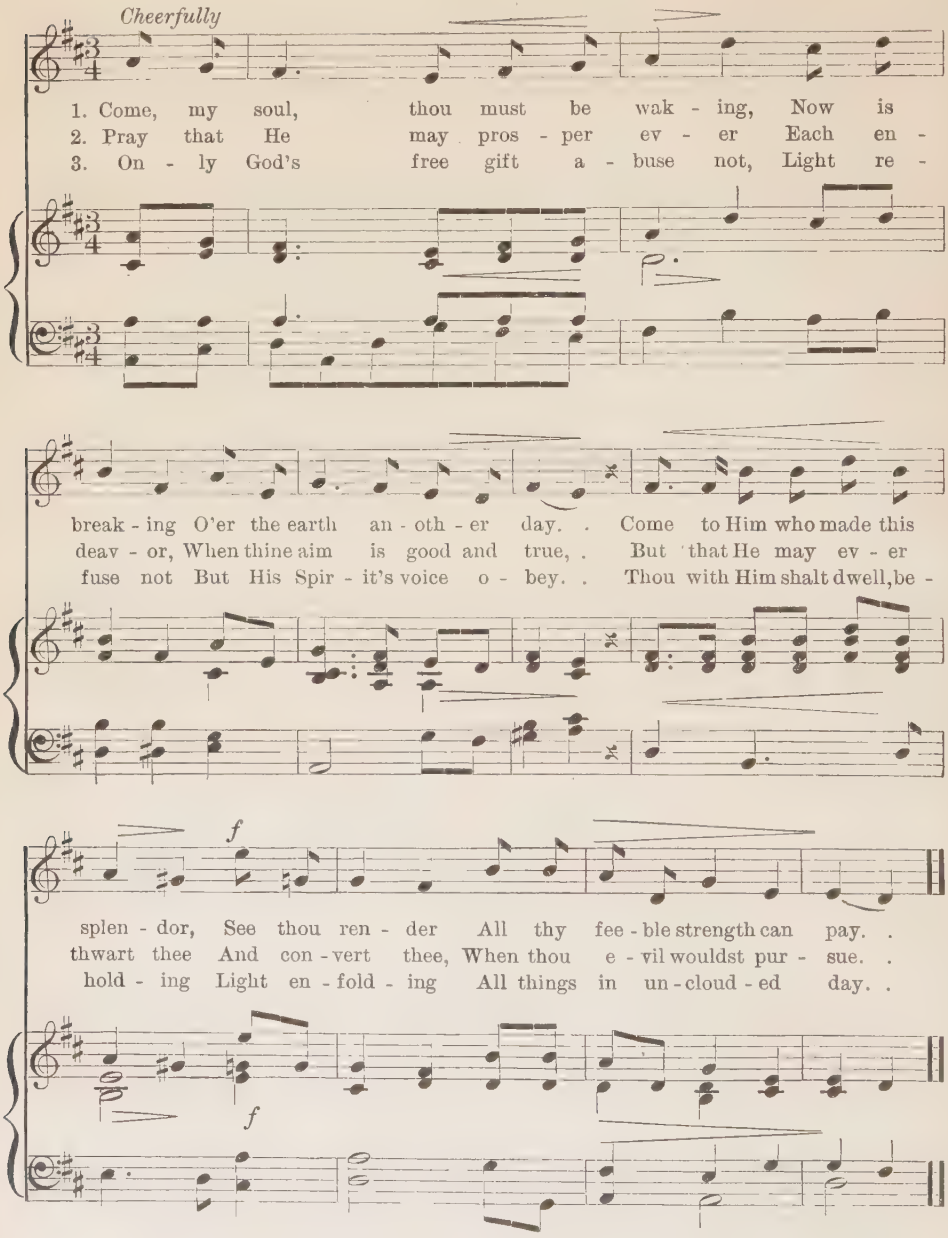
Andante


mf
1. Oh! how love - ly is the night, When the gold - en stars are
2. Oh! how glo - rious is the day, When the ra - diant sun is
3. Lord of day and Lord of night, Thou art Beau - ty high, e -
mf
glow - ing And the moon is clothed in light.
shin - ing On the bloom-ing trees of May.
ter - nal; Thou art Light of Ver - y Light.
Oh! how love-ly is the
Oh! how glo-rious is the
Lord of day and Lord of

night, When each wave-let sil - ver bright In the glim-m'ring brook is gen-tly
day, When the blue-bird's ten - der lay Makes an end of win-ter's dull re -
night, Shed on us Thy ra - diance bright; Let us know Thy love be-nign, su -
mf
flow - ing. Oh! how love - ly is the night, When the
pin - ing. Oh! how glo - rious is the day, When the
per - nal. Lord of day and Lord of night, Thou art
gold - en stars are glow - ing And the moon is clothed in light.
ra - diant sun is shin - ing On the bloom - ing trees of May.
Beau - ty high, e - ter - nal; Thou art Light of Ver - y Light.

15 Come, My Soul, Thou Must be Waking

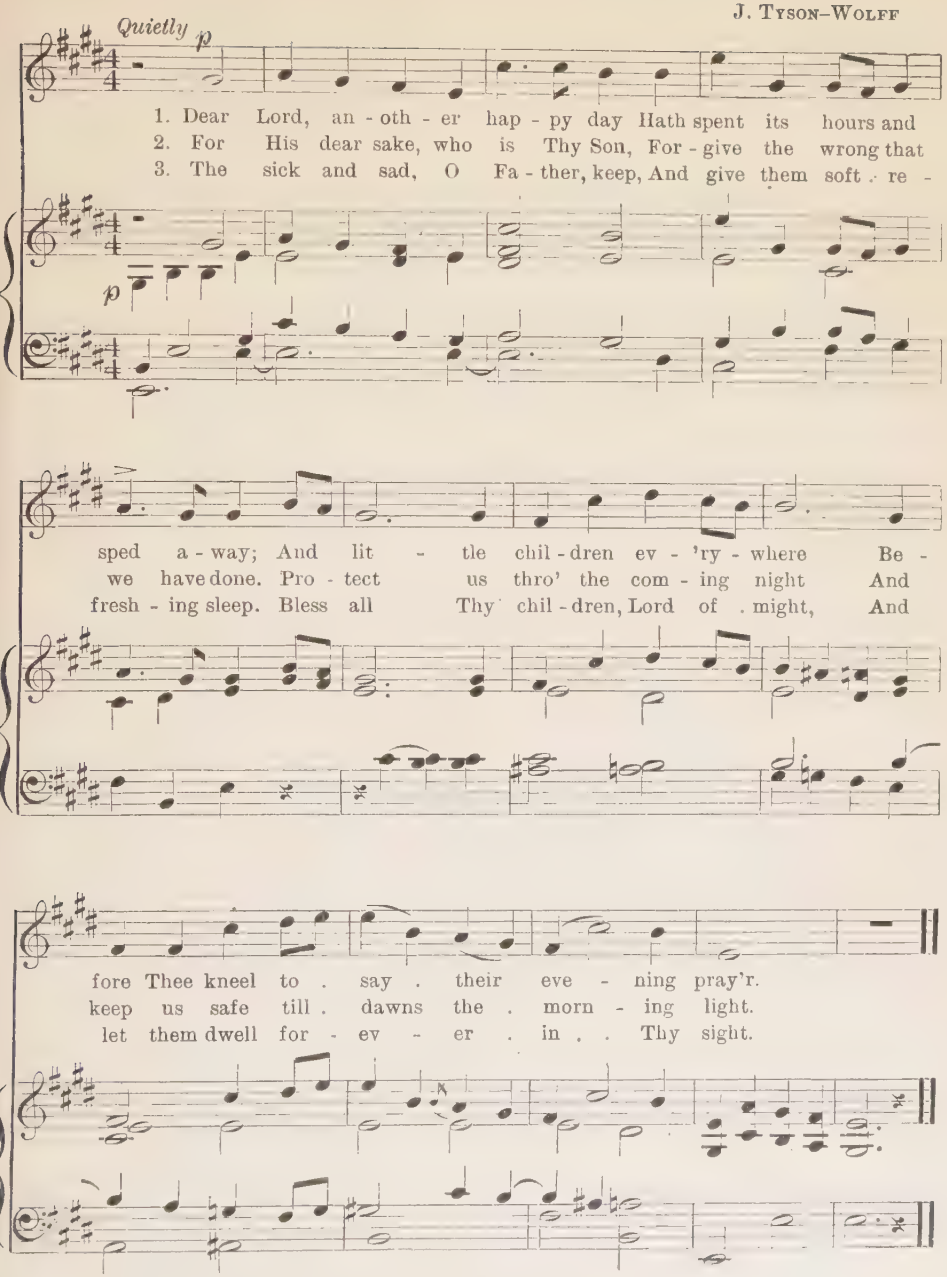
F. R. L. von Canitz — Eleanor Smith

Cheerfully


1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing O'er the earth an - oth - er day. . Come to Him who made this
2. Pray that He may pros - per ev - er Each en - deav - or, When thine aim is good and true, . But that He may ev - er
3. On - ly God's free gift a - buse not, Light re - fuse not But His Spir - it's voice o - bey. . Thou with Him shalt dwell, be -
f
splen - dor, See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay. .
thwart thee And con - vert thee, When thou e - vil wouldst pur - sue. .
hold - ing Light en - fold - ing All things in un - cloud - ed day. .
f

Evening Prayer

J. Tyson-Wolff


Quietly p
1. Dear Lord, an - oth - er hap - py day Hath spent its hours and
2. For His dear sake, who is Thy Son, For - give the wrong that
3. The sick and sad, O Fa - ther, keep, And give them soft re -
p
sped a - way; And lit - tle chil - dren ev - 'ry - where Be -
we have done. Pro - tect us thro' the com - ing night And
fresh - ing sleep. Bless all Thy chil - dren, Lord of might, And
fore Thee kneel to say their eve - ning pray'r.
keep us safe till dawns the morn - ing light.
let them dwell for - ev - er in Thy sight.

17 Peace of Night

Tr. from G. Scherer

Carl Reinecke

Andante

p

1. The sun has long de - part - ed, The day to night doth yield; And
2. The sun has long de - part - ed, The day to night doth yield; And

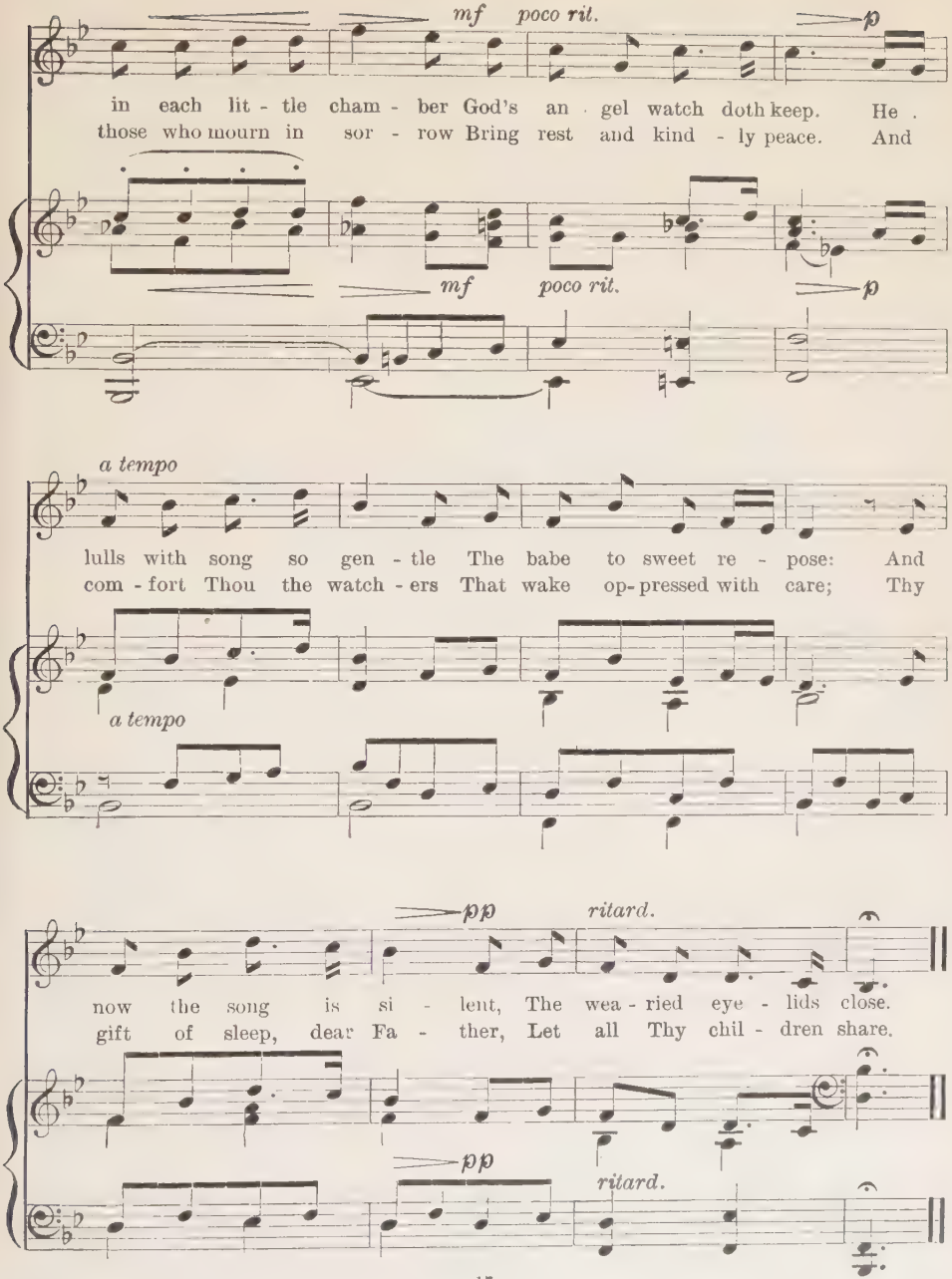
p

pp

peace, so still and ho - ly, Broods o - ver house and . field. To
peace, so still and ho - ly, Broods o - ver house and . field. Be

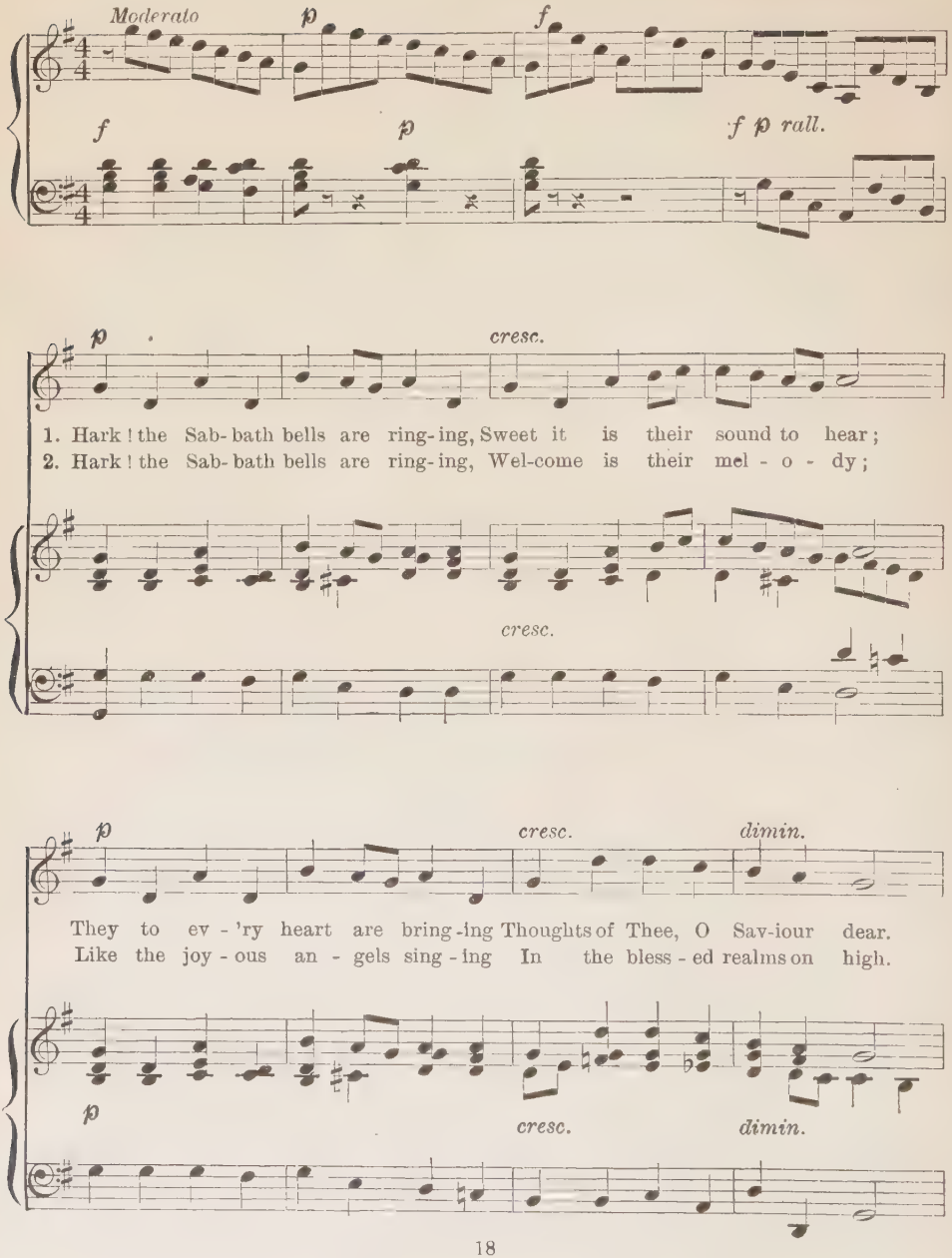
wea - ried eye - lids gen - tly The night brings sweet- est sleep; And
near the sick, O Fa - ther, And bid their pain to cease; To

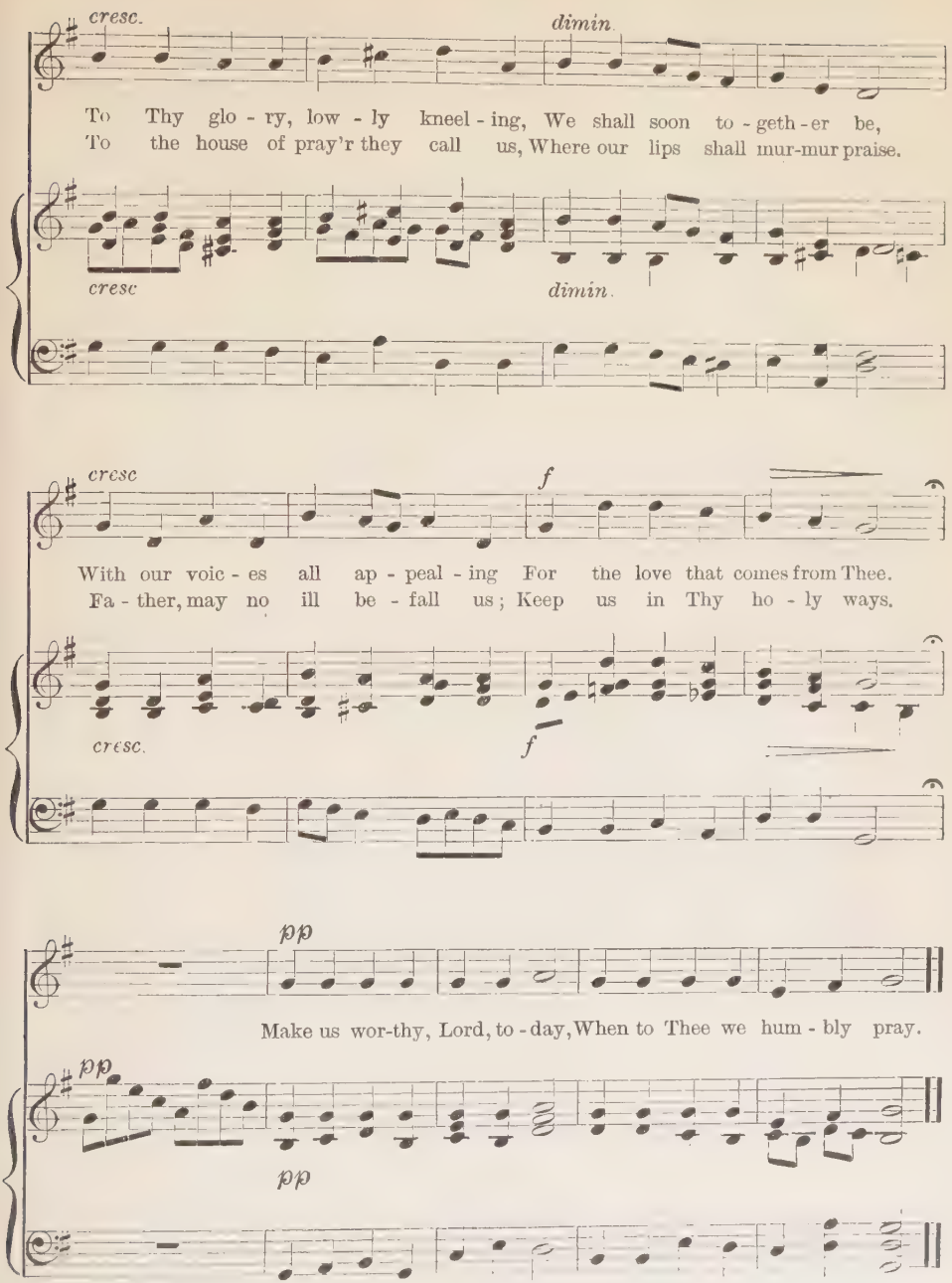
pp

Peace of Night

mf
poco rit.
p
in each lit - tle cham - ber God's an - gel watch doth keep. He .
those who mourn in sor - row Bring rest and kind - ly peace. And
mf
poco rit.
p
a tempo
lulls with song so gen - tle The babe to sweet re - pose: And
com - fort Thou the watch - ers That wake op- pressed with care; Thy
a tempo
pp
ritard.
now the song is si - lent, The wea - ried eye - lids close.
gift of sleep, dear Fa - ther, Let all Thy chil - dren share.
pp
ritard.

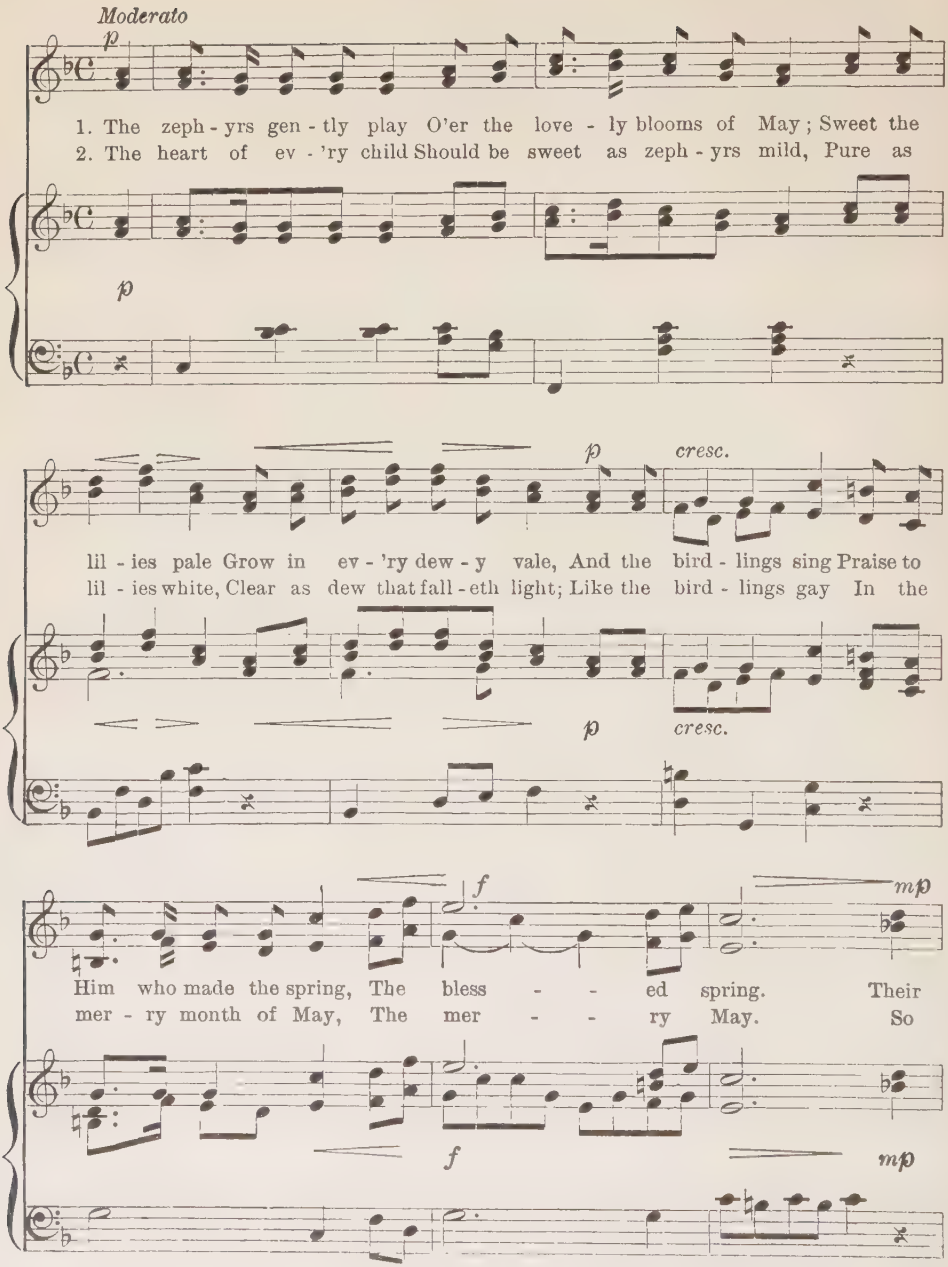
Sabbath Bells

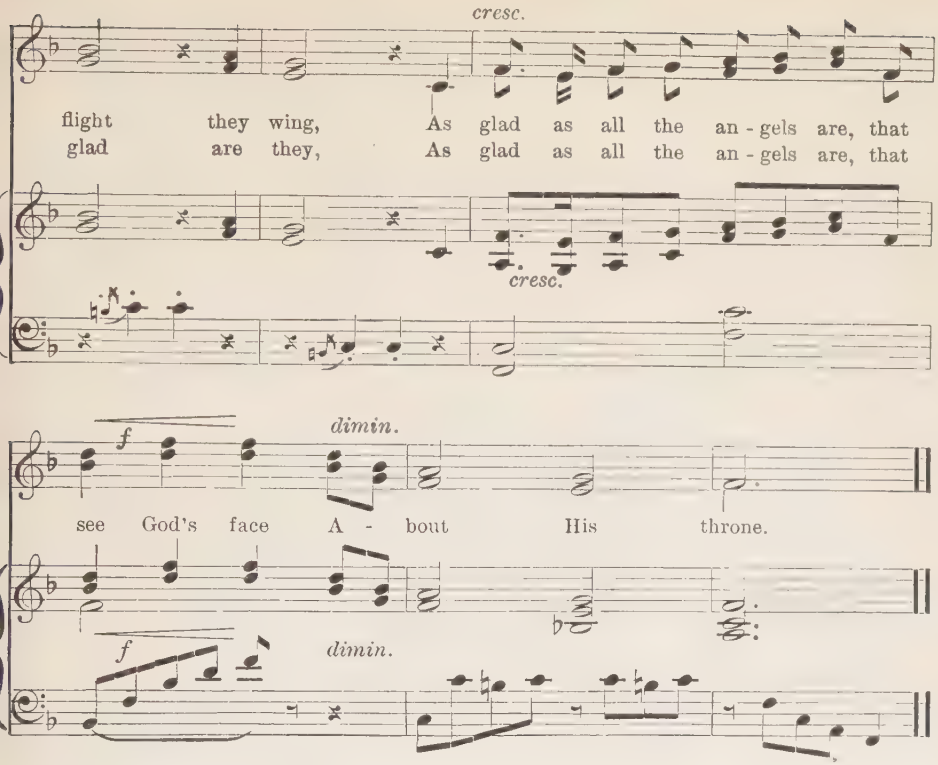
E. Oxenford

J. Stainer

Moderato
p
f
f
p
f p rall.
p
cresc.
1. Hark! the Sab-bath bells are ring-ing, Sweet it is their sound to hear;
2. Hark! the Sab-bath bells are ring-ing, Wel-come is their mel - o - dy;
cresc.
p
cresc.
dimin.
They to ev - 'ry heart are bring-ing Thoughts of Thee, O Sav-iour dear.
Like the joy - ous an - gels sing - ing In the bless - ed realms on high.
p
cresc.
dimin.


cresc.
dimin.
To Thy glo - ry, low - ly kneel - ing, We shall soon to - geth - er be,
To the house of pray'r they call us, Where our lips shall mur-mur praise.
cresc
dimin.
cresc
f
With our voic - es all ap - peal - ing For the love that comes from Thee.
Fa - ther, may no ill be - fall us; Keep us in Thy ho - ly ways.
cresc.
f
pp
Make us wor-thy, Lord, to - day, When to Thee we hum - bly pray.
pp
pp

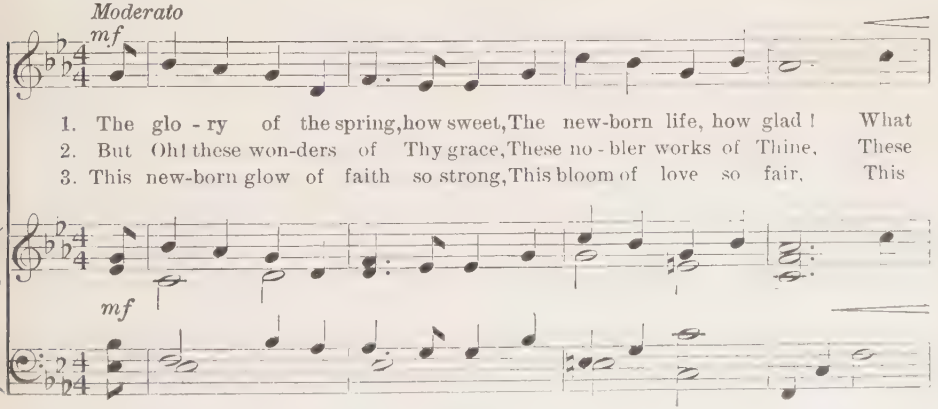
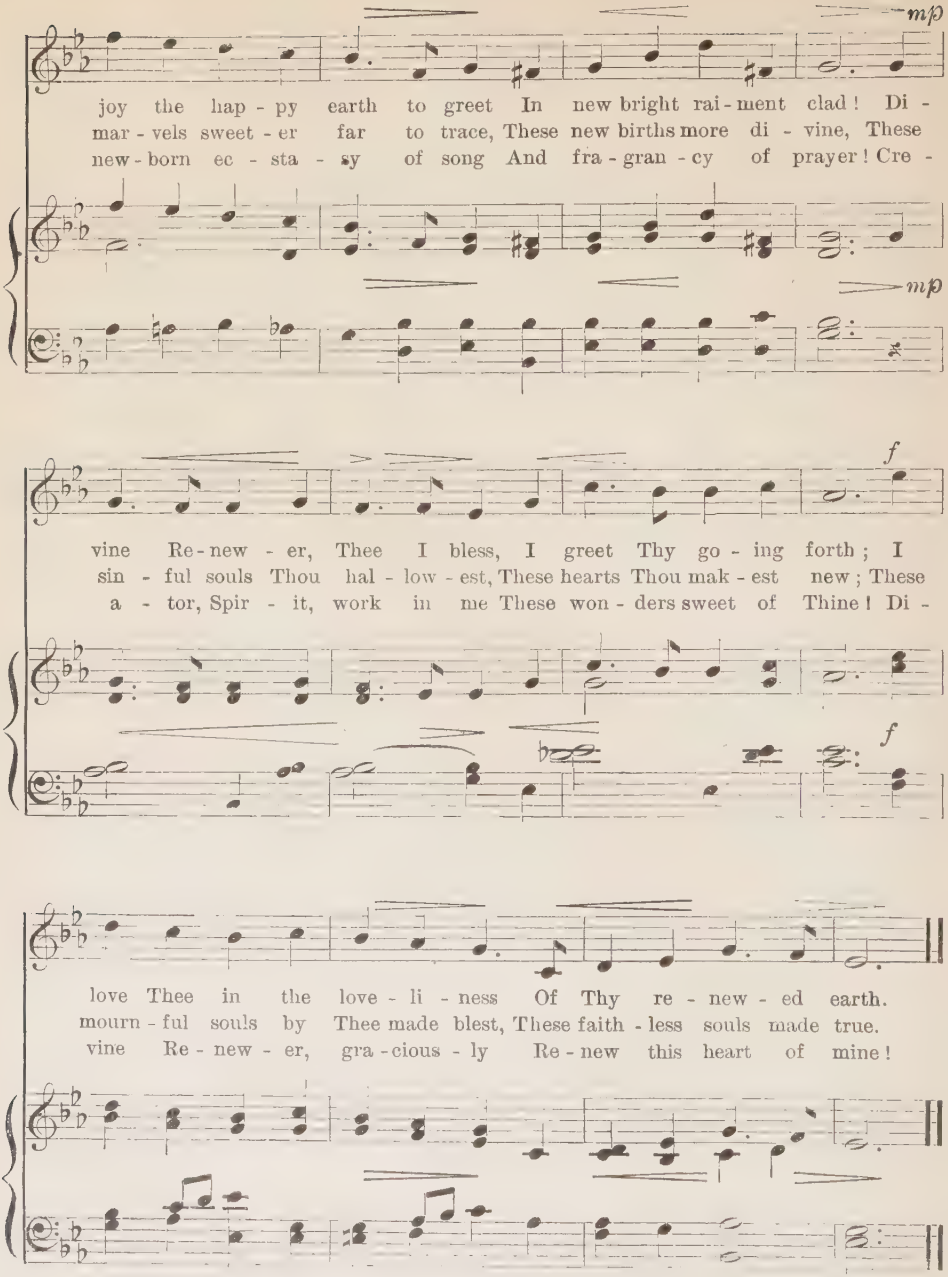
Joy in Spring

FRIEDRICH ZÜHMSTEDT

Moderato
p
1. The zeph - yrs gen - tly play O'er the love - ly blooms of May; Sweet the
2. The heart of ev - 'ry child Should be sweet as zeph - yrs mild, Pure as
p
p
cresc.
lil - ies pale Grow in ev - 'ry dew - y vale, And the bird - lings sing Praise to
lil - ies white, Clear as dew that fall - eth light; Like the bird - lings gay In the
p
cresc.
f
mp
Him who made the spring, The bless - - ed spring. Their
mer - ry month of May, The mer - - ry May. So
f
mp

Joy in Spring

cresc.
flight they wing, As glad as all the an - gels are, that
glad are they, As glad as all the an - gels are, that
cresc.
f
dimin.
see God's face A - bout His throne.
f
dimin.

20 The Glory of the Spring

T. H. Gill J. M. Courtney

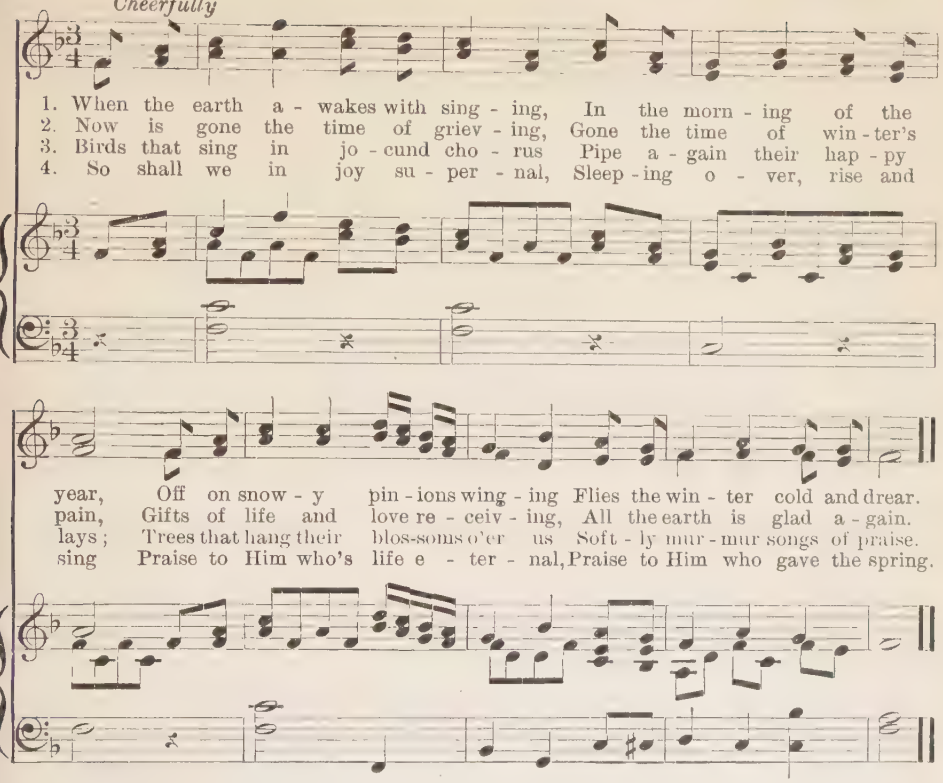

Moderato
mf
1. The glo - ry of the spring, how sweet, The new-born life, how glad! What
2. But Oh! these won-ders of Thy grace, These no - bler works of Thine, These
3. This new-born glow of faith so strong, This bloom of love so fair, This
mf

mp
joy the hap - py earth to greet In new bright rai - ment clad! Di -
mar - vels sweet - er far to trace, These new births more di - vine, These
new - born ec - sta - sy of song And fra - gran - cy of prayer! Cre -
mp
f
vine Re - new - er, Thee I bless, I greet Thy go - ing forth; I
sin - ful souls Thou hal - low - est, These hearts Thou mak - est new; These
a - tor, Spir - it, work in me These won - ders sweet of Thine! Di -
f
love Thee in the love - li - ness Of Thy re - new - ed earth.
mourn - ful souls by Thee made blest, These faith - less souls made true.
vine Re - new - er, gra - cious - ly Re - new this heart of mine!

21 When the Earth Awakes

MARY SLADE

Folk Tune

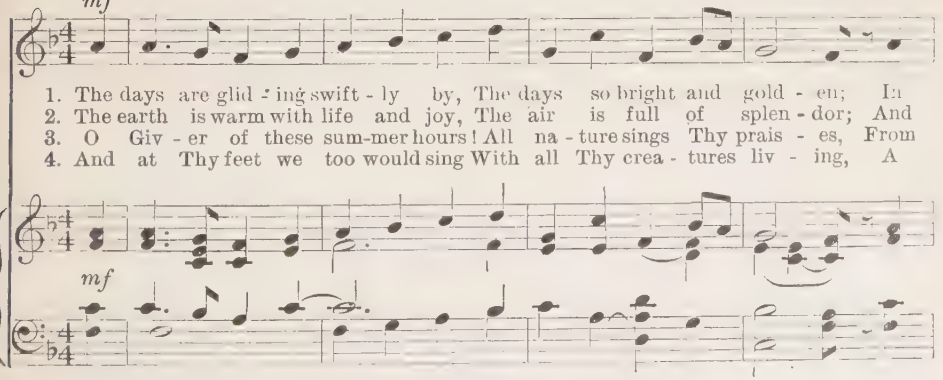
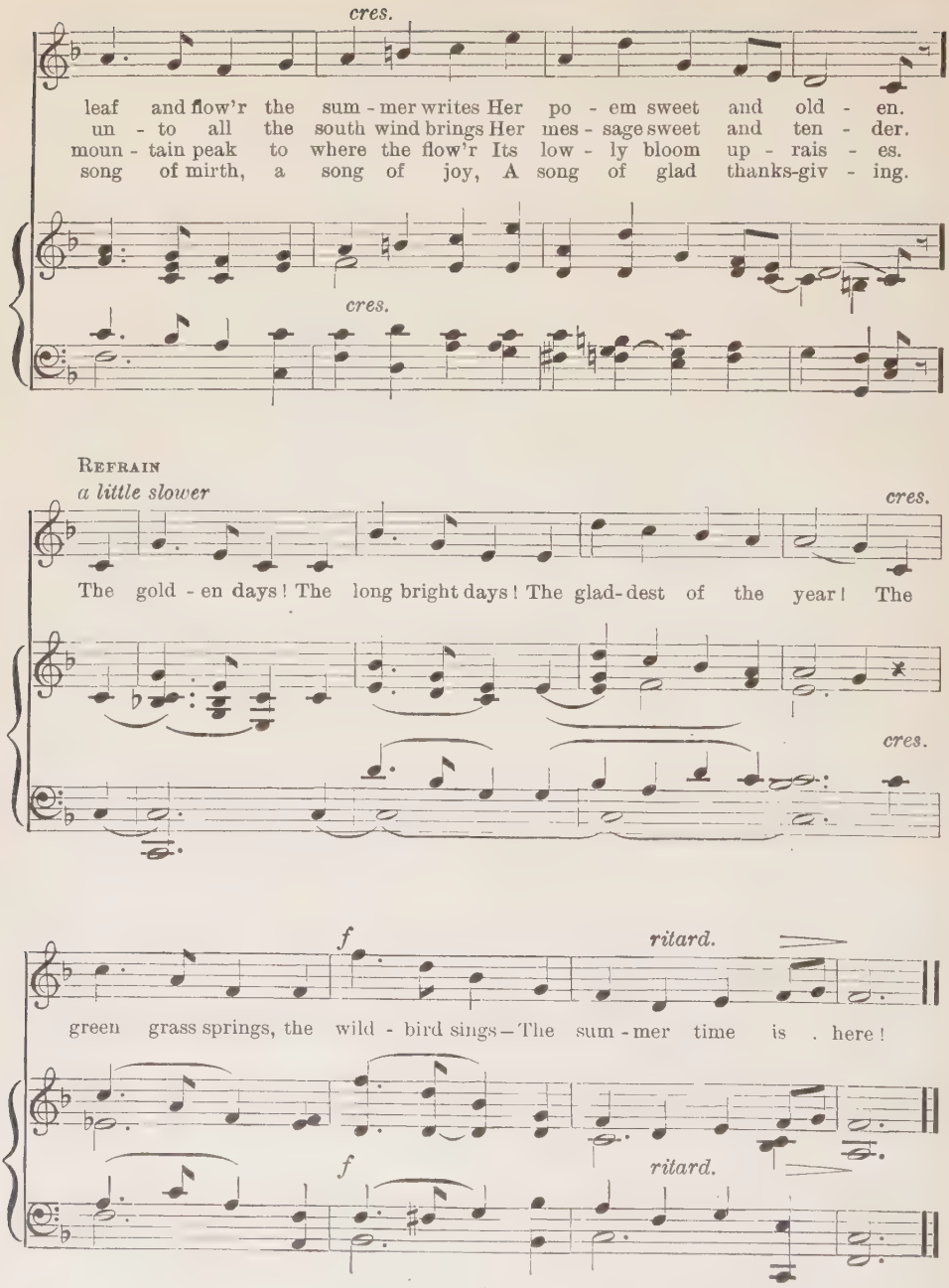
Cheerfully


1. When the earth a - wakes with sing - ing, In the morn - ing of the
2. Now is gone the time of griev - ing, Gone the time of win - ter's
3. Birds that sing in jo - cund cho - rus Pipe a - gain their hap - py
4. So shall we in joy su - per - nal, Sleep - ing o - ver, rise and
year, Off on snow - y pin - ions wing - ing Flies the win - ter cold and drear.
pain, Gifts of life and love re - ceiv - ing, All the earth is glad a - gain.
lays; Trees that hang their blos-soms o'er us Soft - ly mur - mur songs of praise.
sing Praise to Him who's life e - ter - nal, Praise to Him who gave the spring.

22 Golden Days

Brightly and joyfully

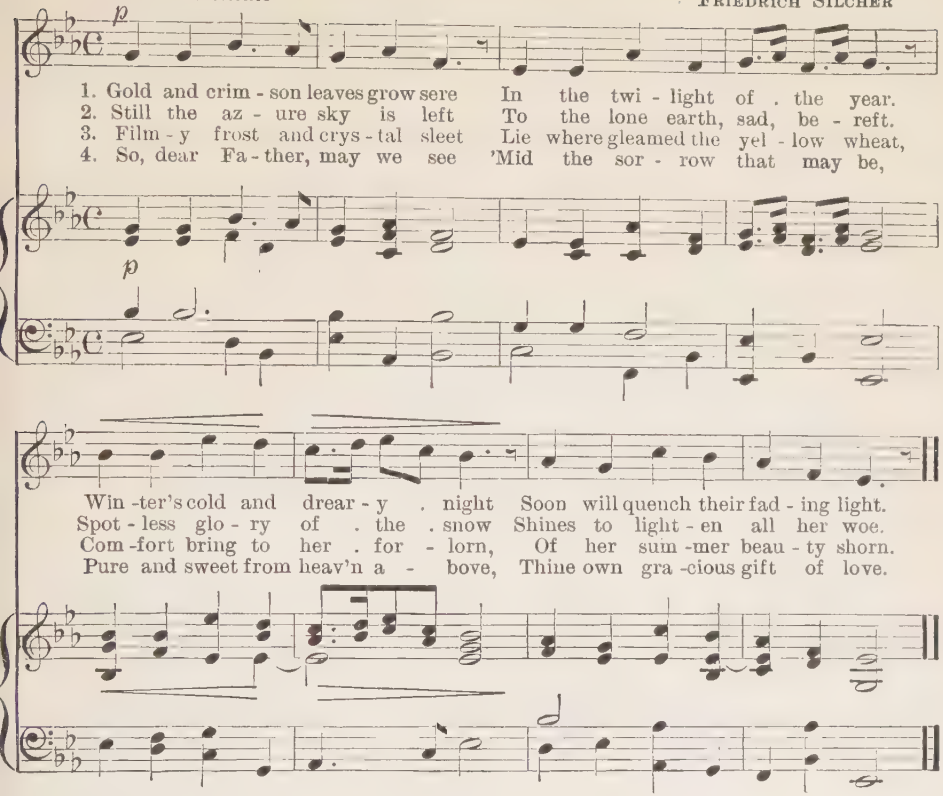
ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE


mf
1. The days are glid - ing swift - ly by, The days so bright and gold - en; In
2. The earth is warm with life and joy, The air is full of splen - dor; And
3. O Giv - er of these sum-mer hours! All na - ture sings Thy prais - es, From
4. And at Thy feet we too would sing With all Thy crea - tures liv - ing, A
mf

cres.
leaf and flow'r the sum - mer writes Her po - em sweet and old - en.
un - to all the south wind brings Her mes - sage sweet and ten - der.
moun - tain peak to where the flow'r Its low - ly bloom up - rais - es.
song of mirth, a song of joy, A song of glad thanks-giv - ing.
cres.
Refrain
a little slower
cres.
The gold - en days! The long bright days! The glad-dest of the year! The
cres.
f
ritard.
green grass springs, the wild - bird sings—The sum - mer time is . here!
f
ritard.

23 Autumn Song

Andante sostenuto

FRIEDRICH SILCHER

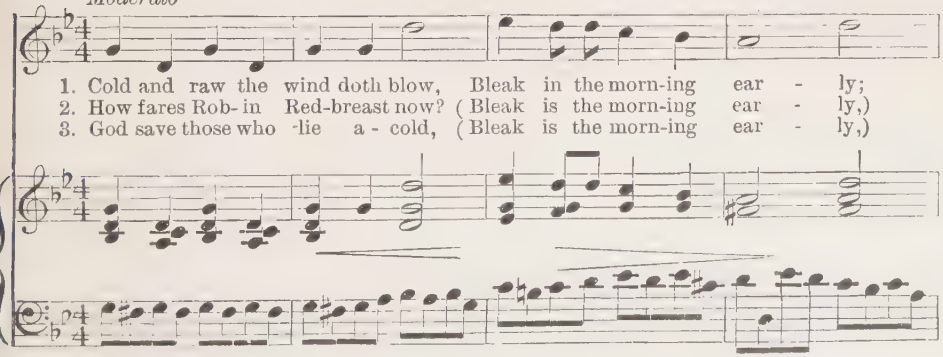

p
1. Gold and crim - son leaves grow sere In the twi - light of . the year.
2. Still the az - ure sky is left To the lone earth, sad, be - reft.
3. Film - y frost and crys - tal sleet Lie where gleamed the yel - low wheat,
4. So, dear Fa - ther, may we see 'Mid the sor - row that may be,
p
Win - ter's cold and drear - y . night Soon will quench their fad - ing light.
Spot - less glo - ry of . the . snow Shines to light - en all her woe.
Com - fort bring to her . for - lorn, Of her sum - mer beau - ty shorn.
Pure and sweet from heav'n a - bove, Thine own gra - cious gift of love.

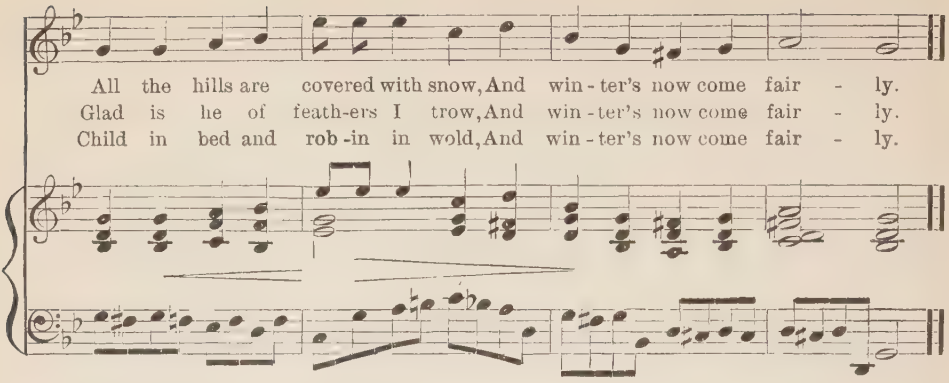
24 December

Old English

GERTRUDE MADEIRA SMITH

Moderato


1. Cold and raw the wind doth blow, Bleak in the morn-ing ear - ly;
2. How fares Rob- in Red-breast now? (Bleak is the morn-ing ear - ly,)
3. God save those who lie a - cold, (Bleak is the morn-ing ear - ly,)

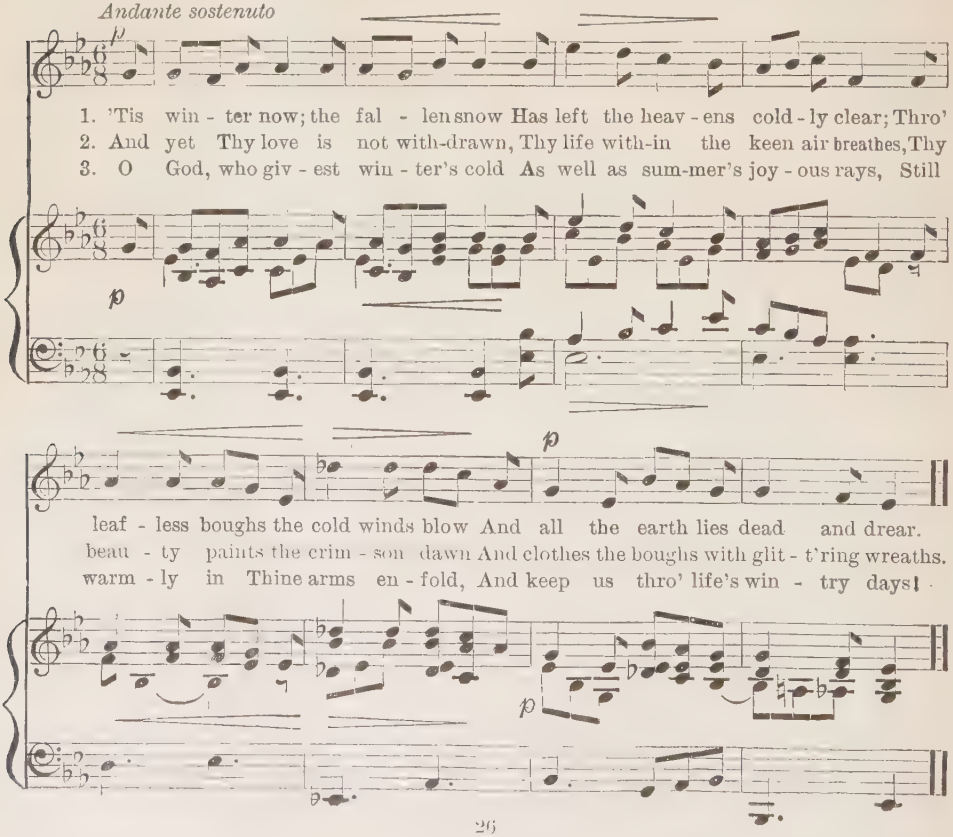

All the hills are covered with snow, And win - ter's now come fair - ly.
Glad is he of feath-ers I trow, And win - ter's now come fair - ly.
Child in bed and rob-in in wold, And win - ter's now come fair - ly.

25 Winter Song

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

ELEANOR SMITH

Andante sostenuto


1. 'Tis win - ter now; the fal - len snow Has left the heav - ens cold - ly clear; Thro'
2. And yet Thy love is not with-drawn, Thy life with-in the keen air breathes, Thy
3. O God, who giv - est win - ter's cold As well as sum-mer's joy - ous rays, Still
leaf - less boughs the cold winds blow And all the earth lies dead and drear.
beau - ty paints the crim - son dawn And clothes the boughs with glit - t'ring wreaths.
warm - ly in Thine arms en - fold, And keep us thro' life's win - try days!

The Children's Friend

Folk Song

Smoothly

p

1. In heav'n and in . our hearts He liv - eth, The chil - dren's Friend so good and
2. More ten - der far . than lov - ing moth- er; More strong than fa - ther kind and
3. Then take my hand and gen - tly lead me, Thou Friend of chil - dren good and

p

mild; Each lit - tle one He gen - tly lead - eth, And loves each hap - py, trust - ing
true, This Friend will lit - tle chil-dren cher - ish And com- fort them their whole lives
wise, In ways of peace, in pleas-ant mead-ows, Where streamlets flow 'neath sun - ny

cresc. *dimin.*

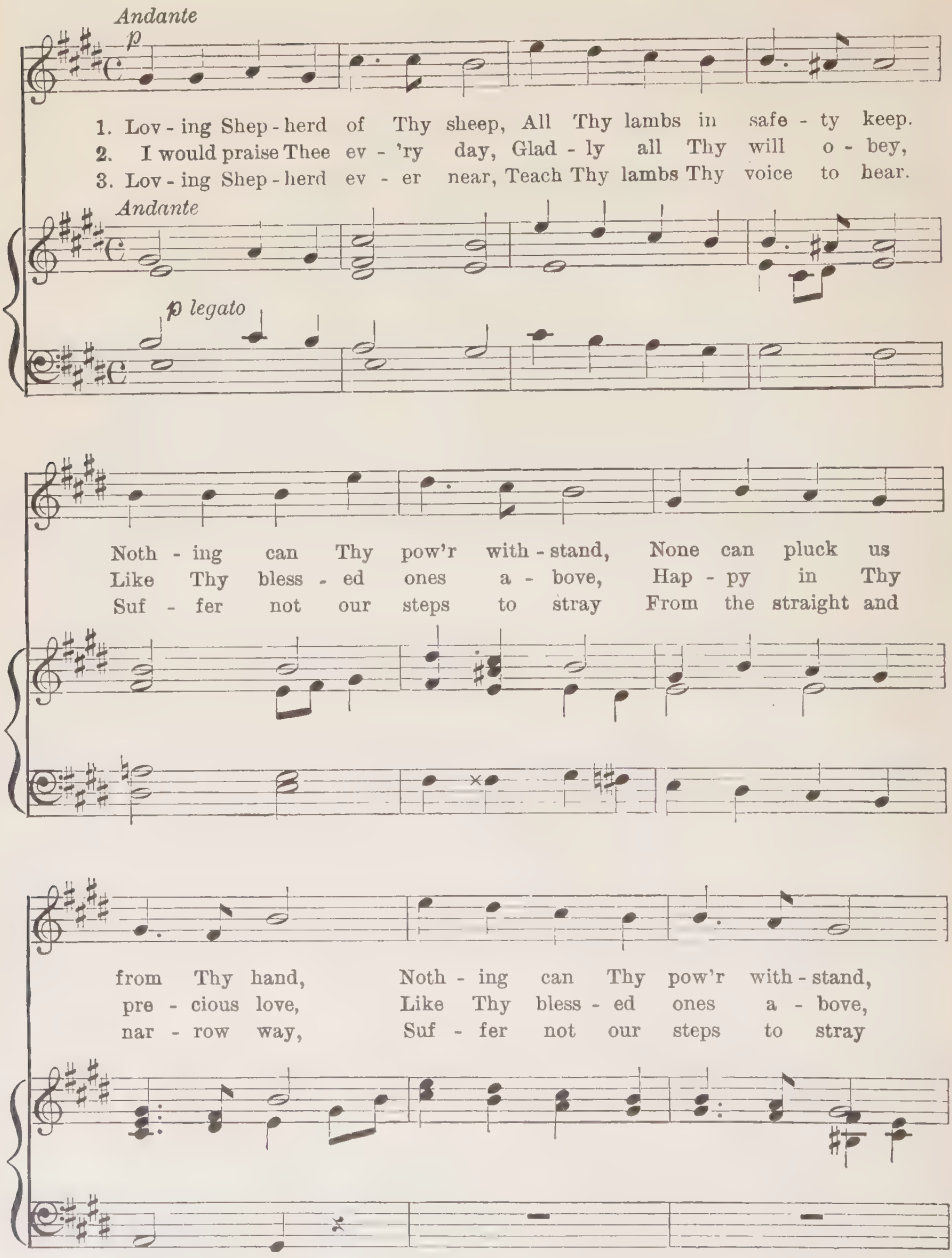
child. His name is Je - sus, Sav- iour dear, And when they call . He's ev - er near.
thro'. His name is Je - sus, Sav- iour dear, And when they call . He's ev - er near.
skies. And as Thou tru -ly lov - est me, So may I love . Thee faith-ful - ly.

cresc. *dimin.*

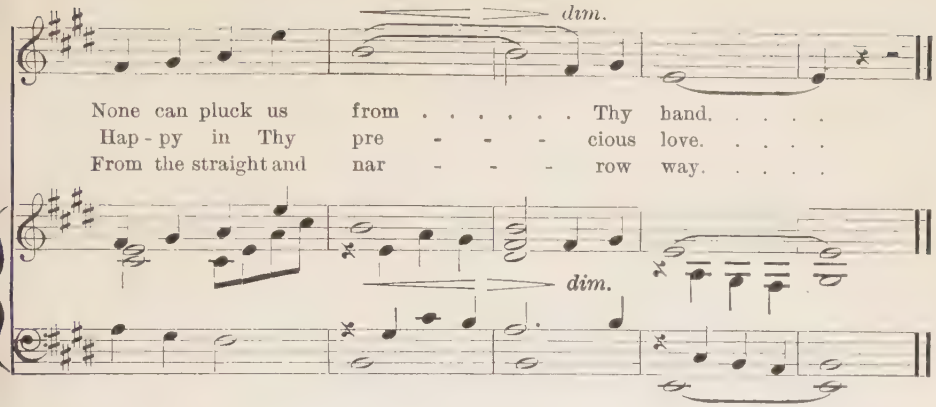
27 Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep

JANE E. LEESON

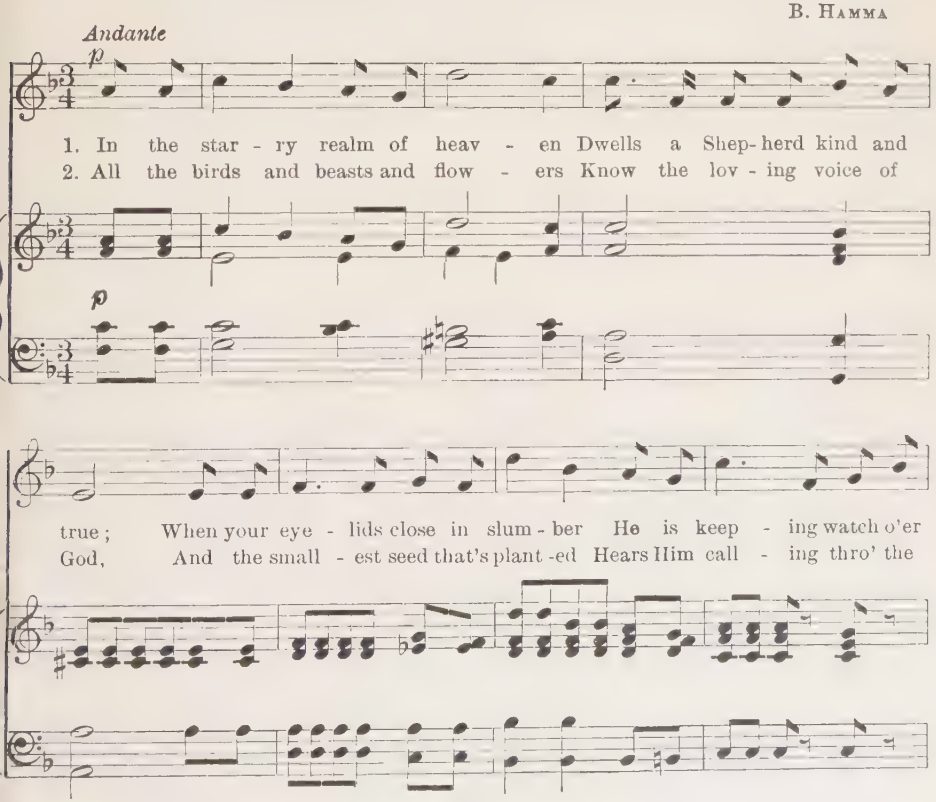
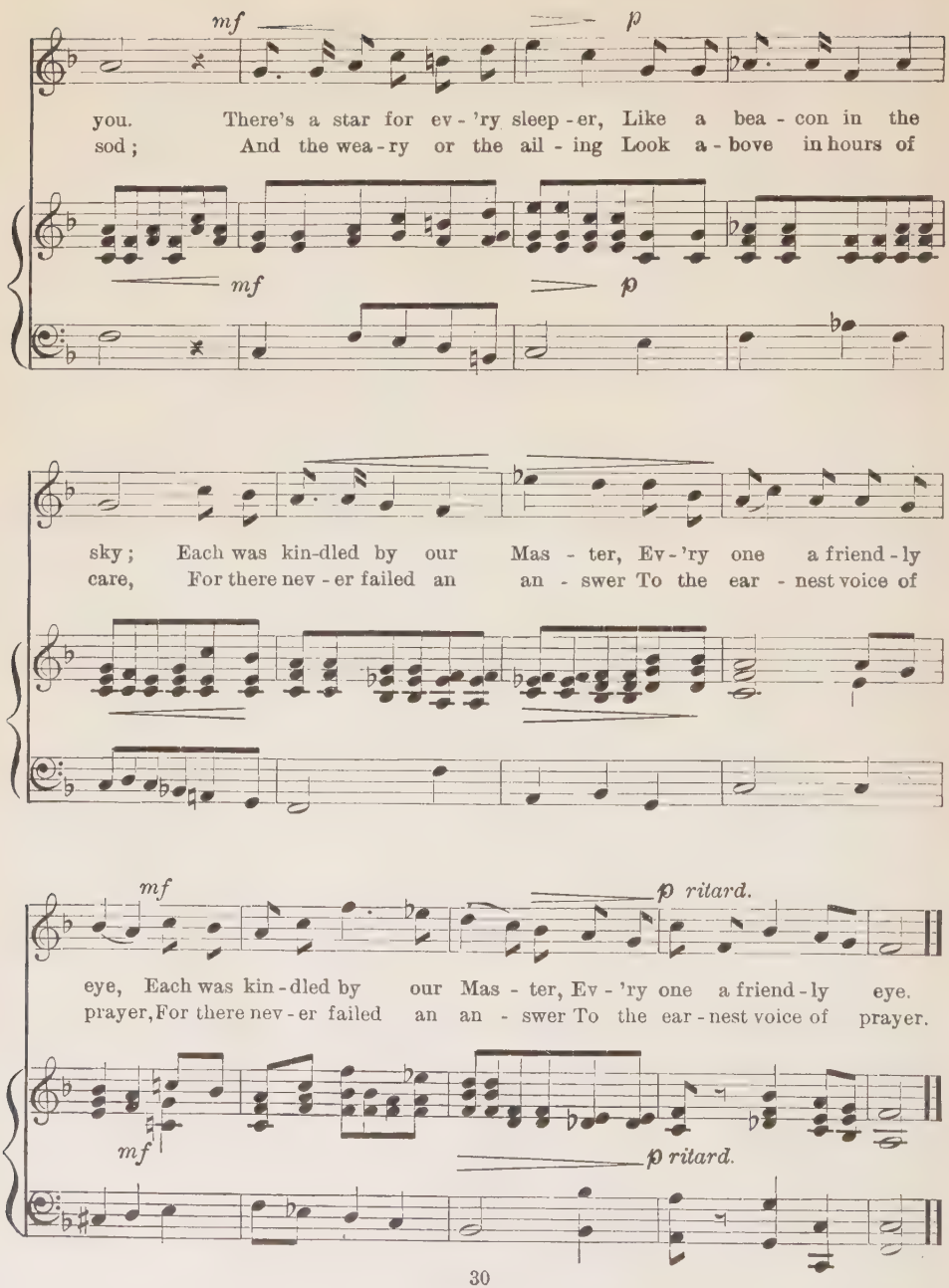
G. TYSON-WOLFF


Andante
p
1. Lov - ing Shep - herd of Thy sheep, All Thy lambs in safe - ty keep.
2. I would praise Thee ev - 'ry day, Glad - ly all Thy will o - bey,
3. Lov - ing Shep - herd ev - er near, Teach Thy lambs Thy voice to hear.
Andante
p legato
Noth - ing can Thy pow'r with - stand, None can pluck us
Like Thy bless - ed ones a - bove, Hap - py in Thy
Suf - fer not our steps to stray From the straight and
from Thy hand, Noth - ing can Thy pow'r with - stand,
pre - cious love, Like Thy bless - ed ones a - bove,
nar - row way, Suf - fer not our steps to stray

Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep



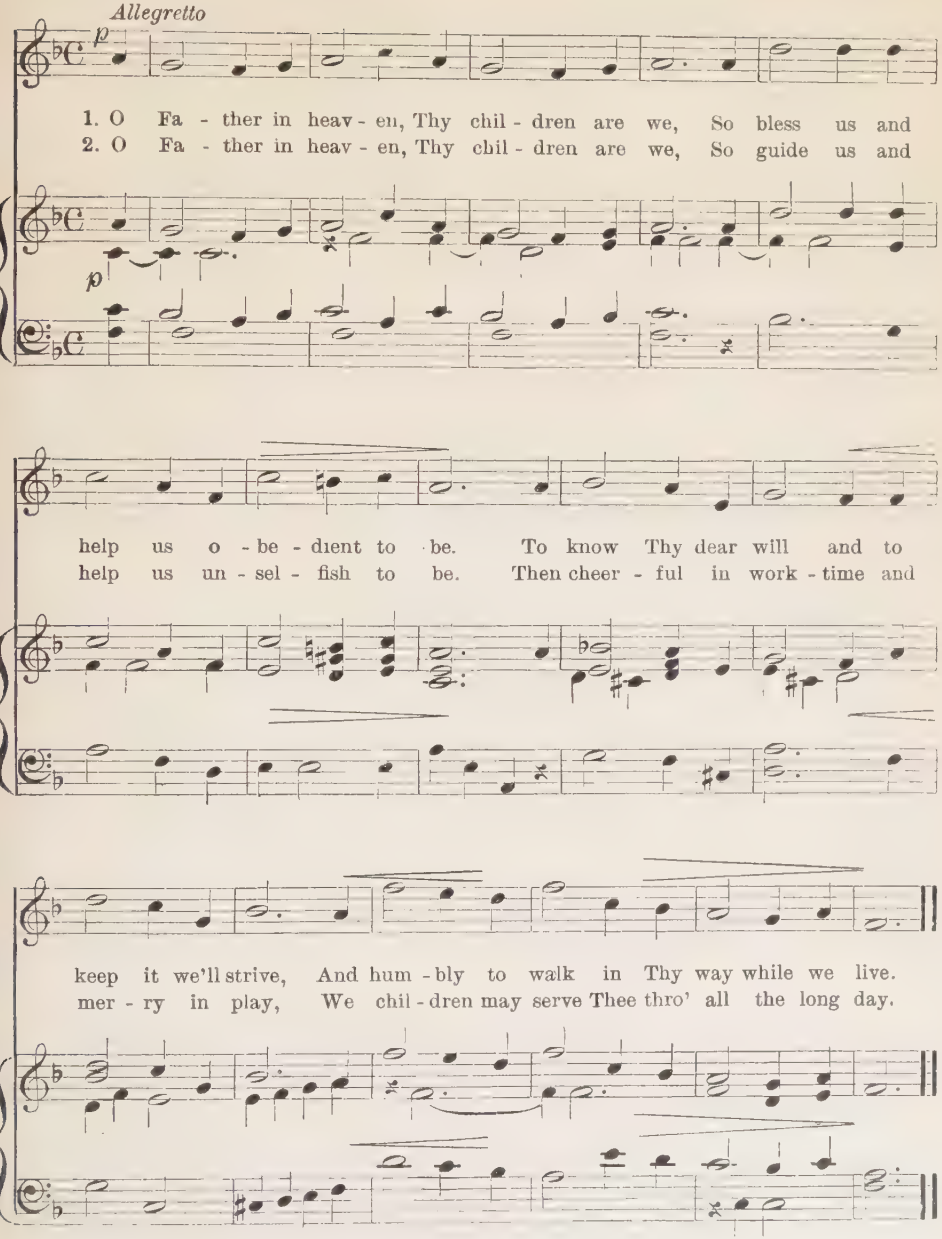
28 The Watcher in the Skies

B. Hamma

Andante
p
1. In the star - ry realm of heav - en Dwells a Shep - herd kind and
2. All the birds and beasts and flow - ers Know the lov - ing voice of
p
true; When your eye - lids close in slum - ber He is keep - ing watch o'er
God, And the small - est seed that's plant - ed Hears Him call - ing thro' the

mf
p
you. There's a star for ev - 'ry sleep - er, Like a bea - con in the
sod; And the wea - ry or the ail - ing Look a - bove in hours of
mf
p
sky; Each was kin-dled by our Mas - ter, Ev - 'ry one a friend - ly
care, For there nev - er failed an an - swer To the ear - nest voice of
mf
p ritard.
eye, Each was kin - dled by our Mas - ter, Ev - 'ry one a friend - ly eye.
prayer, For there nev - er failed an an - swer To the ear - nest voice of prayer.
mf
p ritard.

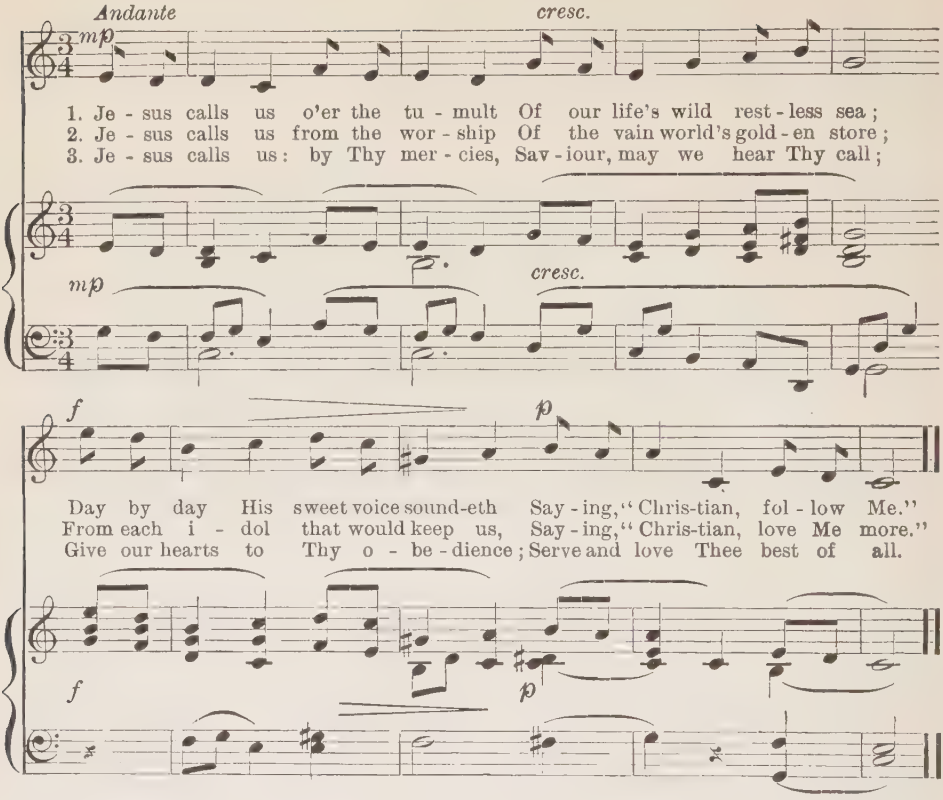
Our Father in Heaven

MARY BLAKE

J. M. COURTNEY

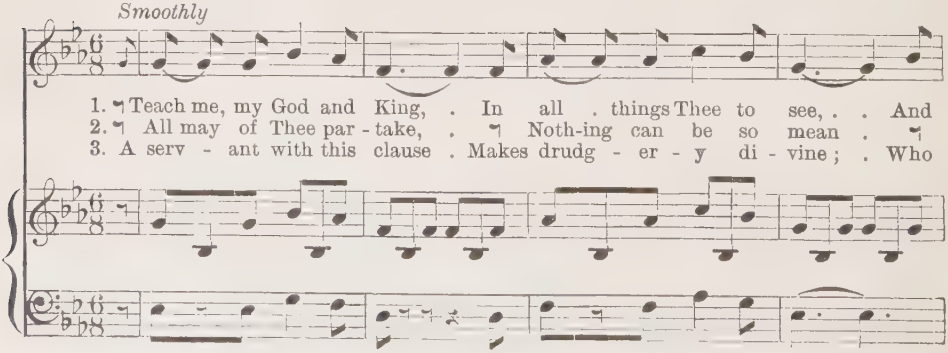
Allegretto

p
1. O Fa - ther in heav - en, Thy chil - dren are we, So bless us and
2. O Fa - ther in heav - en, Thy chil - dren are we, So guide us and
p
help us o - be - dient to be. To know Thy dear will and to
help us un - sel - fish to be. Then cheer - ful in work - time and
keep it we'll strive, And hum - bly to walk in Thy way while we live.
mer - ry in play, We chil - dren may serve Thee thro' all the long day.

30 Jesus Calls Us

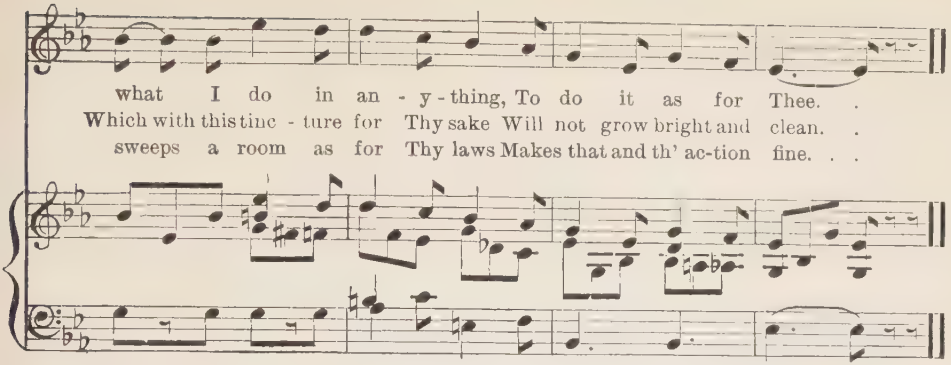
Mrs. C. F. Alexander — J. M. Courtney

Andante
mp
cresc.
1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest - less sea;
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store;
3. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, may we hear Thy call;
mp
cresc.
f
p
Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth Say - ing, "Chris-tian, fol - low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be - dience; Serve and love Thee best of all.
f
p

31 Teach Me, My God and King

George Herbert — J. M. Courtney.


Smoothly
1. Teach me, my God and King, In all things Thee to see, And
2. All may of Thee par - take, Noth-ing can be so mean
3. A serv - ant with this clause Makes drudg - er - y di - vine; Who

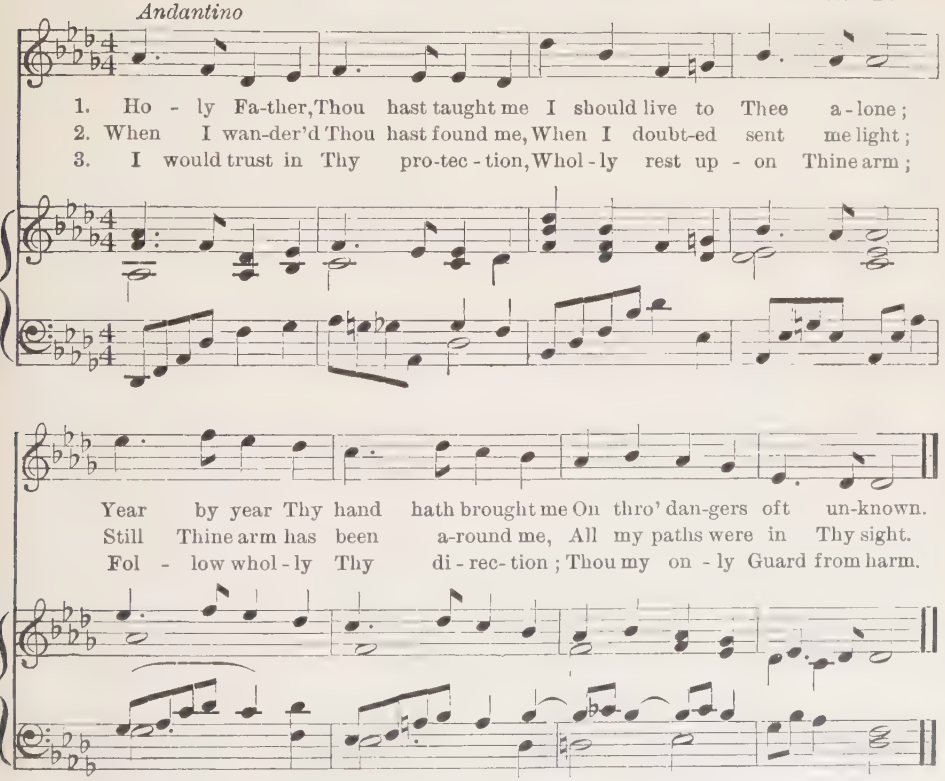
Teach Me, My God and King


what I do in an - y - thing, To do it as for Thee. .
Which with this tinc - ture for Thy sake Will not grow bright and clean. .
sweeps a room as for Thy laws Makes that and th' ac-tion fine. . .

32 Holy Father, Thou Hast Taught Me

J. M. COURTNEY

Andantino


1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a-lone;
2. When I wan-der'd Thou hast found me, When I doubt-ed sent me light;
3. I would trust in Thy pro-tec - tion, Whol - ly rest up - on Thine arm;
Year by year Thy hand hath brought me On thro' dan-gers oft un-known.
Still Thine arm has been a-round me, All my paths were in Thy sight.
Fol - low whol - ly Thy di - rec - tion; Thou my on - ly Guard from harm.

The Good Shepherd

E. Oxenford — J. Stainer

Allegretto

p *f*

1. Thou, gra-cious Lord, our Shep-herd art, Thy sheep on earth are we, And
2. With-out Thy aid no pow'r have we To tread life's path a-right, For
(*D.S.*) gra-cious Lord, our Shep-herd art, Thy chil-dren here be-hold, And

f

p

cresc. *dimin.* Fine

ev-'ry thought in ev-'ry heart Is known, O Lord, to Thee!
all a-round must ev-er be As gloom-y as the night.
show the way when we would stray, All safe-ly to the fold.

Fine

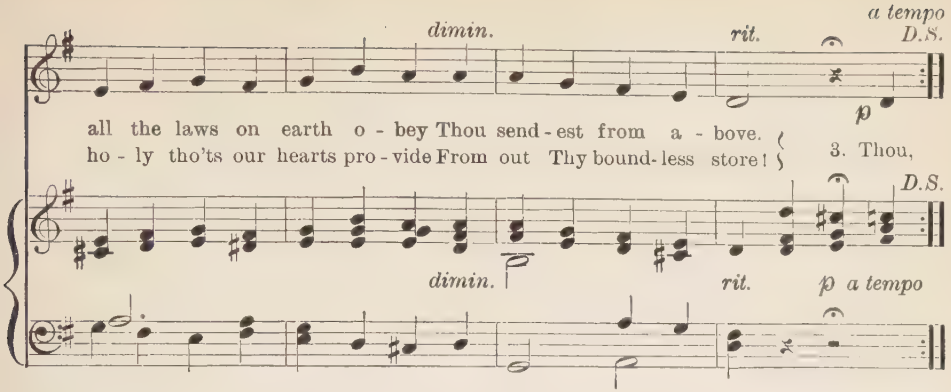
cresc. *dimin.*

cresc. *mf*

So grant that we, both night and day, May yield Thee per-fect love, And
So, in Thy lov-ing mer-cy, guide Our foot-steps, we im-plore; With

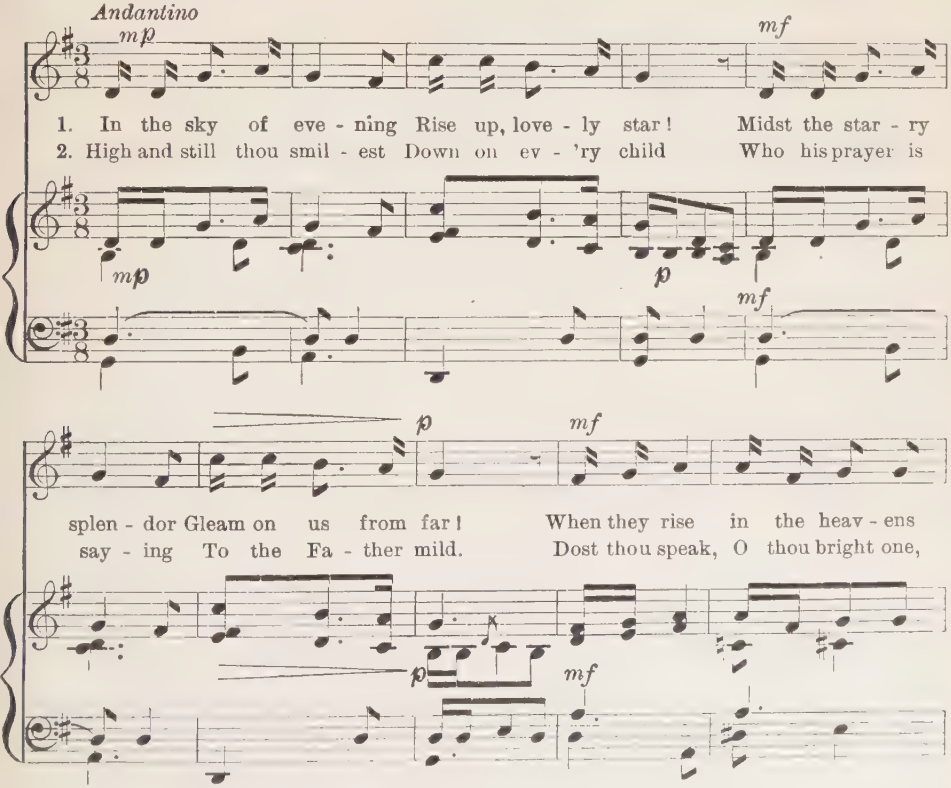
cresc. *mf*

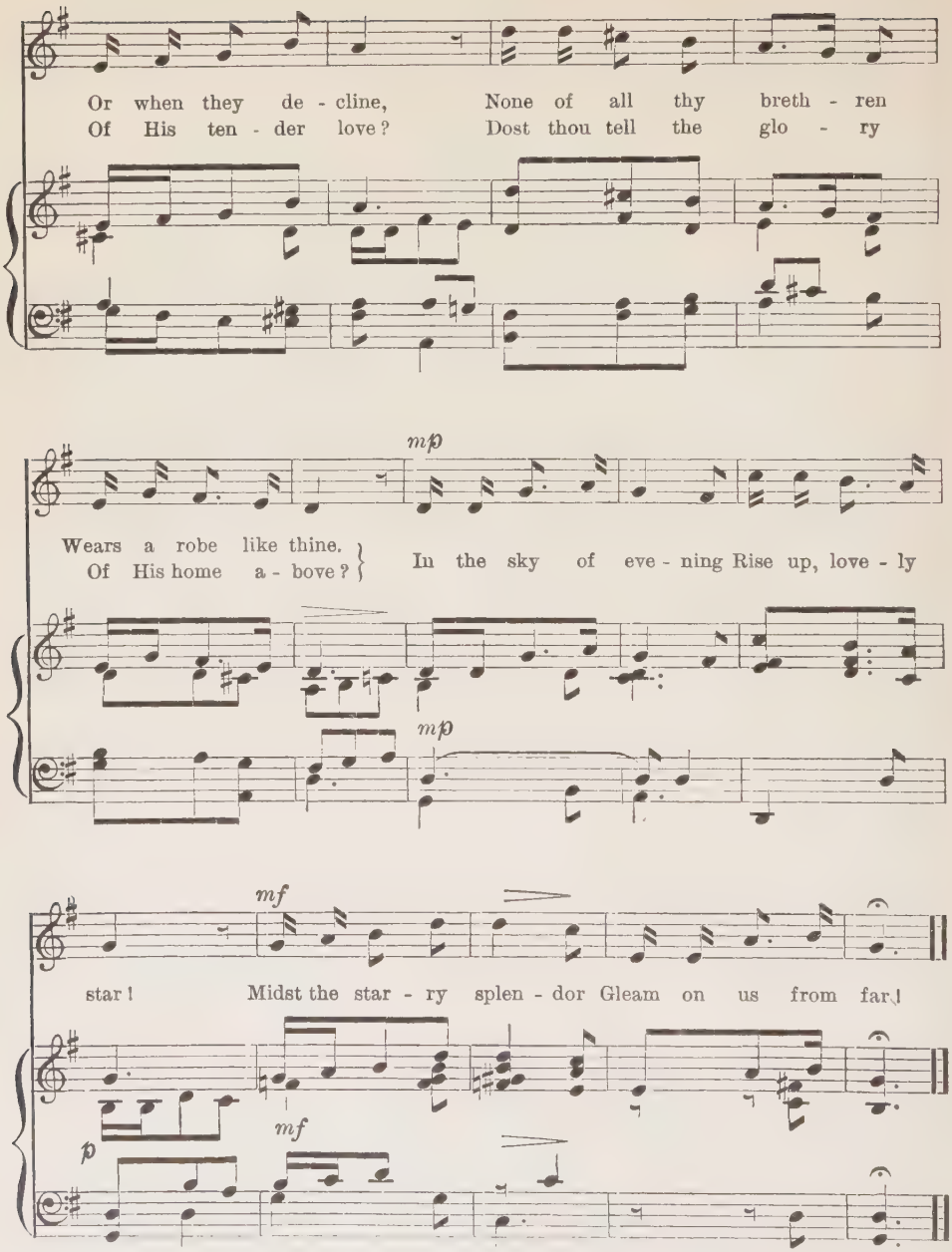
The Good Shepherd



34 The Evening Star

Translation from ELISABETH KULMANN — CARL REINECKE

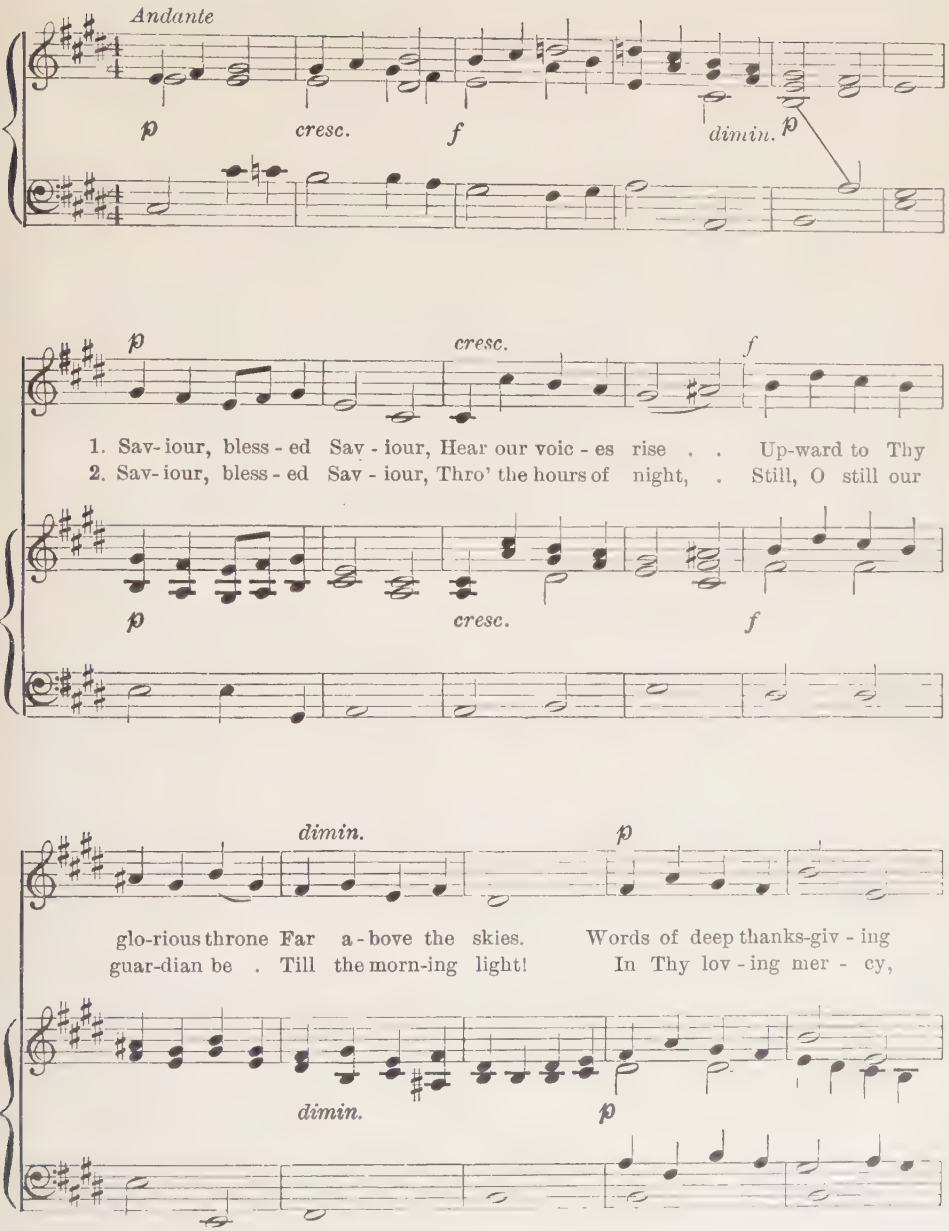
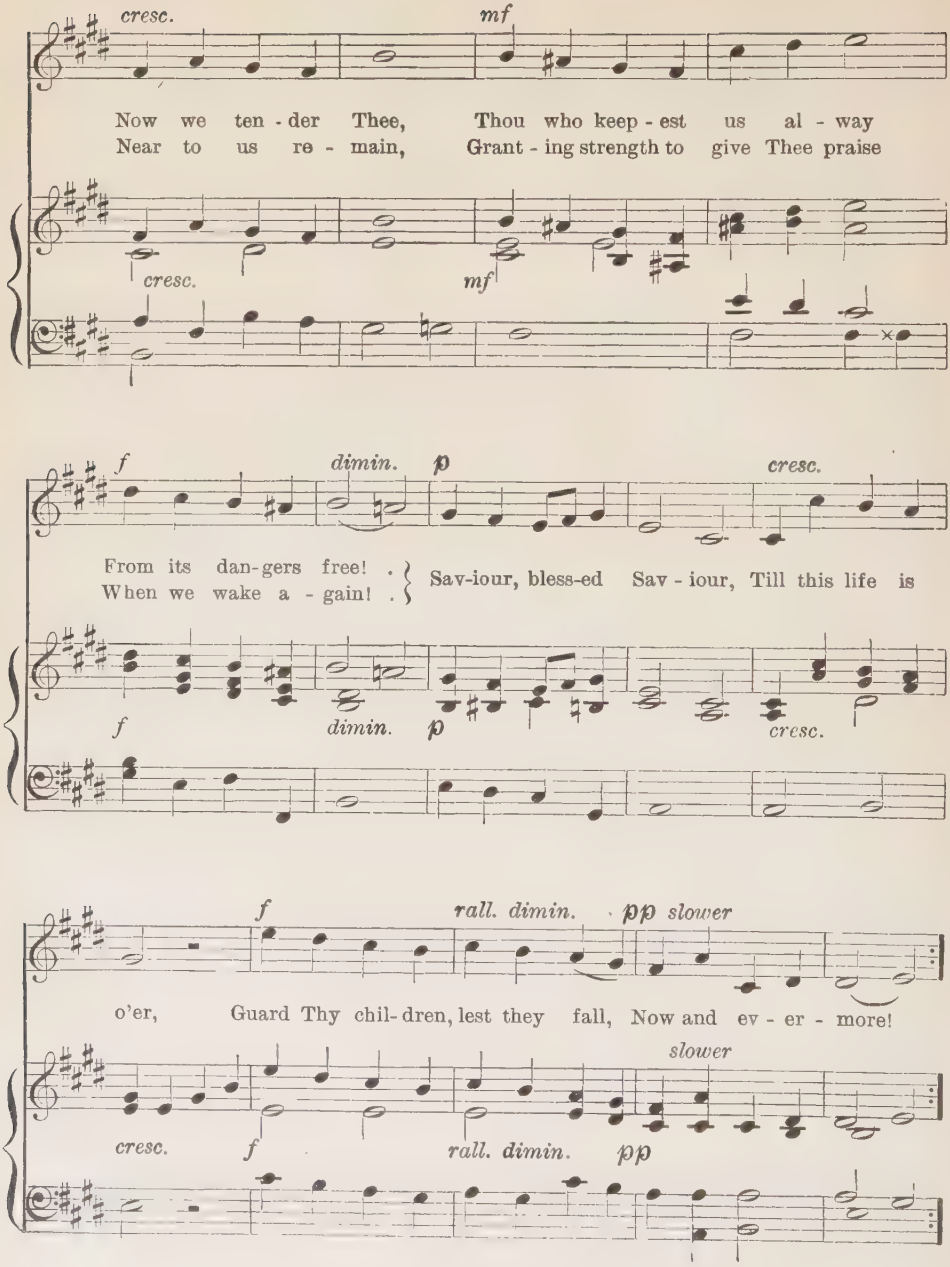

Andantino
mp
mf
1. In the sky of eve - ning Rise up, love - ly star! Midst the star - ry
2. High and still thou smil - est Down on ev - 'ry child Who his prayer is
mp
p
mf
p
mf
splen - dor Gleam on us from far! When they rise in the heav - ens
say - ing To the Fa - ther mild. Dost thou speak, O thou bright one,
p
mf


Or when they de - cline, None of all thy breth - ren
Of His ten - der love? Dost thou tell the glo - ry
mp
Wears a robe like thine, In the sky of eve - ning Rise up, love - ly
Of His home a - bove?
mp
mf
star! Midst the star - ry splen - dor Gleam on us from far!
mf
p

Prayer

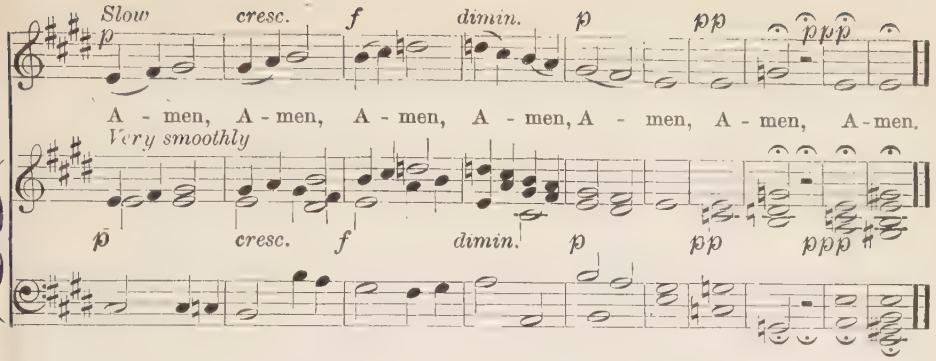
E. Oxenford

J. Stainer



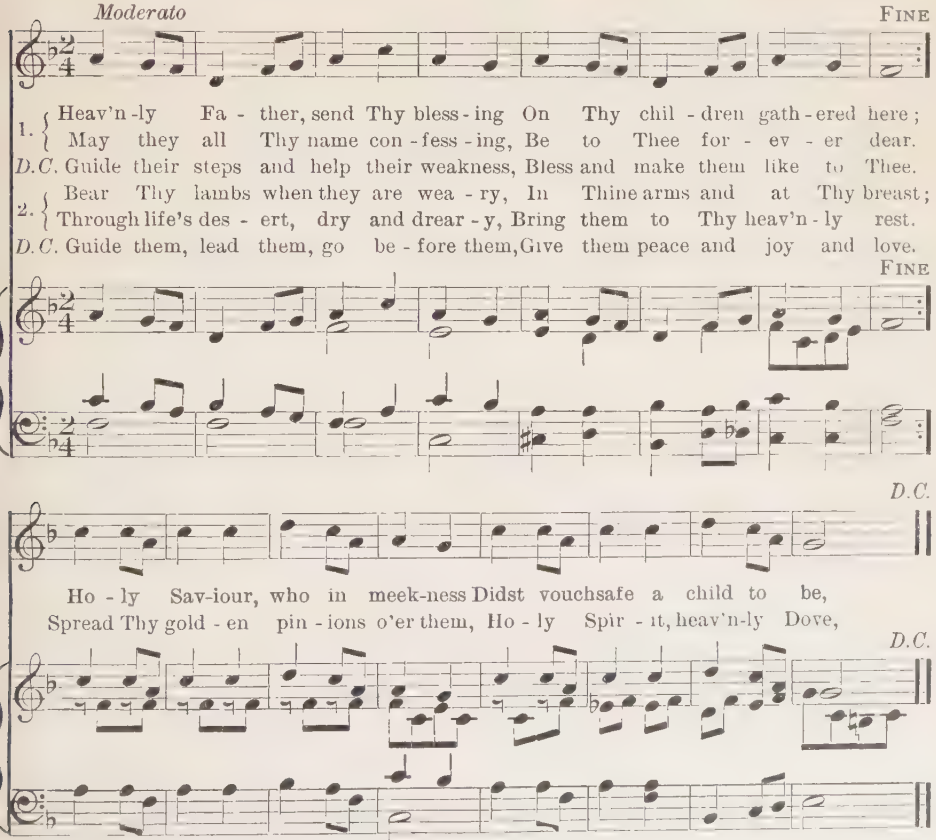
cresc.
mf
Now we ten - der Thee, Thou who keep - est us al - way
Near to us re - main, Grant - ing strength to give Thee praise
cresc.
mf
f
dimin.
p
cresc.
From its dan - gers free!
When we wake a - gain!
Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, Till this life is
f
dimin.
p
cresc.
f
rall. dimin.
pp slower
o'er, Guard Thy chil - dren, lest they fall, Now and ev - er - more!
slower
cresc.
f
rall. dimin.
pp

Prayer



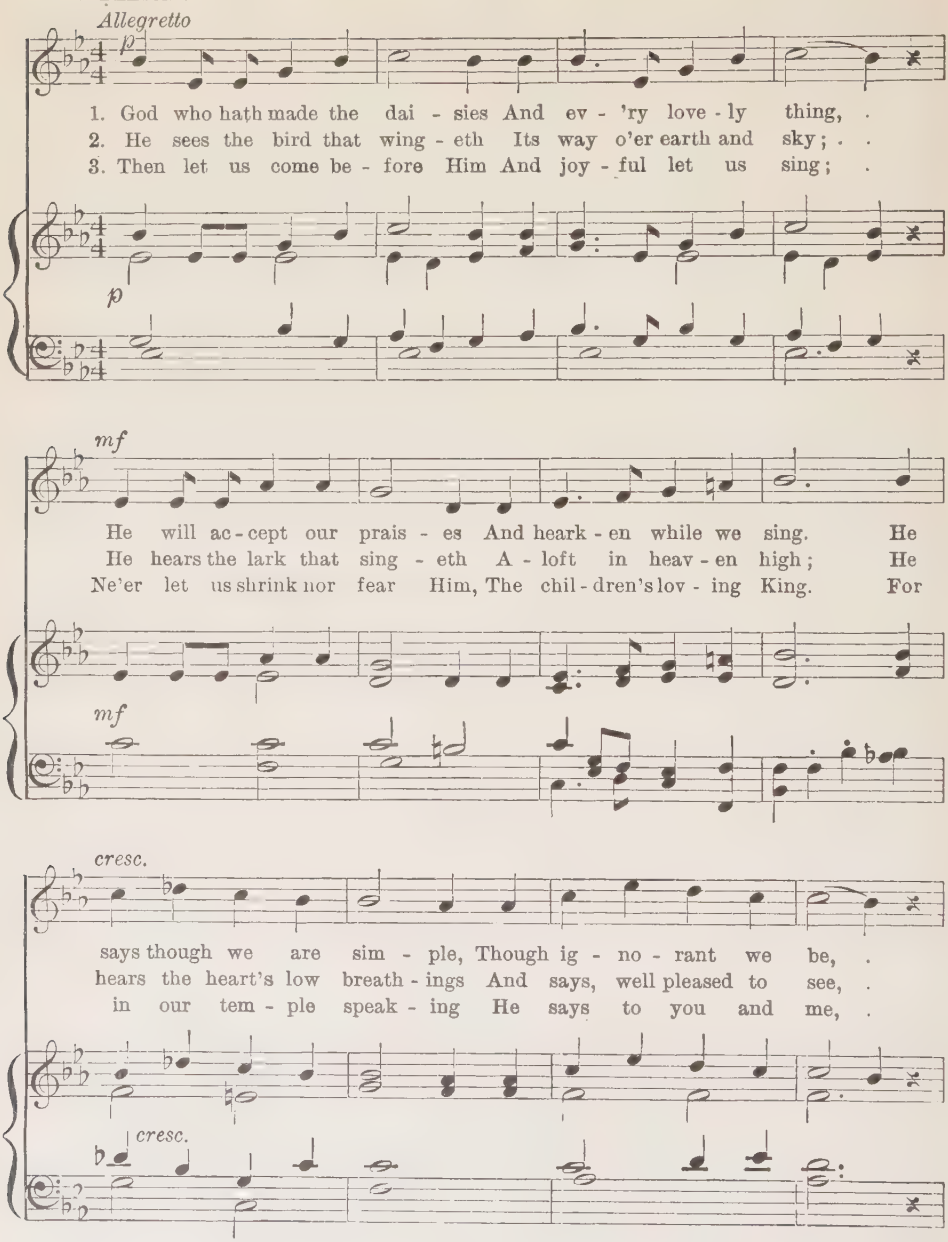
36 Heavenly Father, Send Thy Blessing

Bishop Wordsworth — Melody from Plymouth Collection, 1855

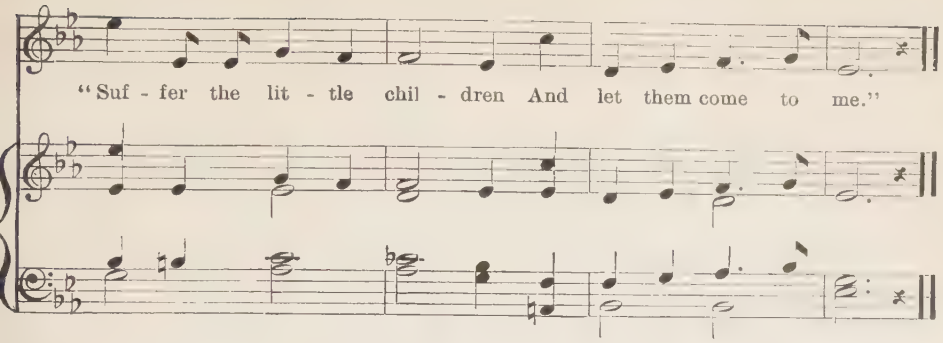

Moderato
FINE
1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, send Thy bless - ing On Thy chil - dren gath - ered here;
May they all Thy name con - fess - ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear.
D.C. Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless and make them like to Thee.
2. Bear Thy lambs when they are wea - ry, In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's des - ert, dry and drear - y, Bring them to Thy heav'n - ly rest.
D.C. Guide them, lead them, go be - fore them, Give them peace and joy and love.
FINE
D.C.
Ho - ly Sav-iour, who in meek-ness Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Spread Thy gold - en pin - ions o'er them, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove,
D.C.

37 God Who Hath Made the Daisies

E. Paxton Hood — John Martin

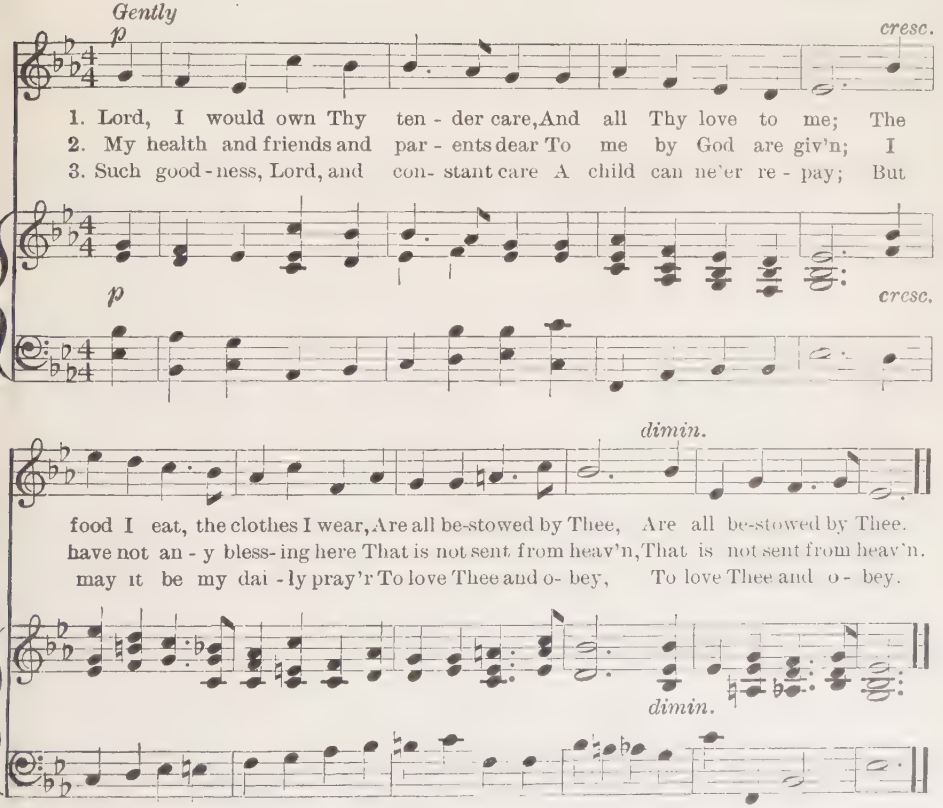

Allegretto
p
1. God who hath made the dai - sies And ev - 'ry love - ly thing,
2. He sees the bird that wing - eth Its way o'er earth and sky;
3. Then let us come be - fore Him And joy - ful let us sing;
p
mf
He will ac - cept our prais - es And heark - en while we sing. He
He hears the lark that sing - eth A - loft in heav - en high; He
Ne'er let us shrink nor fear Him, The chil - dren's lov - ing King. For
mf
cresc.
says though we are sim - ple, Though ig - no - rant we be,
hears the heart's low breath - ings And says, well pleased to see,
in our tem - ple speak - ing He says to you and me,
cresc.

God Who Hath Made the Daisies



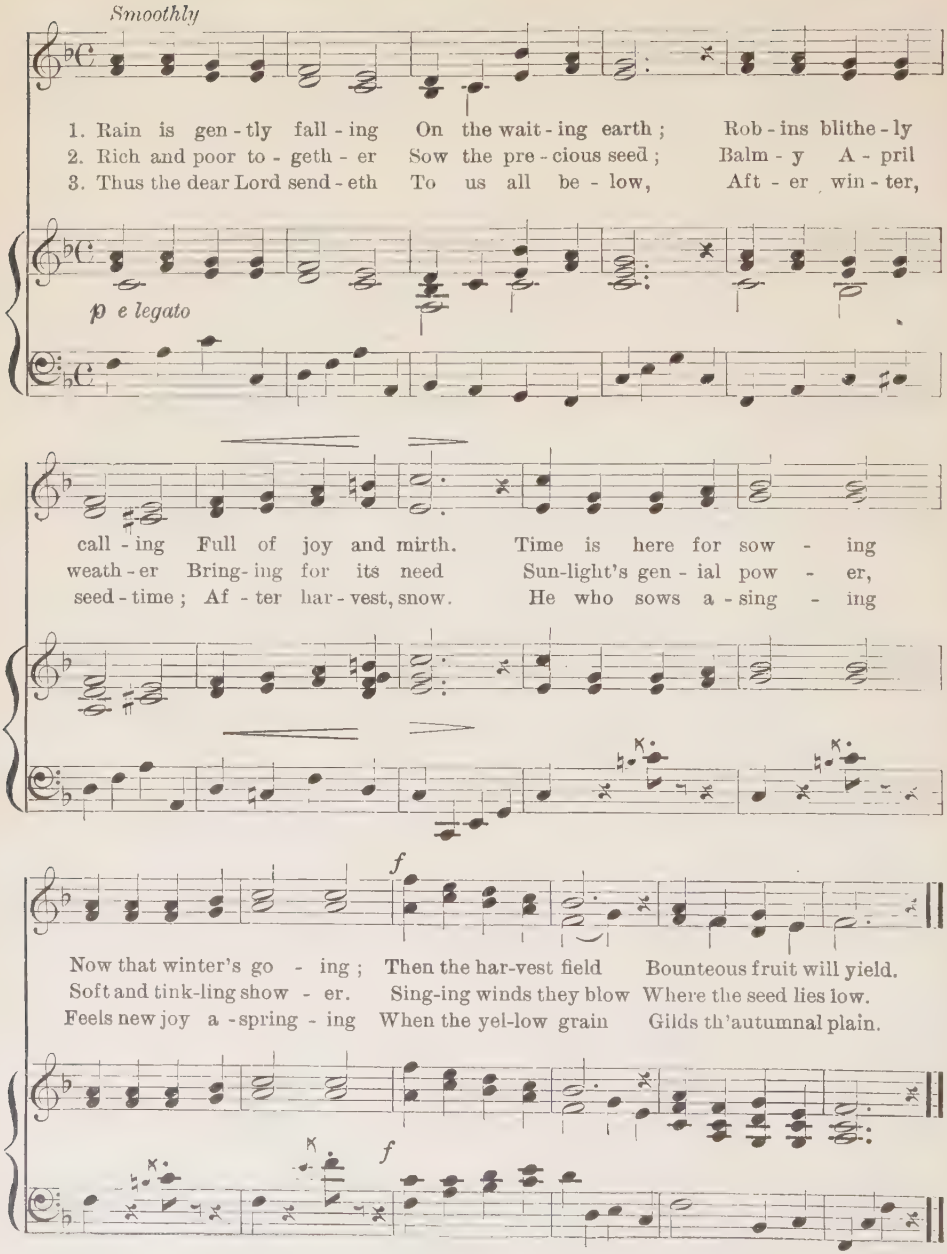
38 Lord, I Would Own Thy Tender Care

JANE TAYLOR JOHN HEATHCOTE


Gently
p
cresc.
1. Lord, I would own Thy ten - der care, And all Thy love to me; The
2. My health and friends and par - ents dear To me by God are giv'n; I
3. Such good - ness, Lord, and con- stant care A child can ne'er re - pay; But
p
cresc.
dimin.
food I eat, the clothes I wear, Are all be-stowed by Thee, Are all be-stowed by Thee.
have not an - y bless- ing here That is not sent from heav'n, That is not sent from heav'n.
may it be my dai - ly pray'r To love Thee and o- bey, To love Thee and o - bey.
dimin.

Sowing and Reaping

J. G. Schade


Smoothly
1. Rain is gen - tly fall - ing On the wait - ing earth ; Rob - ins blithe - ly
2. Rich and poor to - geth - er Sow the pre - cious seed ; Balm - y A - pril
3. Thus the dear Lord send - eth To us all be - low, Aft - er win - ter,
p e legato
call - ing Full of joy and mirth. Time is here for sow - ing
weath - er Bring - ing for its need Sun-light's gen - ial pow - er,
seed - time ; Af - ter har - vest, snow. He who sows a - sing - ing
f
Now that winter's go - ing ; Then the har-vest field Bounteous fruit will yield.
Soft and tink-ling show - er. Sing-ing winds they blow Where the seed lies low.
Feels new joy a - spring - ing When the yel-low grain Gilds th'autumnal plain.
f

40 For the Beauty of the Earth

F. S. Pierpont

ELEANOR SMITH

Allegretto

mf

1 For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,
2. For the won - der of each hour Of the day and of the night;
3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,

mf

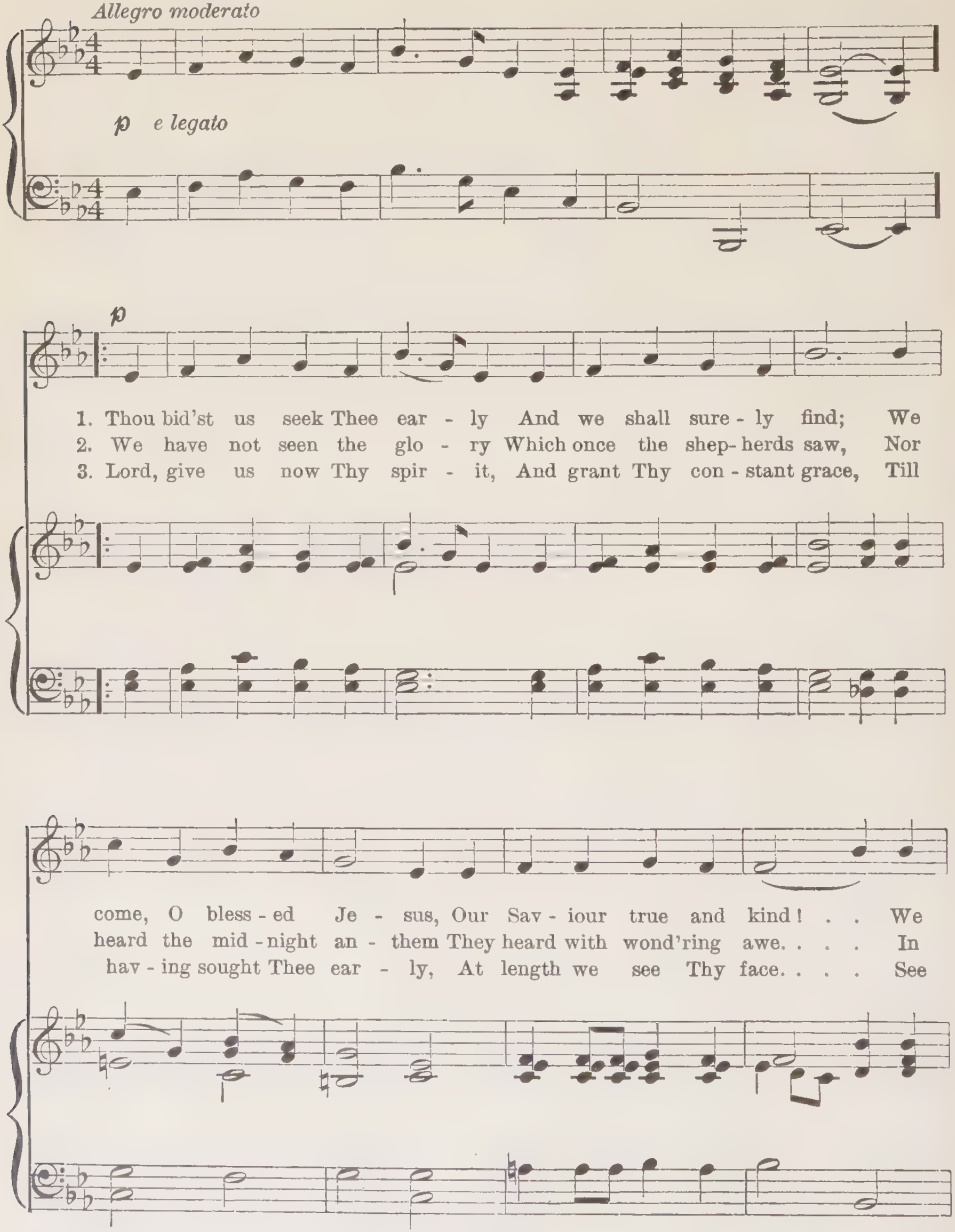
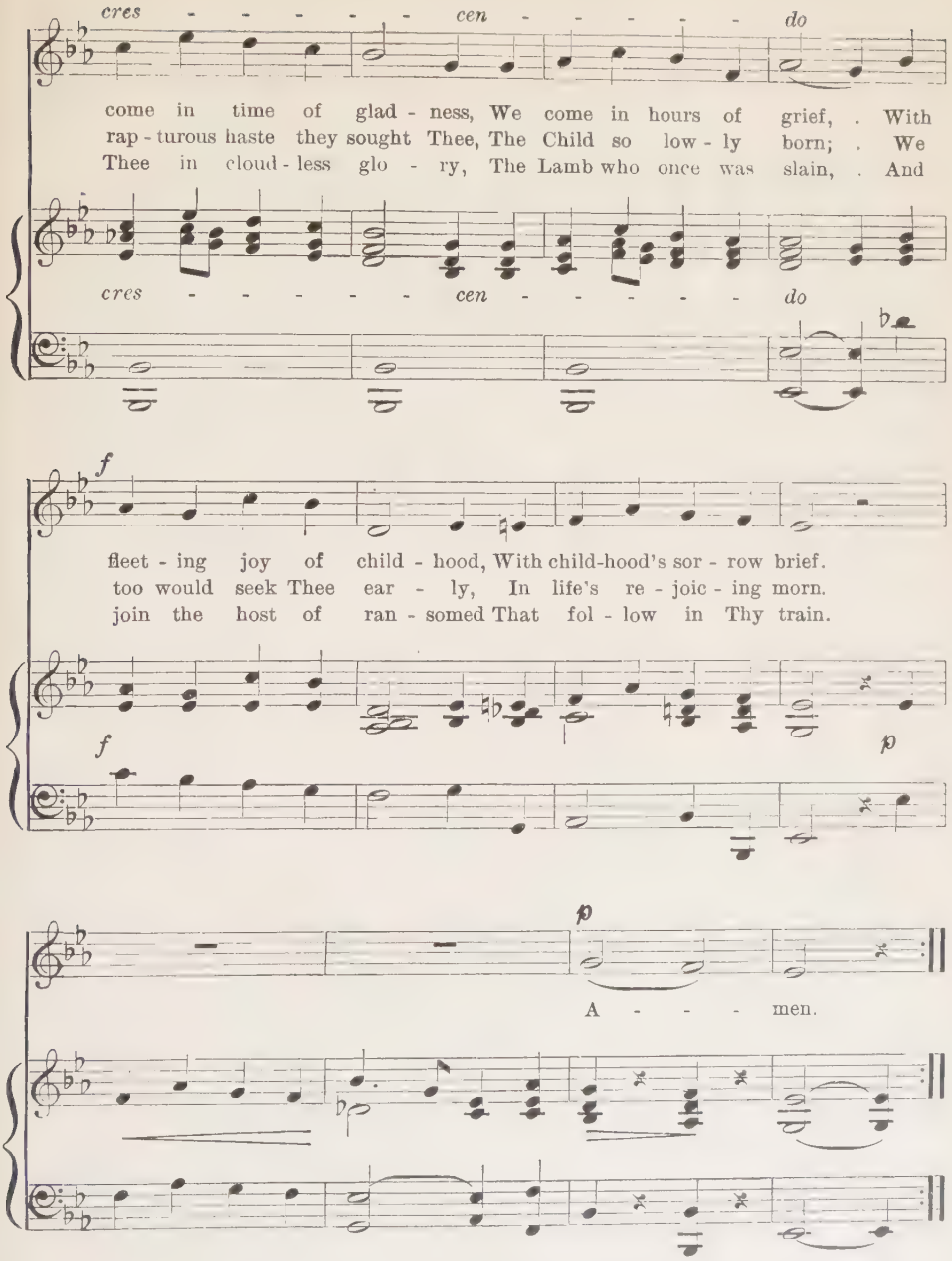
For the love that from our birth O - ver and a - bove us lies,
Hill and vale and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon and stars of light,
Friends on earth and friends a - bove, Pleasures pure and un - de - filed,

Christ our Lord, to Thee we raise This, our hymn of grate - ful praise.

41 Thou Bid'st Us Seek Thee Early

JEANNETTE THRELFALL — HENRY LESLIE

Allegro moderato

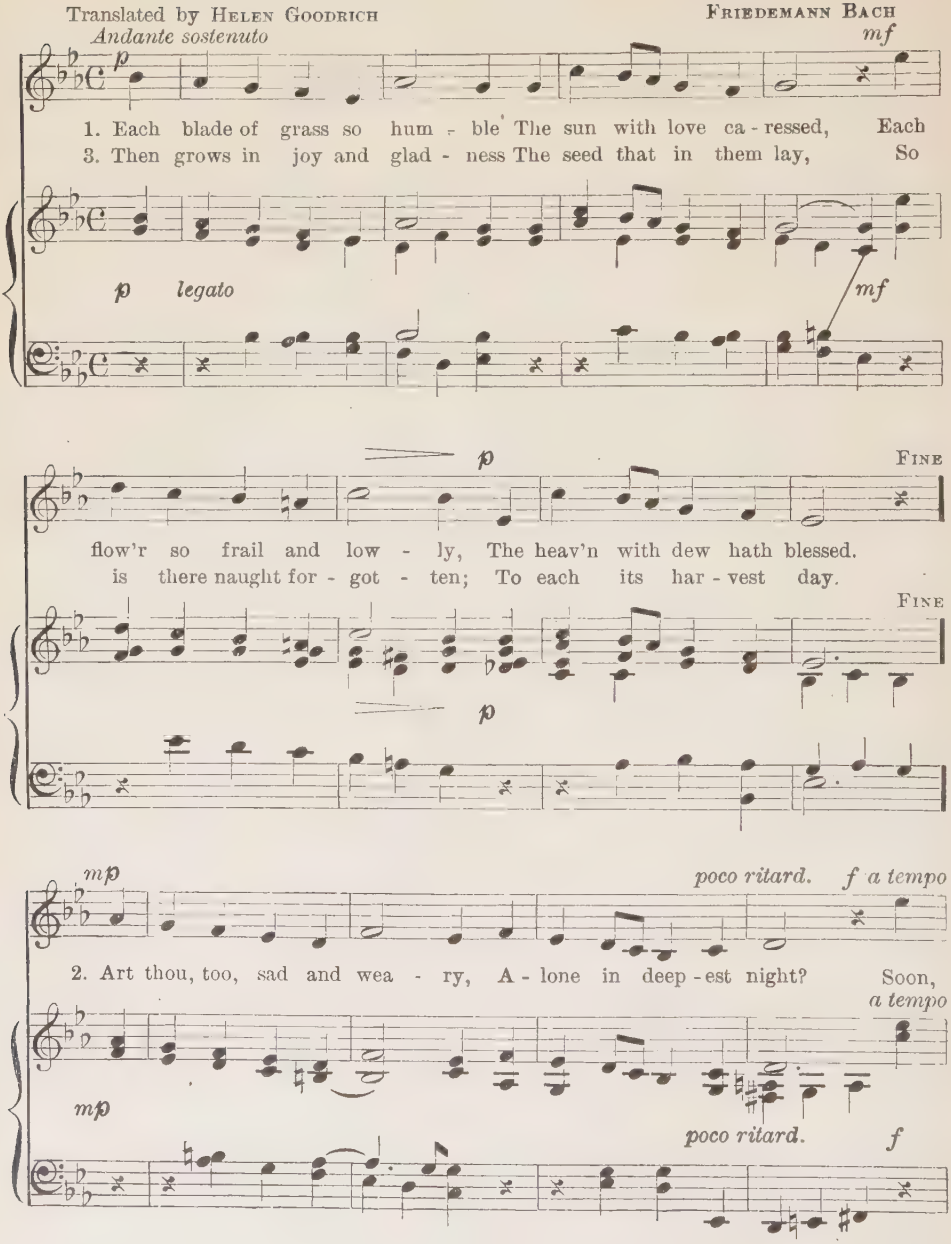

p e legato
p
1. Thou bid'st us seek Thee ear - ly And we shall sure - ly find; We
2. We have not seen the glo - ry Which once the shep- herds saw, Nor
3. Lord, give us now Thy spir - it, And grant Thy con - stant grace, Till
come, O bless - ed Je - sus, Our Sav - iour true and kind! . . We
heard the mid - night an - them They heard with wond'ring awe. . . . In
hav - ing sought Thee ear - ly, At length we see Thy face. . . . See

cres - - - - - - cen - - - - - - do
come in time of glad - ness, We come in hours of grief, . With
rap - turous haste they sought Thee, The Child so low - ly born; . We
Thee in cloud - less glo - ry, The Lamb who once was slain, . And
cres - - - - - - cen - - - - - - do
f
fleet - ing joy of child - hood, With child-hood's sor - row brief.
too would seek Thee ear - ly, In life's re - joic - ing morn.
join the host of ran - somed That fol - low in Thy train.
f
p
p
A - - - men.

Each Blade of Grass

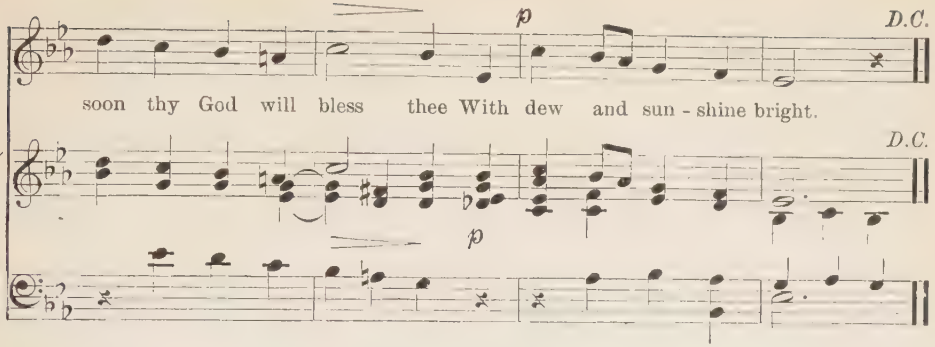
Translated by Helen Goodrich

Friedemann Bach

Andante sostenuto


p
mf
1. Each blade of grass so hum - ble The sun with love ca - ressed, Each
3. Then grows in joy and glad - ness The seed that in them lay, So
p legato
mf
p
Fine
flow'r so frail and low - ly, The heav'n with dew hath blessed.
is there naught for - got - ten; To each its har - vest day.
Fine
p
mp
poco ritard.
f a tempo
2. Art thou, too, sad and wea - ry, A - lone in deep - est night? Soon,
a tempo
mp
poco ritard.
f

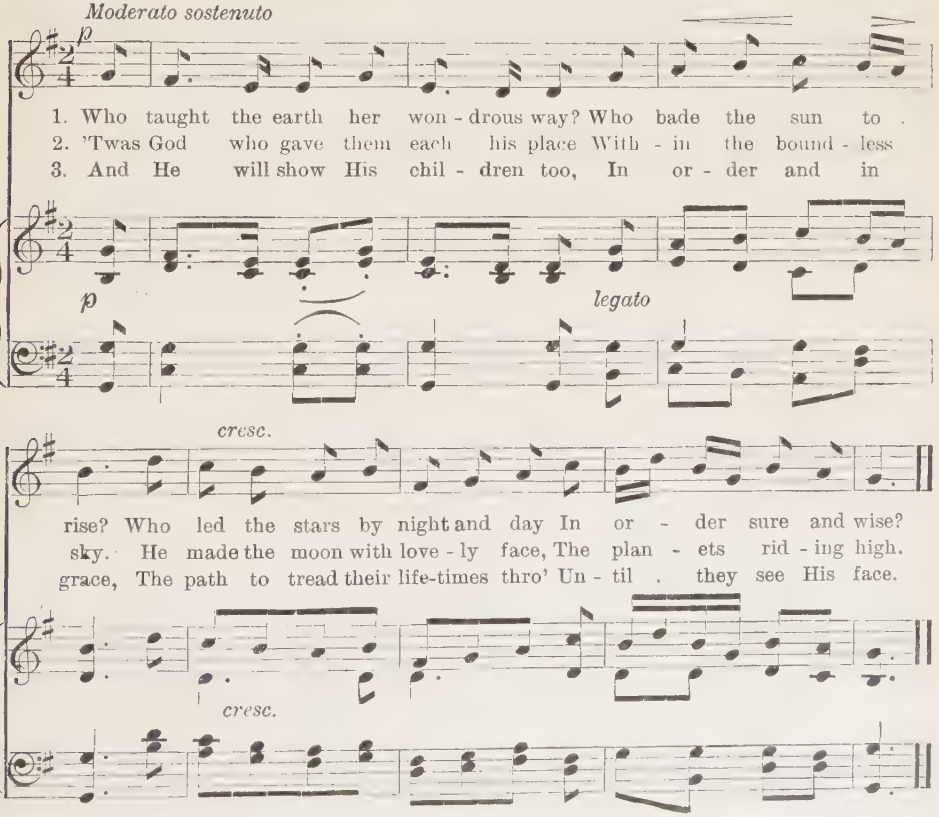
Each Blade of Grass



43 Who Taught the Earth?

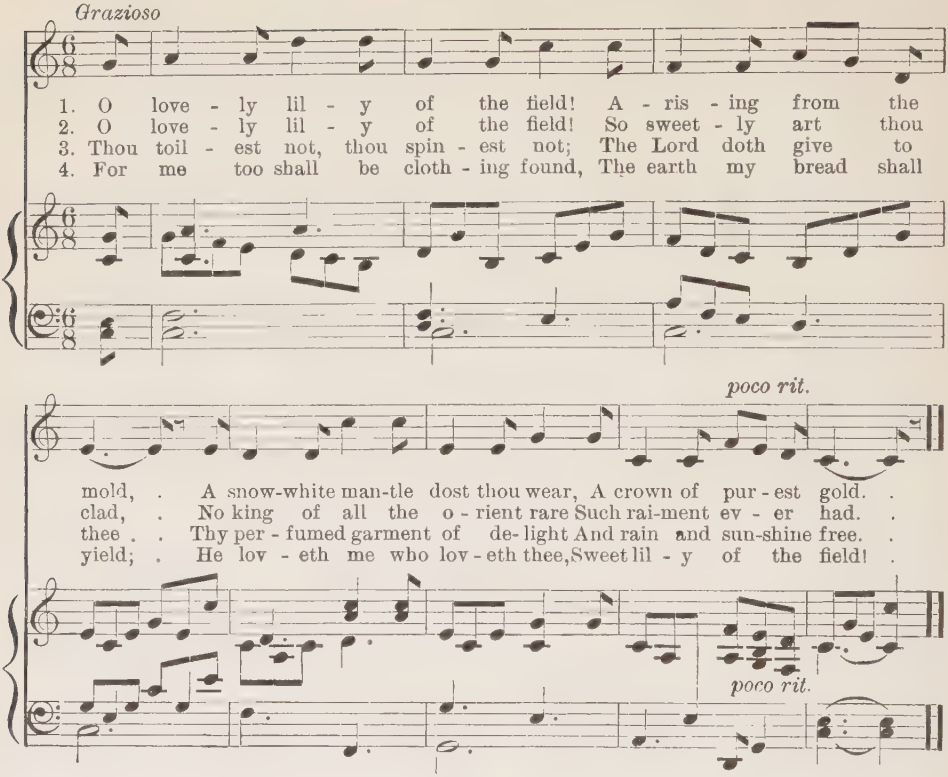
M. B. Turner
Moderato sostenuto

J. W. Elliott


p
1. Who taught the earth her won - drous way? Who bade the sun to
2. 'Twas God who gave them each his place With - in the bound - less
3. And He will show His chil - dren too, In or - der and in
p
legato
cresc.
rise? Who led the stars by night and day In or - der sure and wise?
sky. He made the moon with love - ly face, The plan - ets rid - ing high.
grace, The path to tread their life-times thro' Un - til they see His face.
cresc.

44 The Lily of the Field

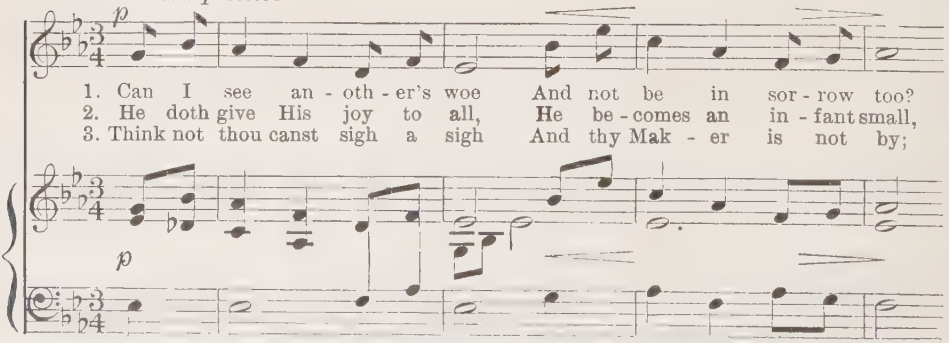
MARY BLAKE
Grazioso

WILLIAM HEATHCOTE

1. O love - ly lil - y of the field! A - ris - ing from the
2. O love - ly lil - y of the field! So sweet - ly art thou
3. Thou toil - est not, thou spin - est not; The Lord doth give to
4. For me too shall be cloth - ing found, The earth my bread shall
poco rit.
mold, . A snow-white man-tle dost thou wear, A crown of pur - est gold. .
clad, . No king of all the o - rient rare Such rai-ment ev - er had. .
thee . . Thy per - fumed garment of de- light And rain and sun-shine free. .
yield; . He lov - eth me who lov - eth thee, Sweet lil - y of the field! .
poco rit.

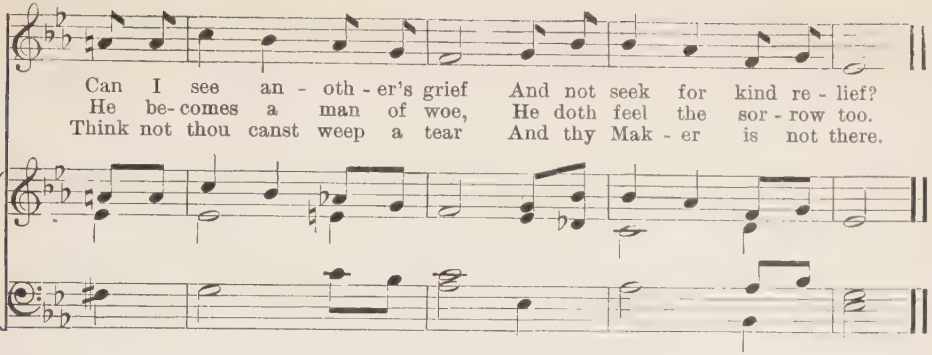
45 Can I See Another's Woe

WILLIAM BLAKE
Andante espressivo

JOHN MARTIN


p
1. Can I see an - oth - er's woe And not be in sor - row too?
2. He doth give His joy to all, He be - comes an in - fant small,
3. Think not thou canst sigh a sigh And thy Mak - er is not by;
p

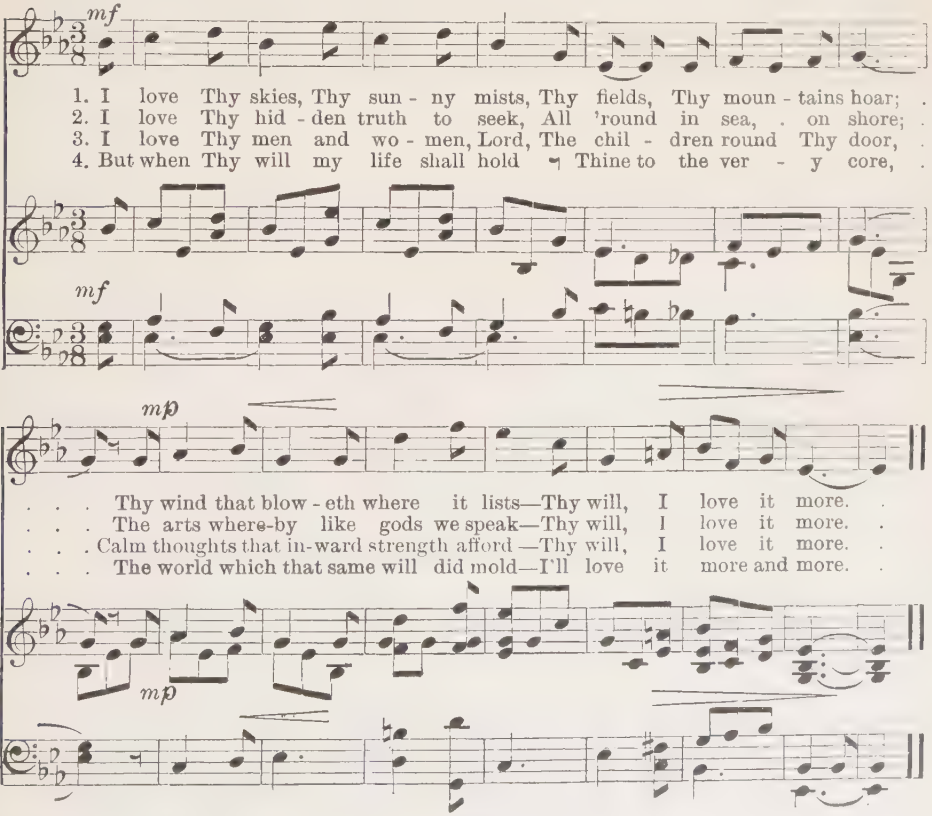
Can I See Another's Woe


Can I see an - oth - er's grief And not seek for kind re - lief?
He be - comes a man of woe, He doth feel the sor - row too.
Think not thou canst weep a tear And thy Mak - er is not there.

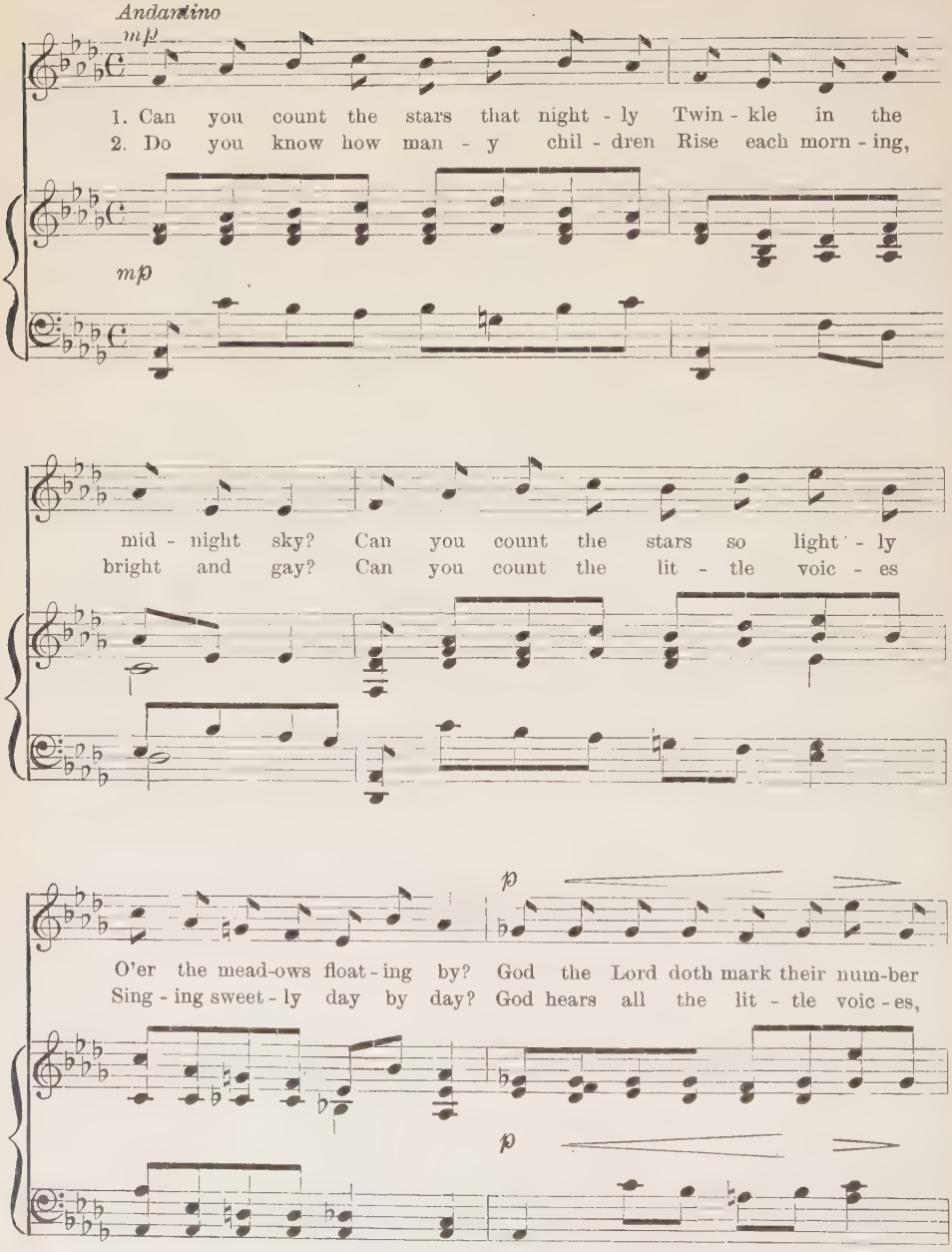
46 I Love Thy Skies

GEORGE MCDONALD ELEANOR SMITH

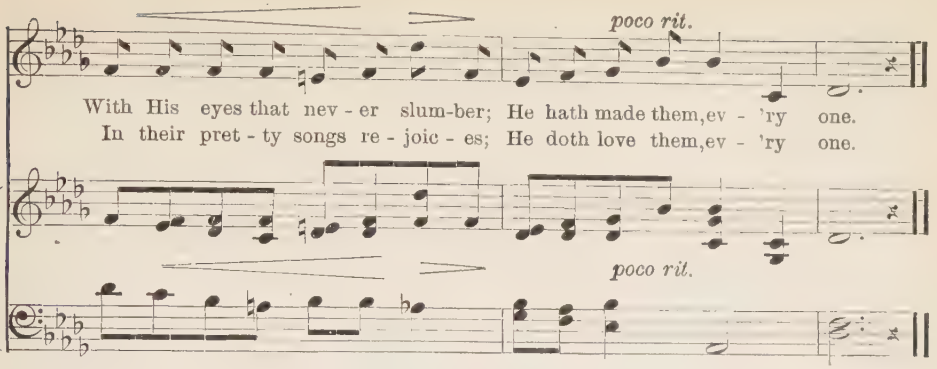
Moderato


mf
1. I love Thy skies, Thy sun - ny mists, Thy fields, Thy moun - tains hoar;
2. I love Thy hid - den truth to seek, All 'round in sea, on shore;
3. I love Thy men and wo - men, Lord, The chil - dren round Thy door,
4. But when Thy will my life shall hold Thine to the ver - y core,
mf
mp
. . . Thy wind that blow - eth where it lists—Thy will, I love it more.
. . . The arts where-by like gods we speak—Thy will, I love it more.
. . . Calm thoughts that in-ward strength afford —Thy will, I love it more.
. . . The world which that same will did mold—I'll love it more and more.
mp

Can You Count the Stars?

JOHN MARTIN

Andantino
mp
1. Can you count the stars that night - ly Twin - kle in the
2. Do you know how man - y chil - dren Rise each morn - ing,
mp
mid - night sky? Can you count the stars so light - ly
bright and gay? Can you count the lit - tle voic - es
p
O'er the mead-ows float - ing by? God the Lord doth mark their num-ber
Sing - ing sweet - ly day by day? God hears all the lit - tle voic - es,
p

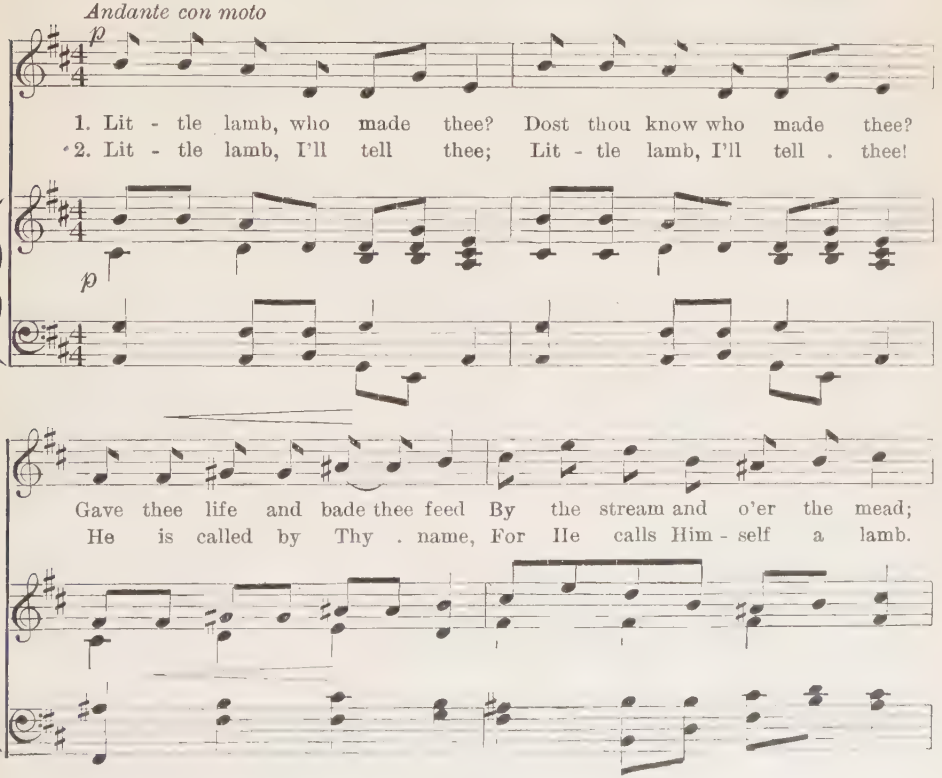
Can You Count the Stars?

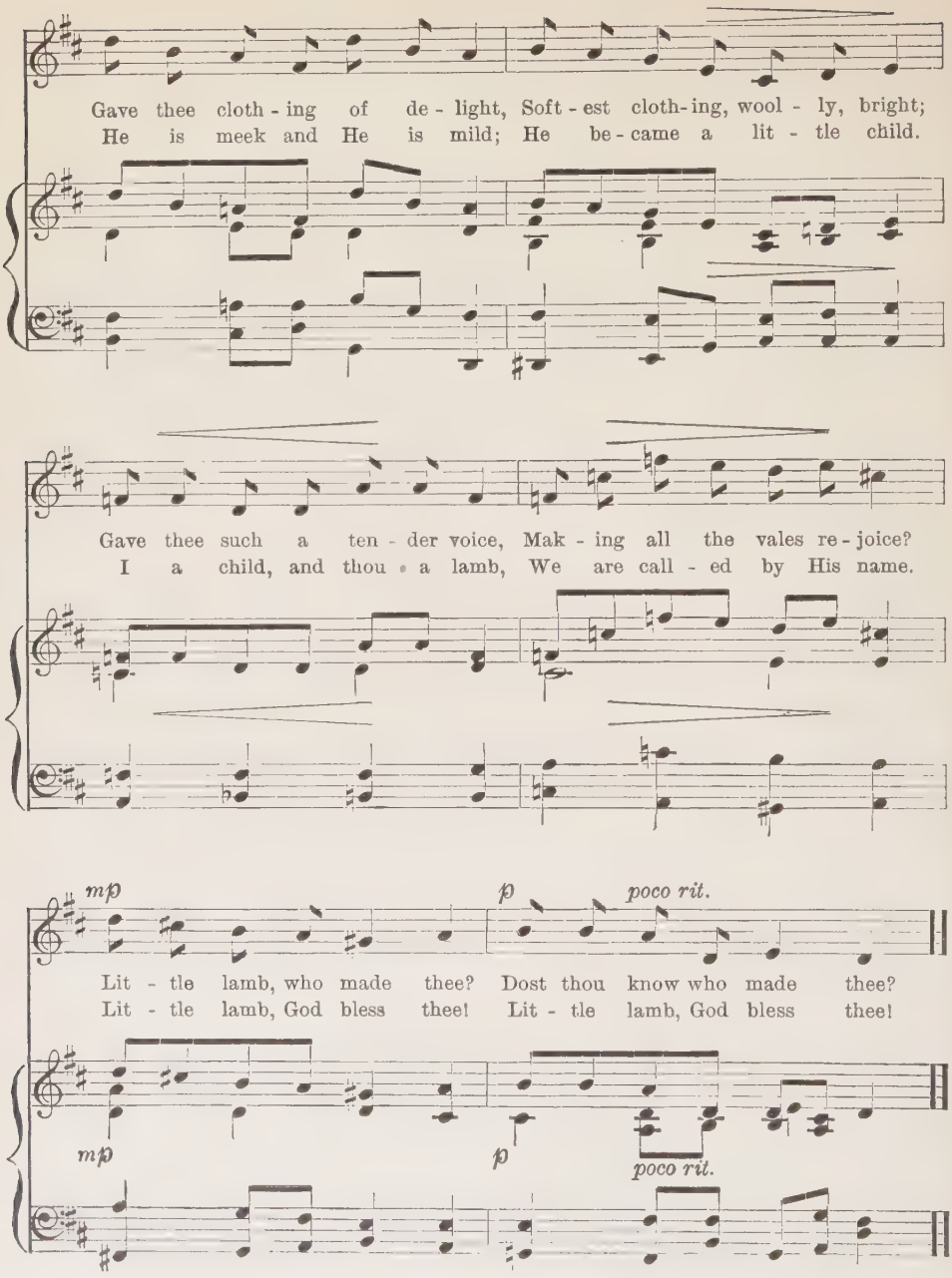

poco rit.
With His eyes that nev - er slum-ber; He hath made them, ev - 'ry one.
In their pret - ty songs re - joic - es; He doth love them, ev - 'ry one.
poco rit.

48 Little Lamb, Who Made Thee?

WILLIAM BLAKE

GERTRUDE MADEIRA SMITH


Andante con moto
p
1. Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?
2. Lit - tle lamb, I'll tell thee; Lit - tle lamb, I'll tell . thee!
p
Gave thee life and bade thee feed By the stream and o'er the mead;
He is called by Thy . name, For He calls Him - self a lamb.


Gave thee cloth - ing of de - light, Soft - est cloth - ing, wool - ly, bright;
He is meek and He is mild; He be - came a lit - tle child.
Gave thee such a ten - der voice, Mak - ing all the vales re - joice?
I a child, and thou a lamb, We are call - ed by His name.
mp
p
poco rit.
Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?
Lit - tle lamb, God bless thee! Lit - tle lamb, God bless thee!
mp
p
poco rit.

All Things Beautiful and Fair

Mrs. C. F. Alexander

John Heathcote

Cheerfully

mp

1. All things beau - ti - ful and fair,
2. Ev - 'ry tree and flow'r we pass,
3. He who dwell - eth high in heav'n

mp

mf *mp* *cresc.*

Earth and sky and balm - y air, Sun - ny field and
Ev - 'ry tuft of wav - ing grass, Ev - 'ry leaf and
Un - to us all things hath giv'n. Let us as through

mf *mp* *cresc.*

dimin.

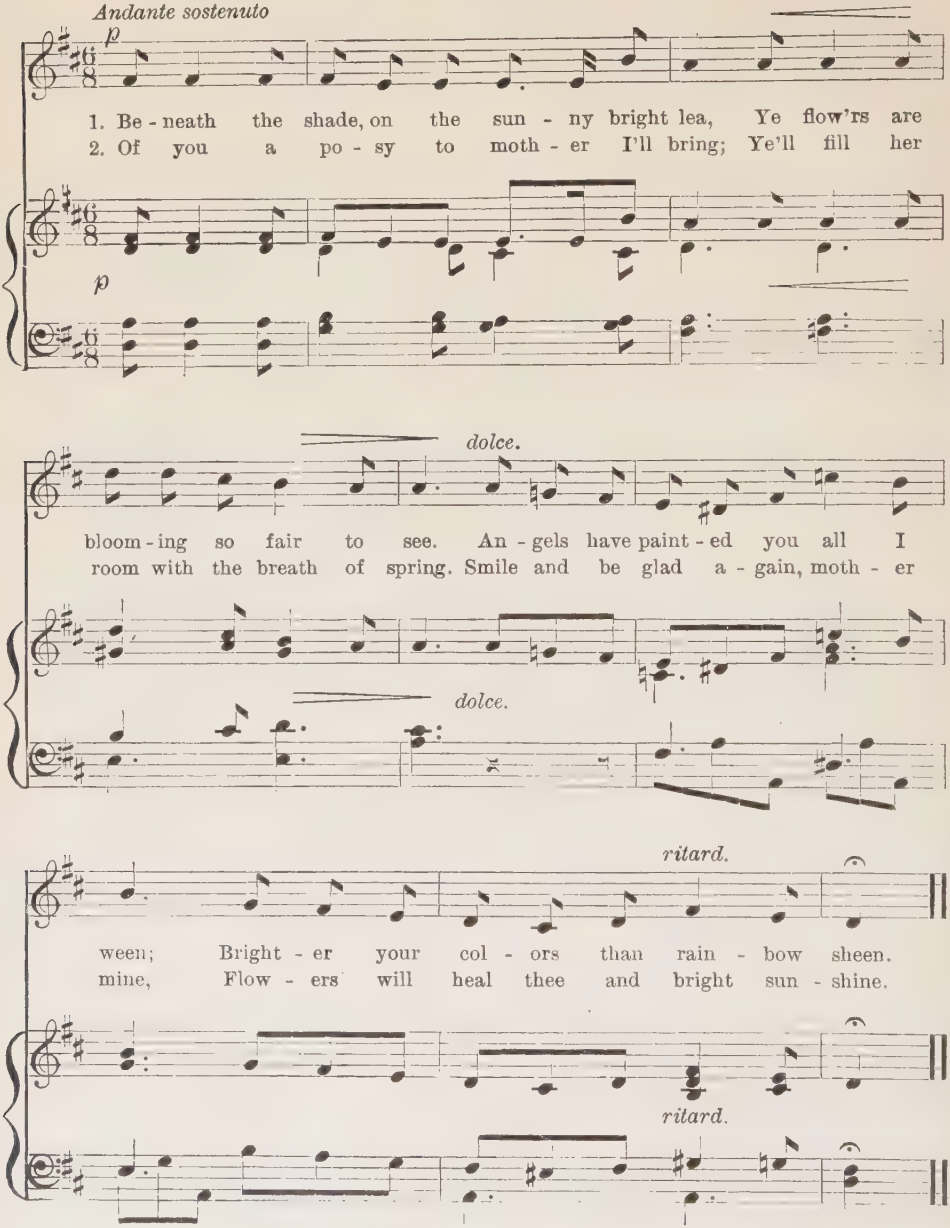
shad - y grove, . Gen - tly whis - per, "God is love."
op - 'ning bud, . . Seem to tell us, "God is good."
life we move . Ev - er feel that God is love.

dimin.

When Mother was Ill

Tr. from JULIUS STURM

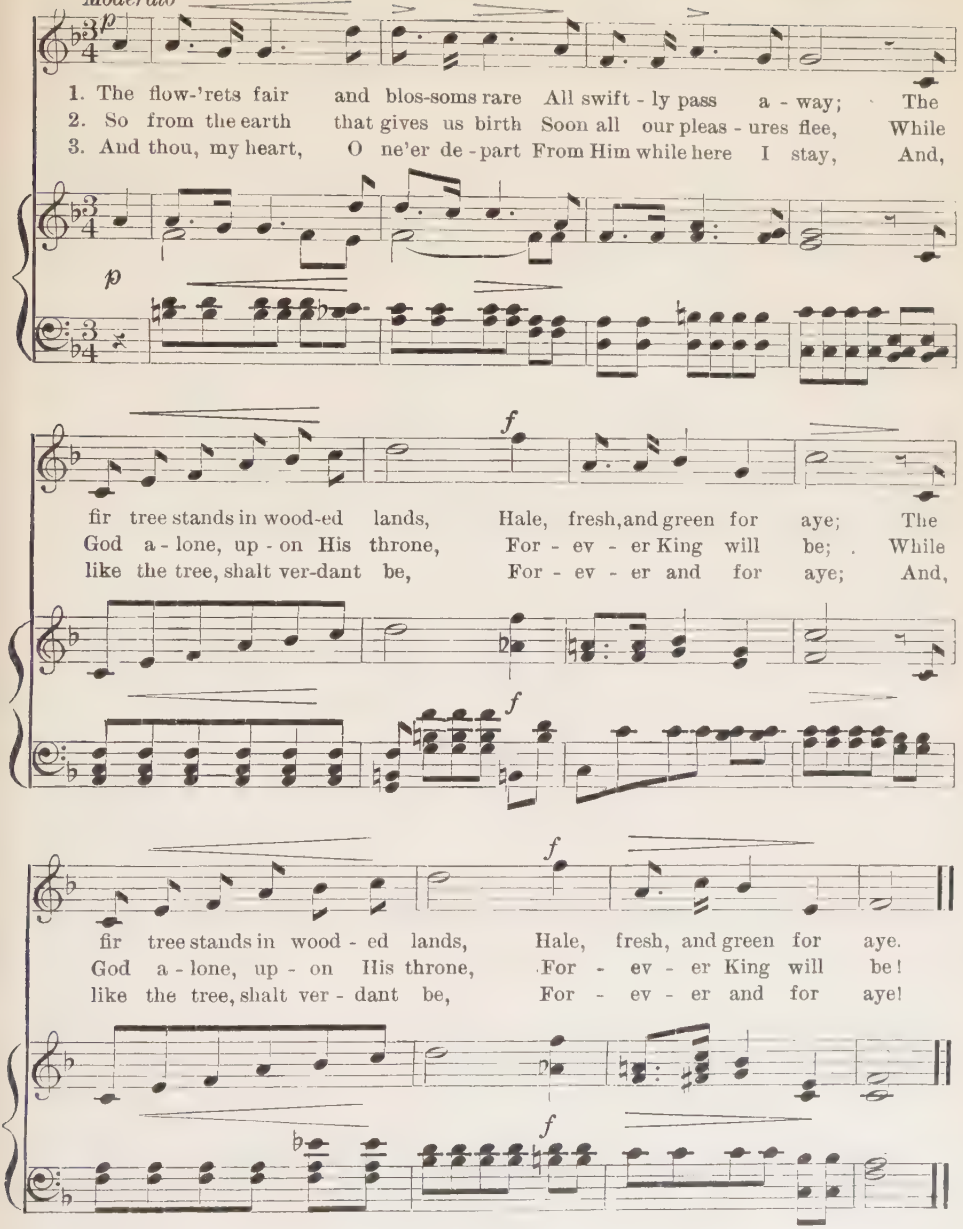
CARL REINECKE

Andante sostenuto

p
1. Be - neath the shade, on the sun - ny bright lea, Ye flow'rs are
2. Of you a po - sy to moth - er I'll bring; Ye'll fill her
p
dolce.
bloom - ing so fair to see. An - gels have paint - ed you all I
room with the breath of spring. Smile and be glad a - gain, moth - er
dolce.
ritard.
ween; Bright - er your col - ors than rain - bow sheen.
mine, Flow - ers will heal thee and bright sun - shine.
ritard.

The Fir Tree

G. C. Dieffenbach

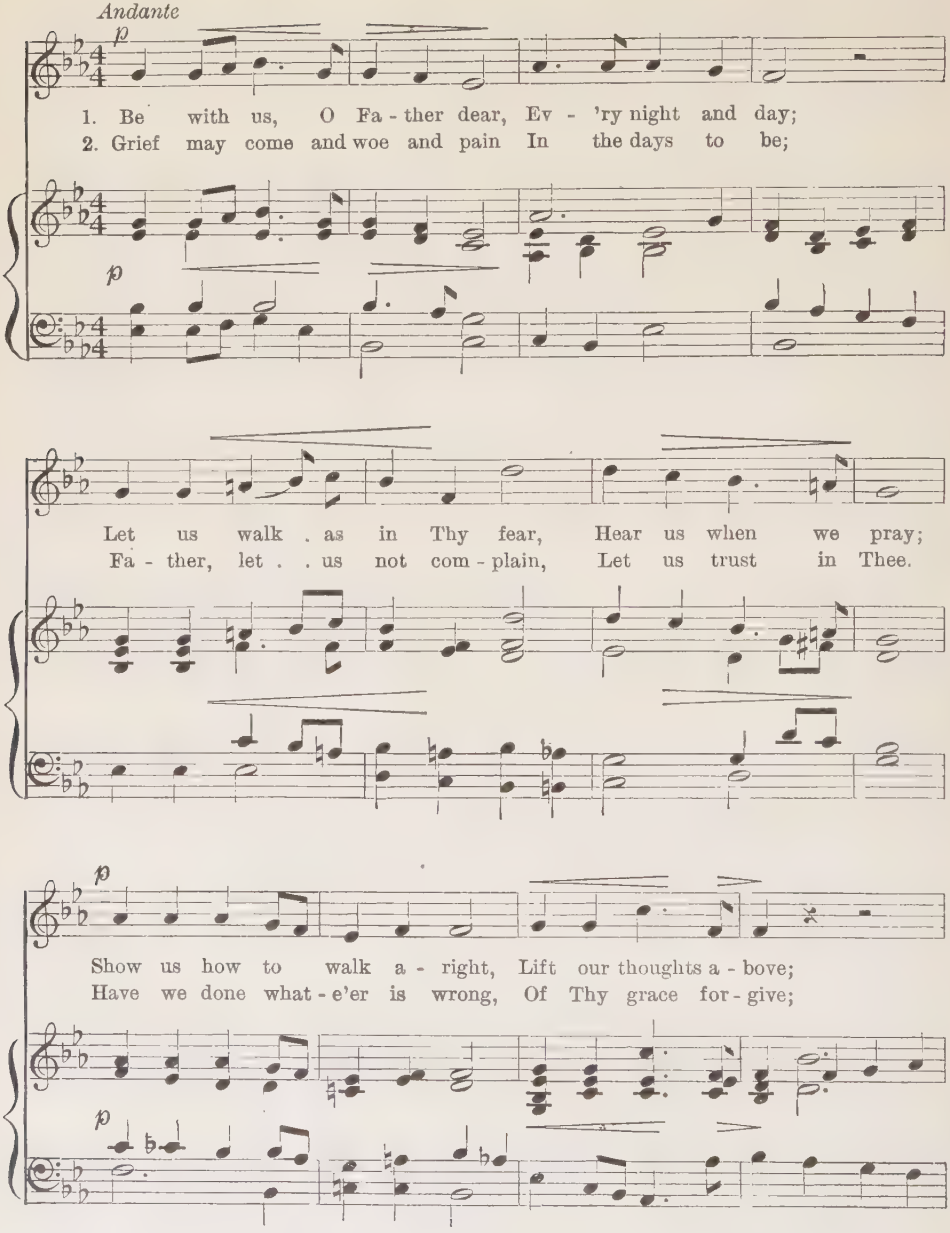
Moderato

Franz Abt

1. The flow-'rets fair and blos-soms rare All swift - ly pass a - way; The
2. So from the earth that gives us birth Soon all our pleas - ures flee, While
3. And thou, my heart, O ne'er de - part From Him while here I stay, And,
fir tree stands in wood-ed lands, Hale, fresh, and green for aye; The
God a - lone, up - on His throne, For - ev - er King will be; While
like the tree, shalt ver-dant be, For - ev - er and for aye; And,
fir tree stands in wood - ed lands, Hale, fresh, and green for aye.
God a - lone, up - on His throne, For - ev - er King will be!
like the tree, shalt ver - dant be, For - ev - er and for aye!

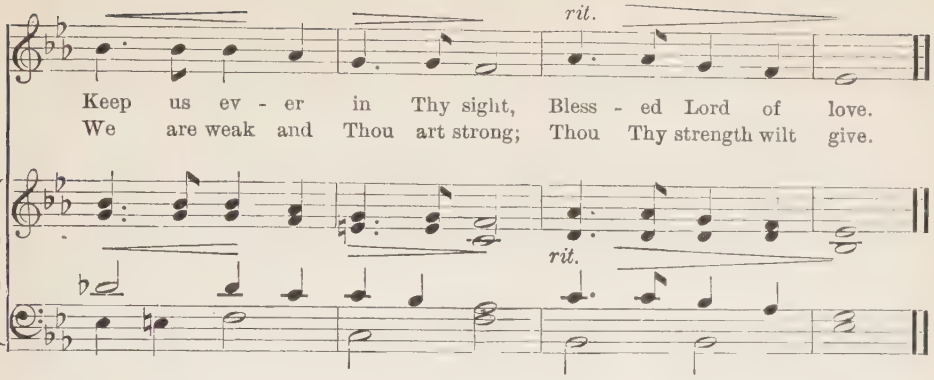
52 Be with Us, O Father

MARY SLADE

ROBERT OEHME

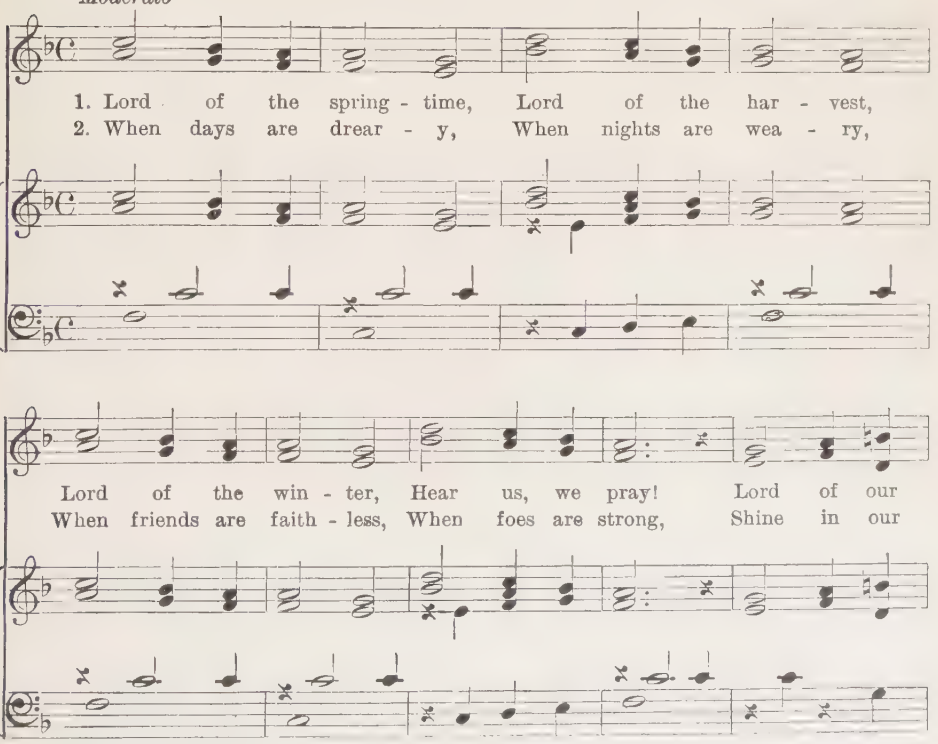
Andante

p
1. Be with us, O Fa - ther dear, Ev - 'ry night and day;
2. Grief may come and woe and pain In the days to be;
p
Let us walk . as in Thy fear, Hear us when we pray;
Fa - ther, let . . us not com - plain, Let us trust in Thee.
p
Show us how to walk a - right, Lift our thoughts a - bove;
Have we done what - e'er is wrong, Of Thy grace for - give;
p

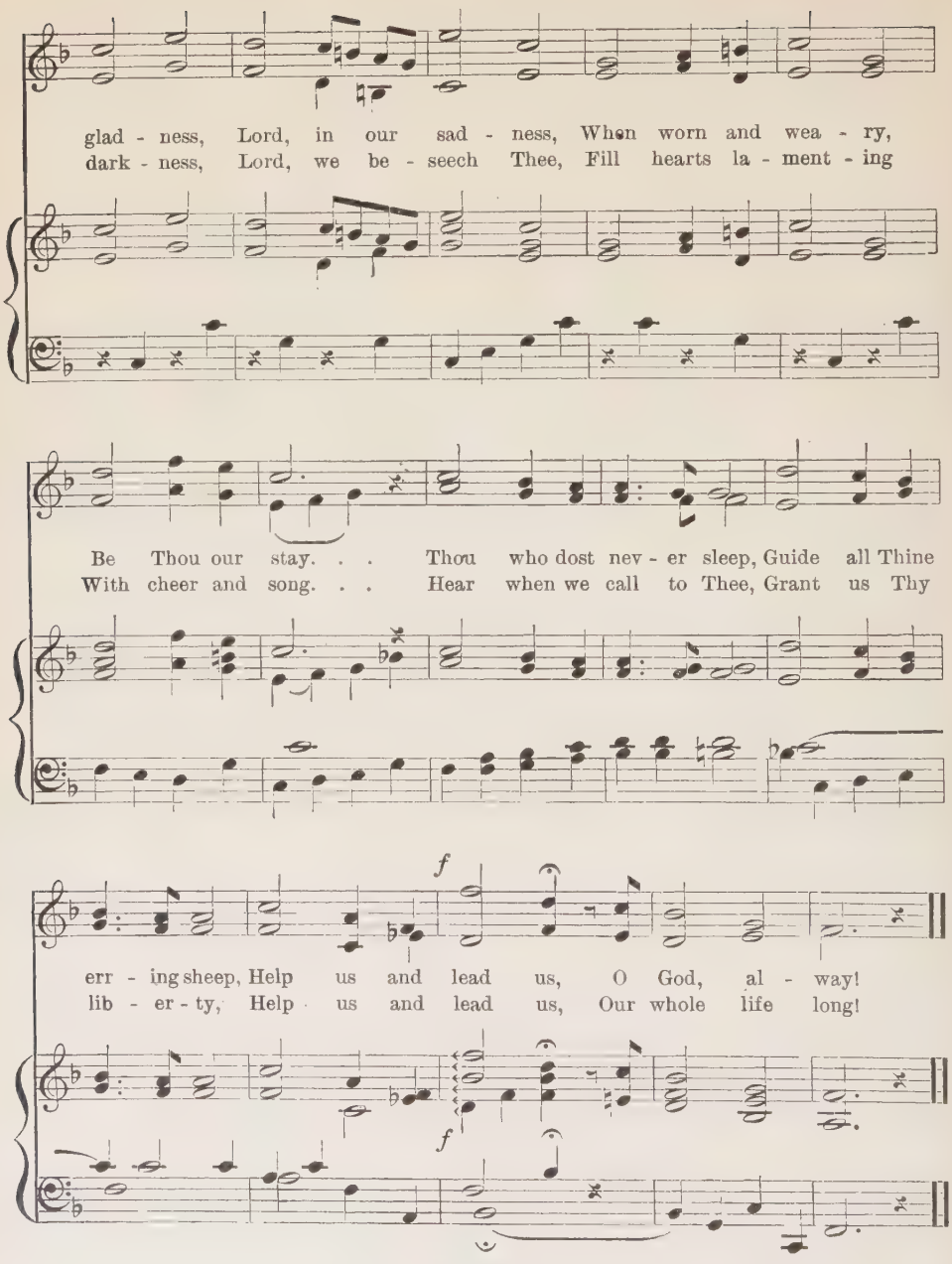
Be with Us, O Father



53 Lord of the Springtime

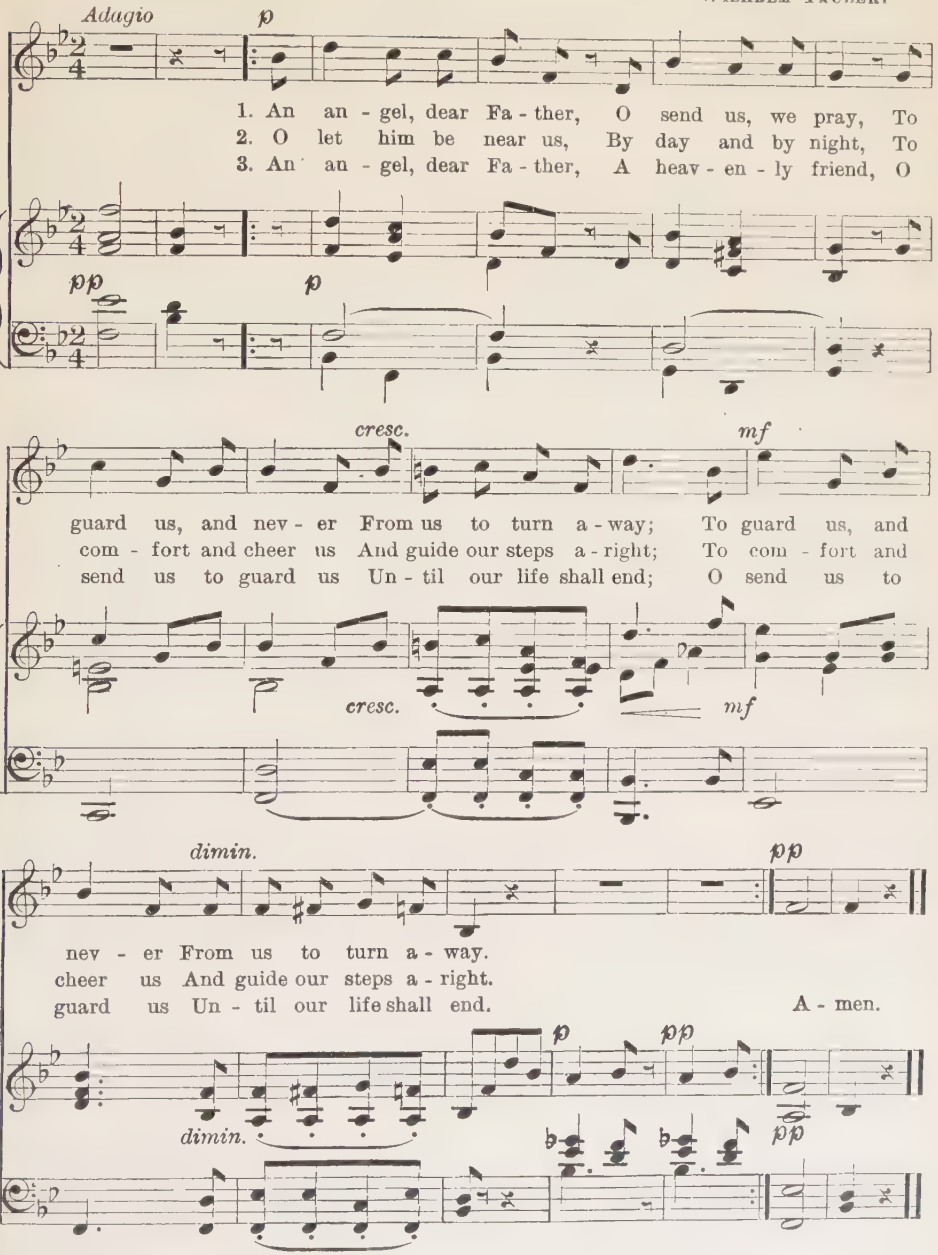
Moderato

Old Hymn

1. Lord of the spring - time, Lord of the har - vest,
2. When days are drear - y, When nights are wea - ry,
Lord of the win - ter, Hear us, we pray! Lord of our
When friends are faith - less, When foes are strong, Shine in our


glad - ness, Lord, in our sad - ness, When worn and wea - ry,
dark - ness, Lord, we be - seech Thee, Fill hearts la - ment - ing
Be Thou our stay. . . Thou who dost nev - er sleep, Guide all Thine
With cheer and song. . . Hear when we call to Thee, Grant us Thy
f
err - ing sheep, Help us and lead us, O God, al - way!
lib - er - ty, Help us and lead us, Our whole life long!
f

Child's Prayer

Tr. from Agnes Hutberg

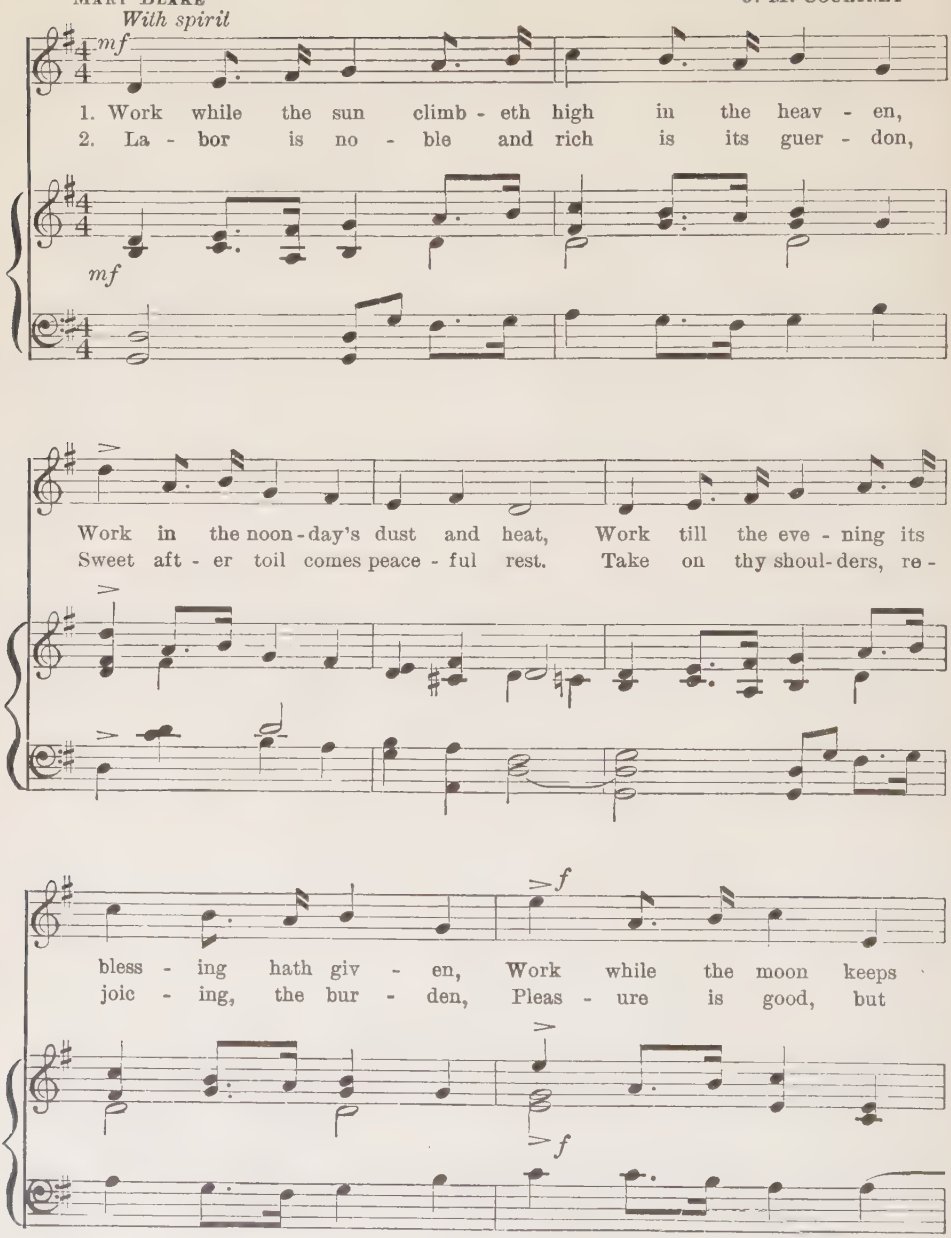
Wilhelm Taubert

Adagio
p
1. An an - gel, dear Fa - ther, O send us, we pray, To
2. O let him be near us, By day and by night, To
3. An an - gel, dear Fa - ther, A heav - en - ly friend, O
pp
p
cresc.
mf
guard us, and nev - er From us to turn a - way; To guard us, and
com - fort and cheer us And guide our steps a - right; To com - fort and
send us to guard us Un - til our life shall end; O send us to
cresc.
mf
dimin.
pp
nev - er From us to turn a - way.
cheer us And guide our steps a - right.
guard us Un - til our life shall end.
A - men.
p
pp
dimin.
pp

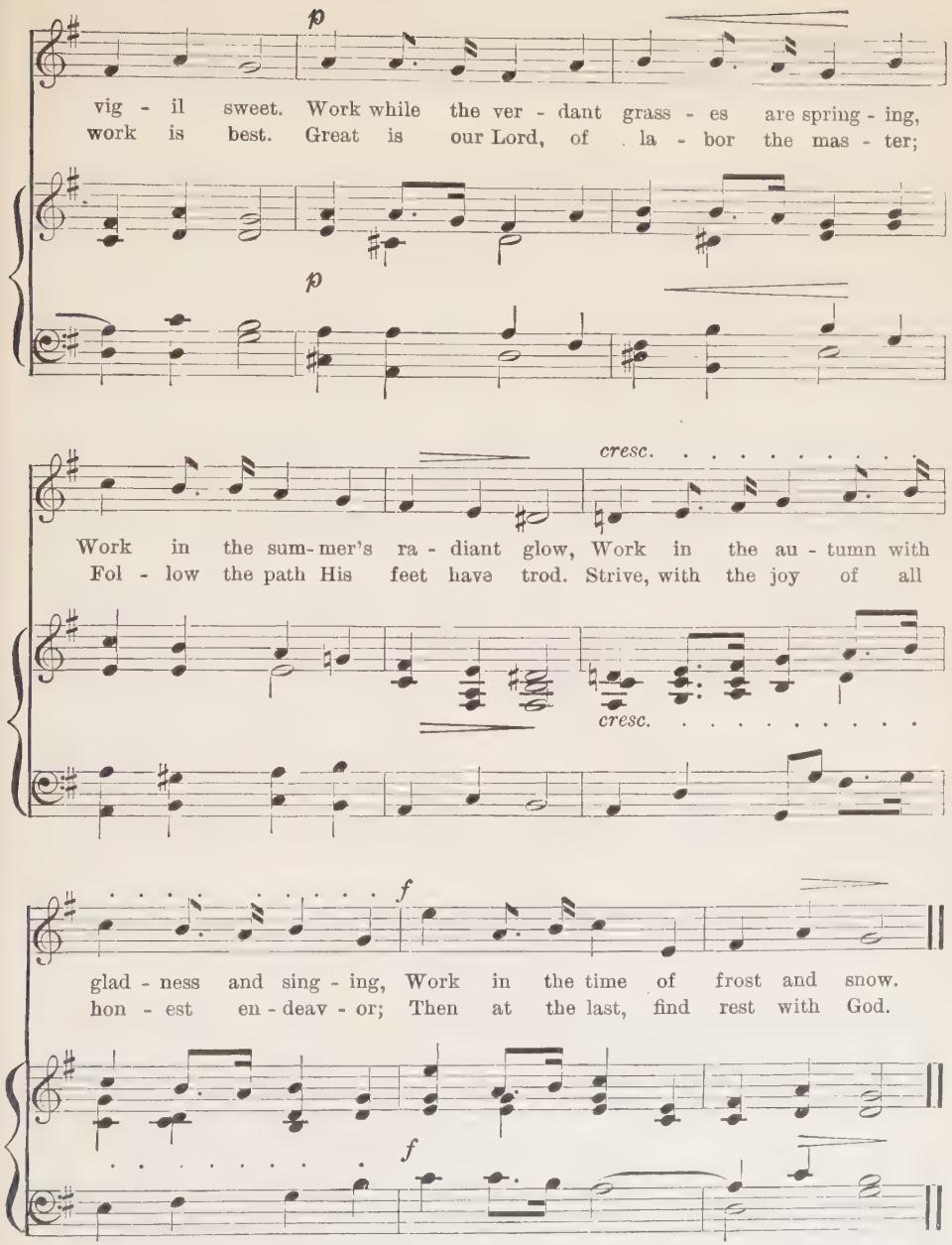
55

A Song of Work

MARY BLAKE

J. M. COURTNEY

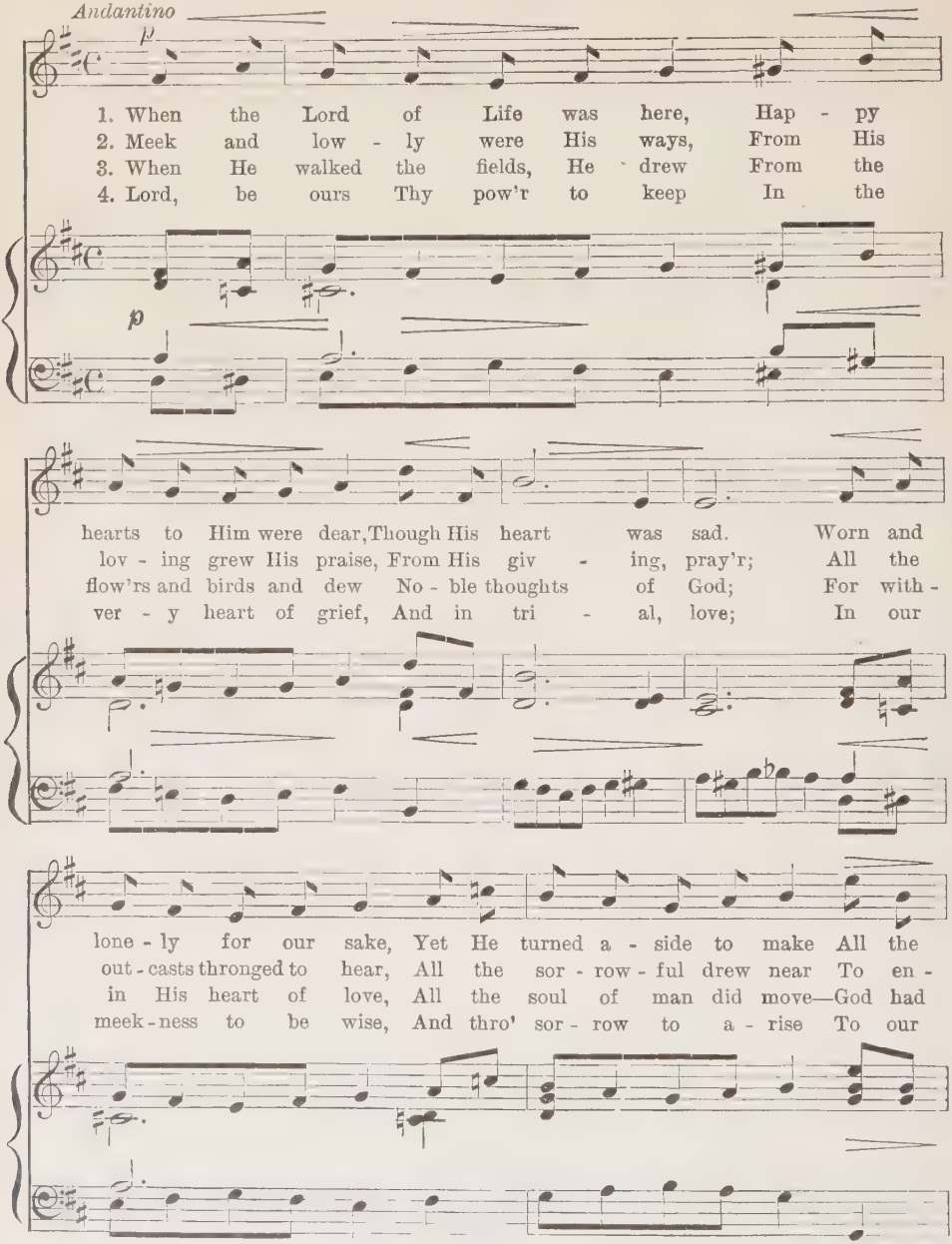

With spirit
mf
1. Work while the sun climb - eth high in the heav - en,
2. La - bor is no - ble and rich is its guer - don,
mf
Work in the noon-day's dust and heat, Work till the eve - ning its
Sweet aft - er toil comes peace - ful rest. Take on thy shoul-ders, re -
f
bless - ing hath giv - en, Work while the moon keeps
joic - ing, the bur - den, Pleas - ure is good, but
f

A Song of Work

p
vig - il sweet. Work while the ver - dant grass - es are spring - ing,
work is best. Great is our Lord, of la - bor the mas - ter;
p
cresc.
Work in the sum-mer's ra - diant glow, Work in the au - tumn with
Fol - low the path His feet have trod. Strive, with the joy of all
cresc.
f
glad - ness and sing - ing, Work in the time of frost and snow.
hon - est en - deav - or; Then at the last, find rest with God.
f

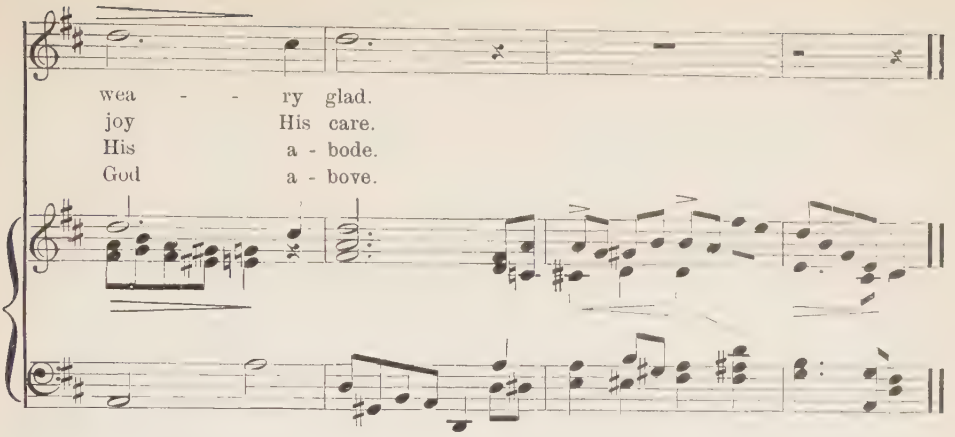
When the Lord of Life was Here

STOPFORD A. BROOKE

JOHN HEATHCOTE

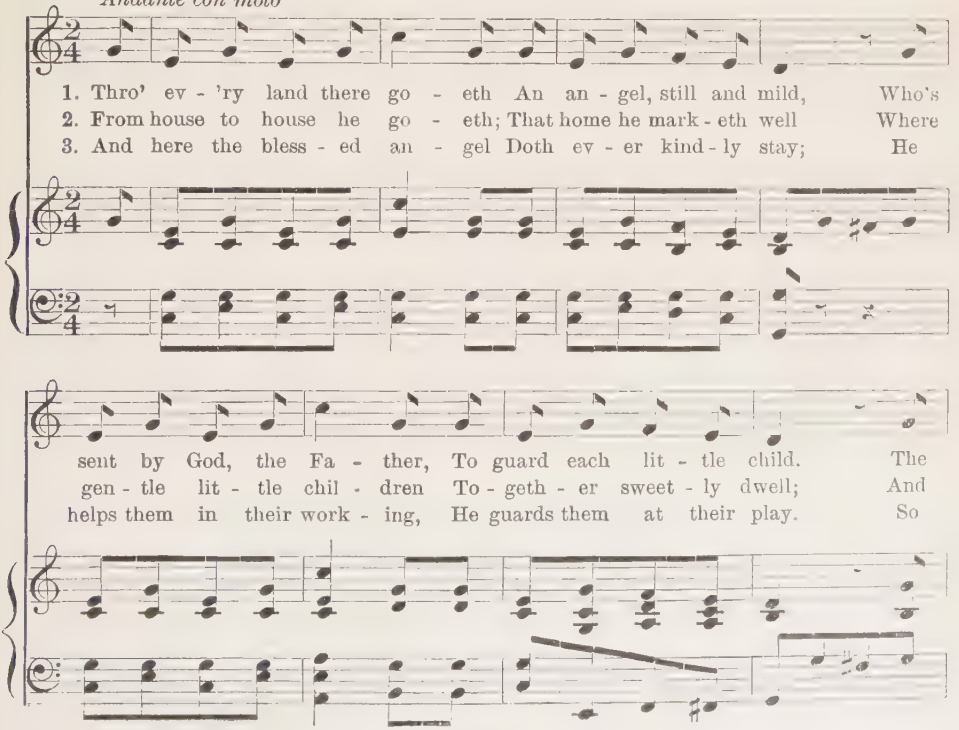
Andantino

p
1. When the Lord of Life was here, Hap - py
2. Meek and low - ly were His ways, From His
3. When He walked the fields, He drew From the
4. Lord, be ours Thy pow'r to keep In the
p
hearts to Him were dear, Though His heart was sad. Worn and
lov - ing grew His praise, From His giv - ing, pray'r; All the
flow'rs and birds and dew No - ble thoughts of God; For with -
ver - y heart of grief, And in tri - al, love; In our
lone - ly for our sake, Yet He turned a - side to make All the
out - casts thronged to hear, All the sor - row - ful drew near To en -
in His heart of love, All the soul of man did move—God had
meek - ness to be wise, And thro' sor - row to a - rise To our

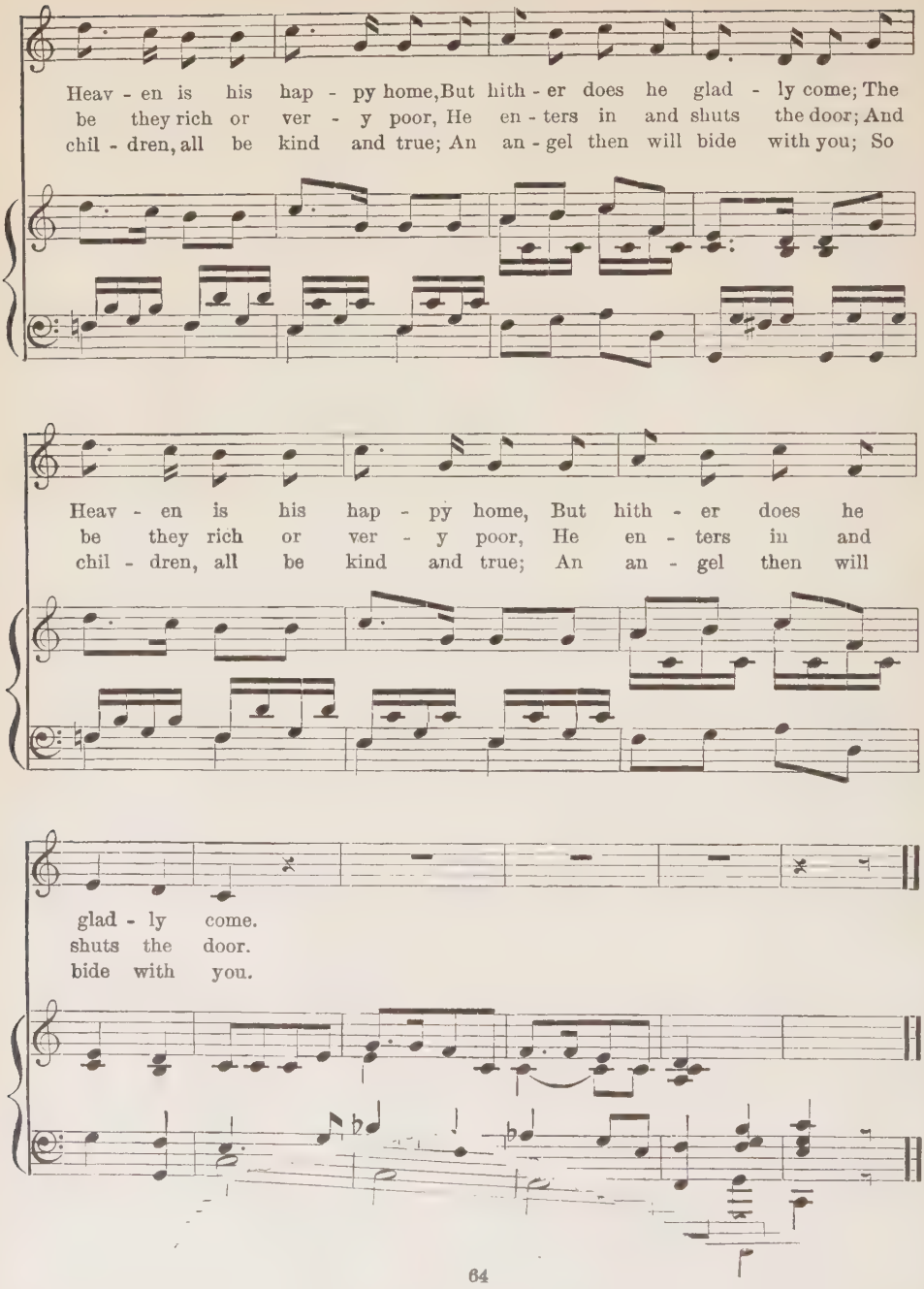
When the Lord of Life was Here



57 The Children's Angel

Folk Song

Andante con moto

1. Thro' ev - 'ry land there go - eth An an - gel, still and mild, Who's
2. From house to house he go - eth; That home he mark - eth well Where
3. And here the bless - ed an - gel Doth ev - er kind - ly stay; He
sent by God, the Fa - ther, To guard each lit - tle child. The
gen - tle lit - tle chil - dren To - geth - er sweet - ly dwell; And
helps them in their work - ing, He guards them at their play. So

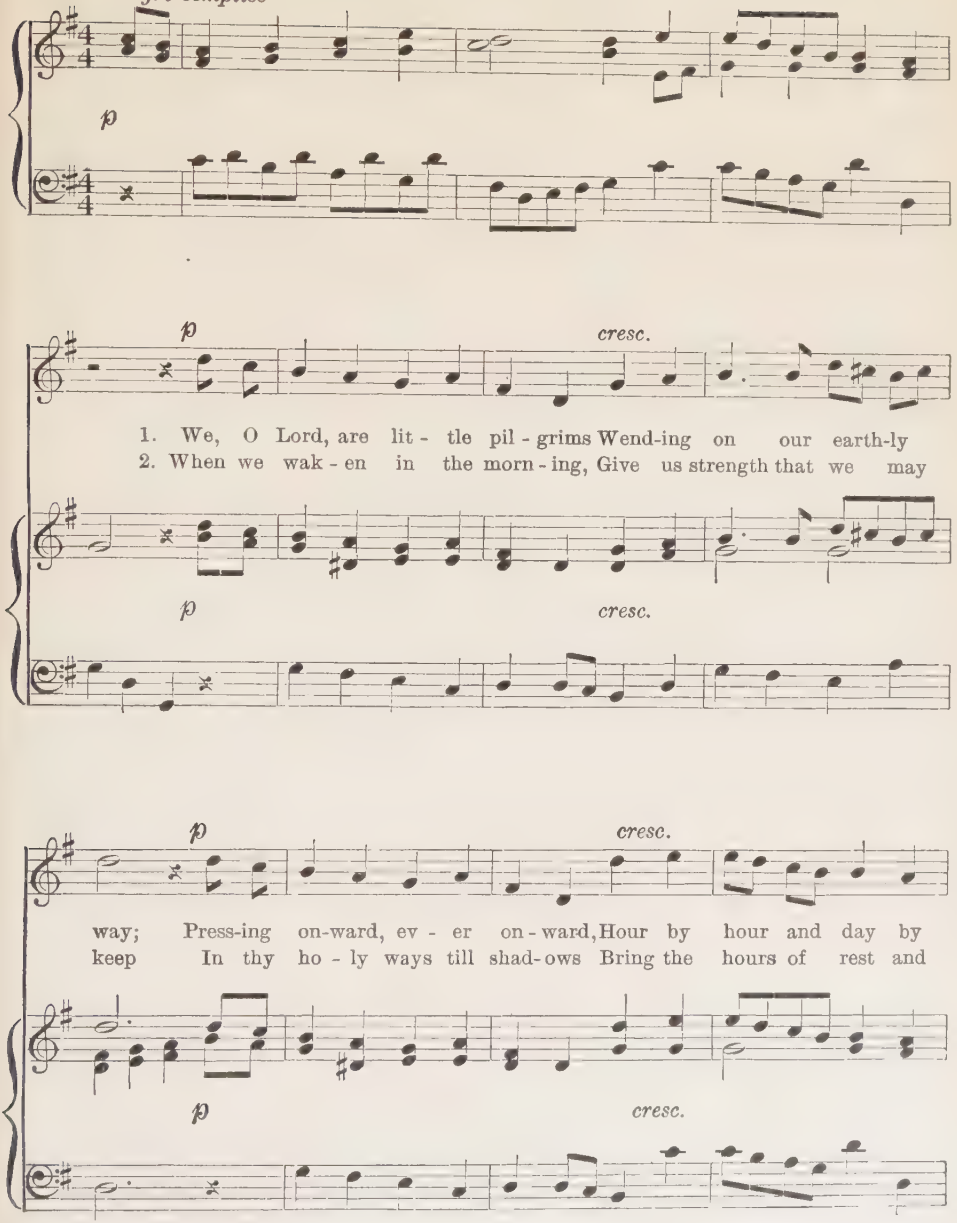
The Children's Angel

Heav - en is his hap - py home, But hith - er does he glad - ly come; The
be they rich or ver - y poor, He en - ters in and shuts the door; And
chil - dren, all be kind and true; An an - gel then will bide with you; So
Heav - en is his hap - py home, But hith - er does he
be they rich or ver - y poor, He en - ters in and
chil - dren, all be kind and true; An an - gel then will
glad - ly come.
shuts the door.
bide with you.

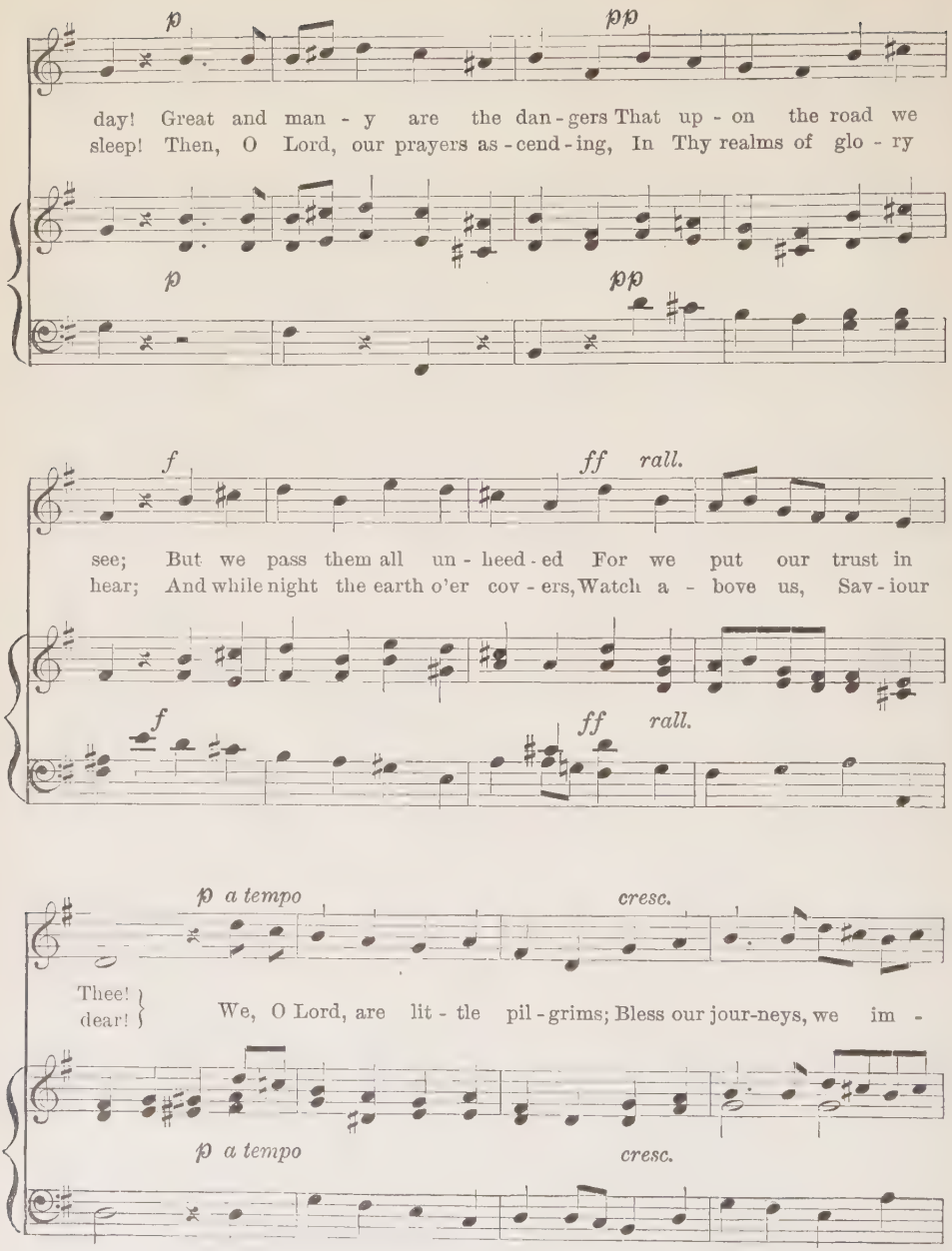
The Golden Shore

E. Oxenford

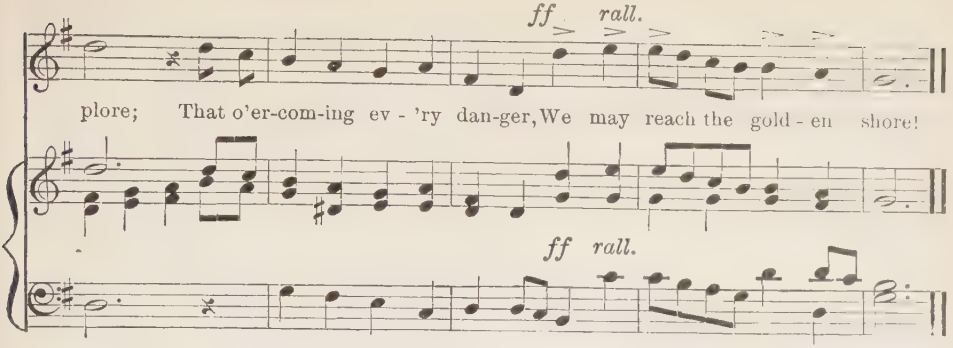
Allegro semplice

J. Stainer

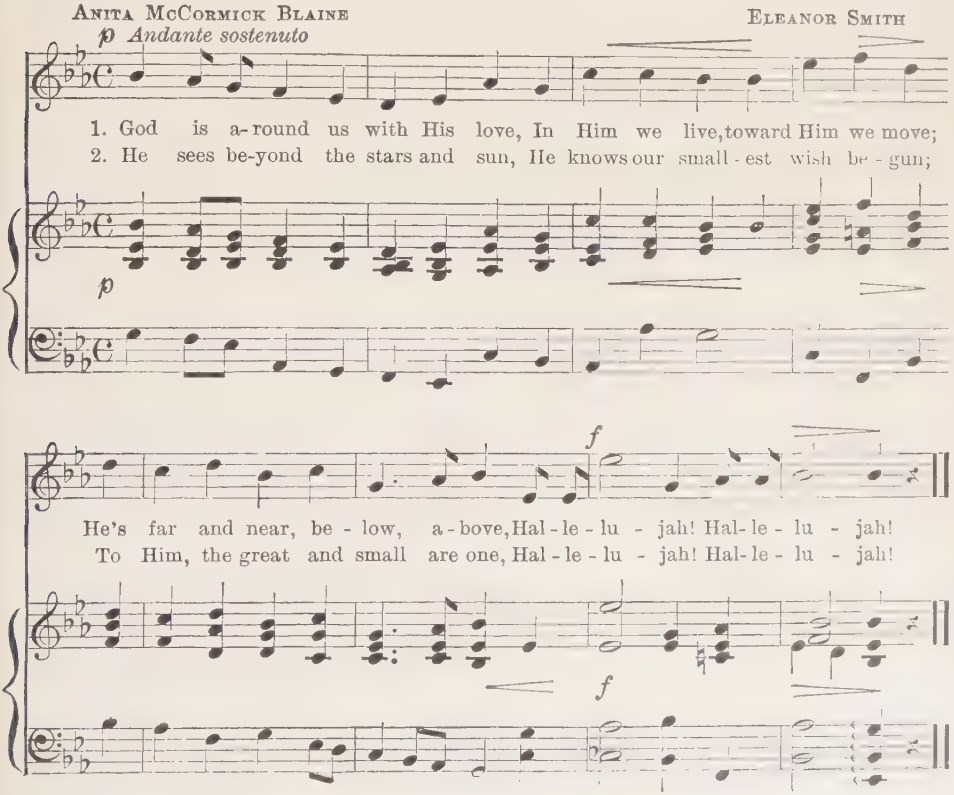

p
cresc.
1. We, O Lord, are lit - tle pil - grims Wend-ing on our earth-ly
2. When we wak - en in the morn - ing, Give us strength that we may
p
cresc.
p
cresc.
way; Press-ing on-ward, ev - er on - ward, Hour by hour and day by
keep In thy ho - ly ways till shad-ows Bring the hours of rest and
p
cresc.


p
pp
day! Great and man - y are the dan - gers That up - on the road we
sleep! Then, O Lord, our prayers as - cend - ing, In Thy realms of glo - ry
p
pp
f
ff rall.
see; But we pass them all un - heed - ed For we put our trust in
hear; And while night the earth o'er cov - ers, Watch a - bove us, Sav - iour
f
ff rall.
p a tempo
cresc.
Thee!
dear!
We, O Lord, are lit - tle pil - grims; Bless our jour-neys, we im -
p a tempo
cresc.

The Golden Shore

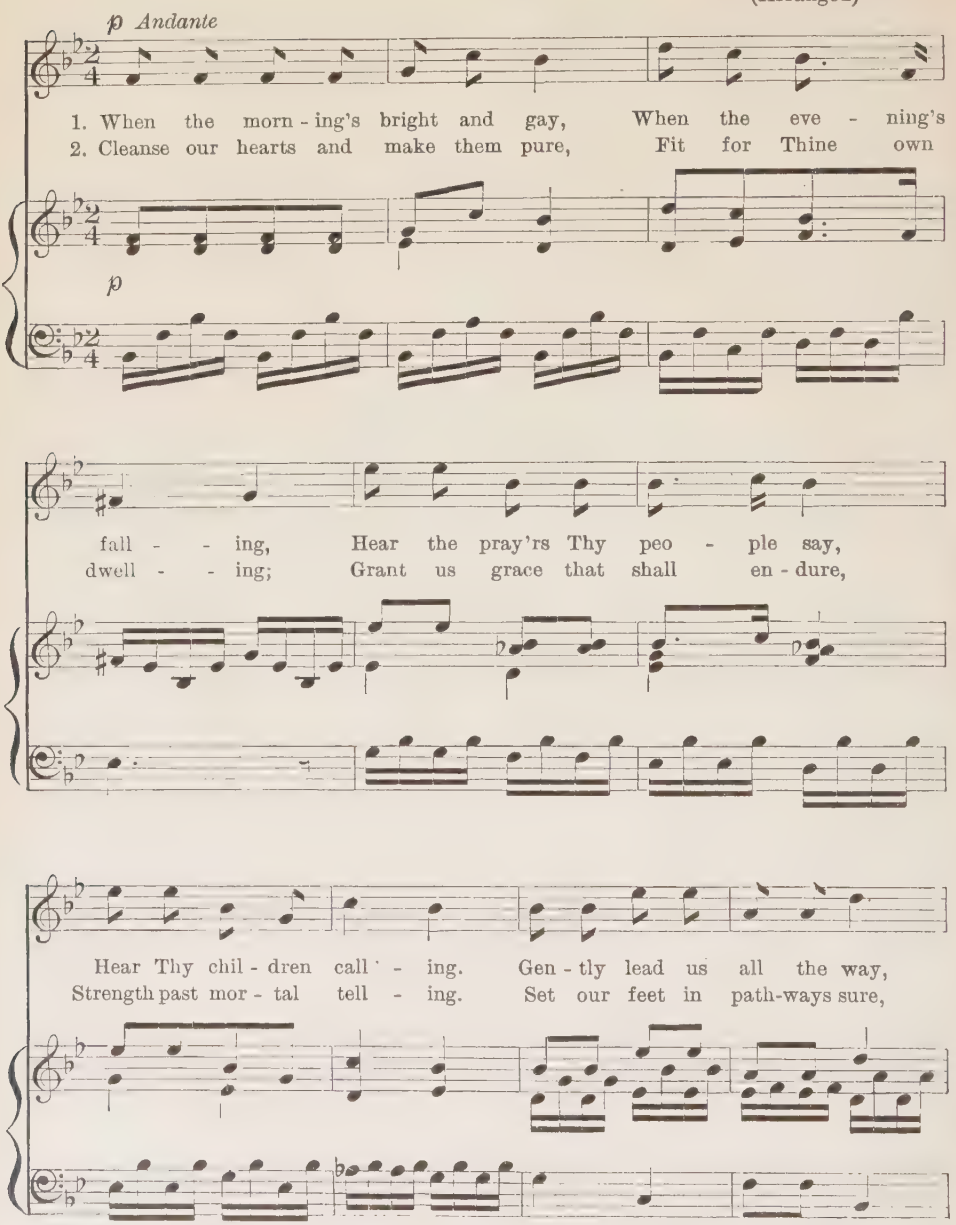


59 God is Around Us

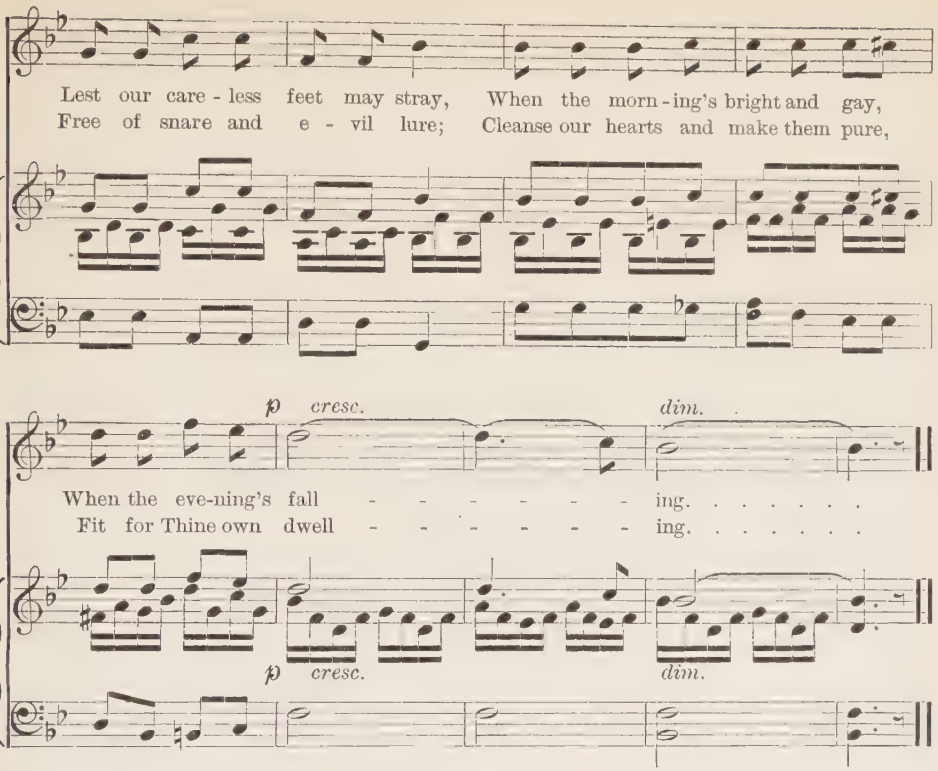

Anita McCormick Blaine
Eleanor Smith
p Andante sostenuto
1. God is a-round us with His love, In Him we live, toward Him we move;
2. He sees be-yond the stars and sun, He knows our small - est wish be - gun;
p
f
He's far and near, be - low, a - bove, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
To Him, the great and small are one, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
f

When the Morning's Bright and Gay

MARY BLAKE

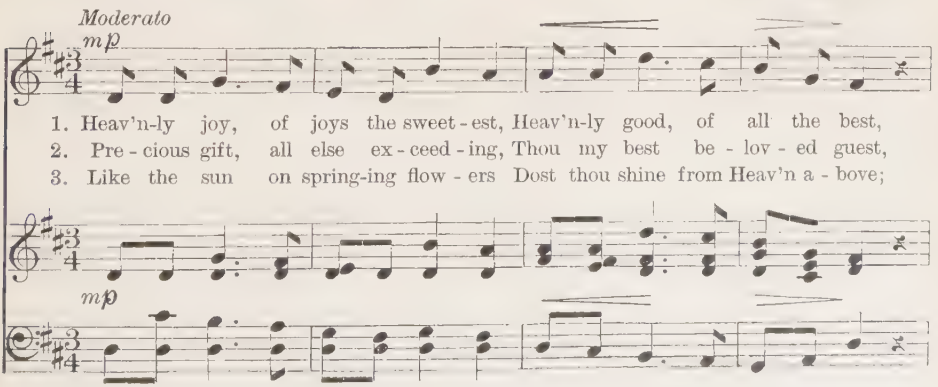
CARL ATTENHOFER
(Arranged)

p Andante
1. When the morn - ing's bright and gay, When the eve - ning's
2. Cleanse our hearts and make them pure, Fit for Thine own
p
fall - - ing, Hear the pray'rs Thy peo - ple say,
dwell - - ing; Grant us grace that shall en - dure,
Hear Thy chil - dren call - - ing. Gen - tly lead us all the way,
Strength past mor - tal tell - ing. Set our feet in path-ways sure,

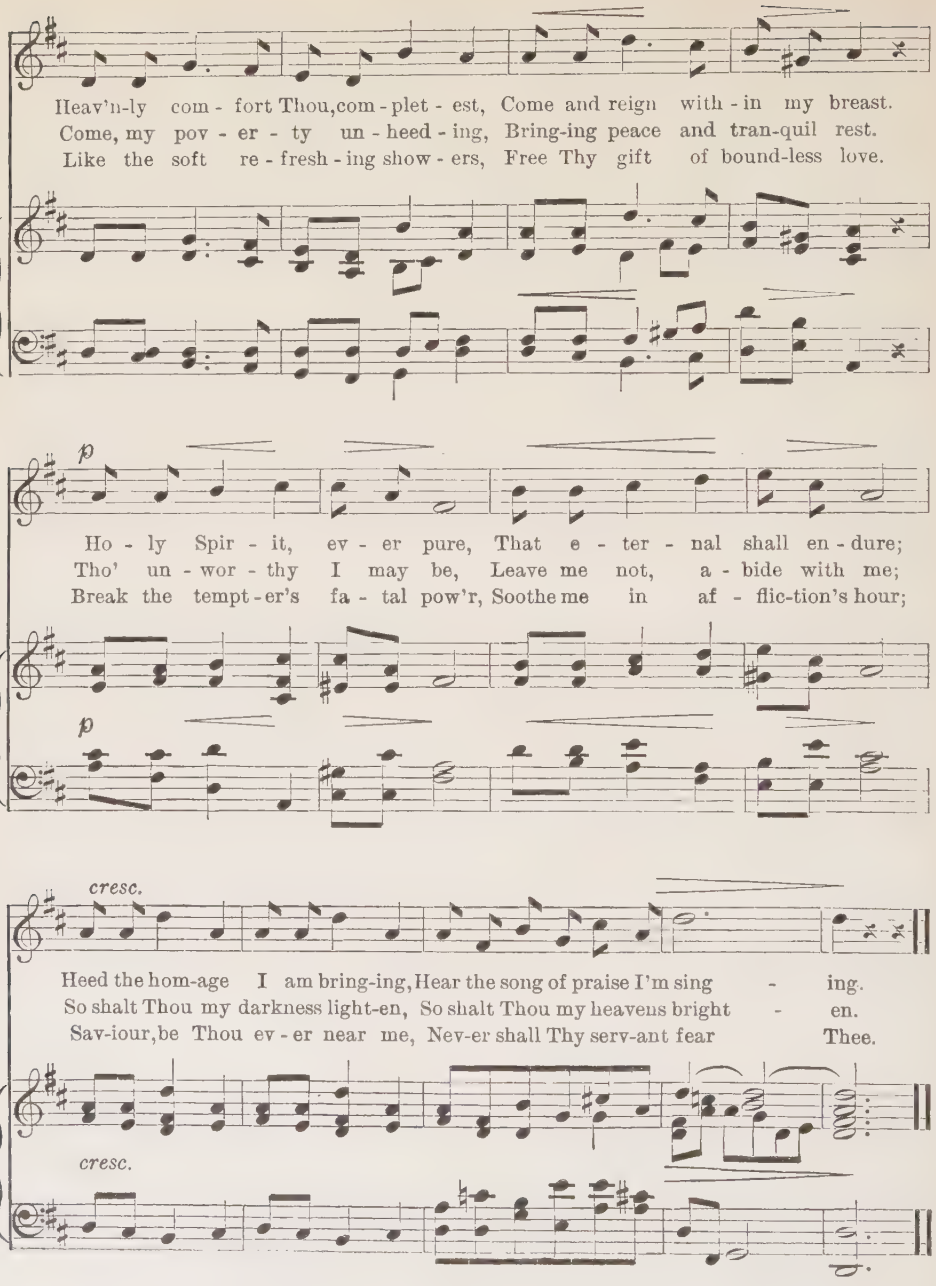
When the Morning's Bright and Gay


Lest our care - less feet may stray, When the morn - ing's bright and gay,
Free of snare and e - vil lure; Cleanse our hearts and make them pure,
p cresc. dim.
When the eve-ning's fall - - - - - - ing. . . . . .
Fit for Thine own dwell - - - - - - ing. . . . . .
p cresc. dim.

61 Heav'nly Joy, of Joys the Sweetest

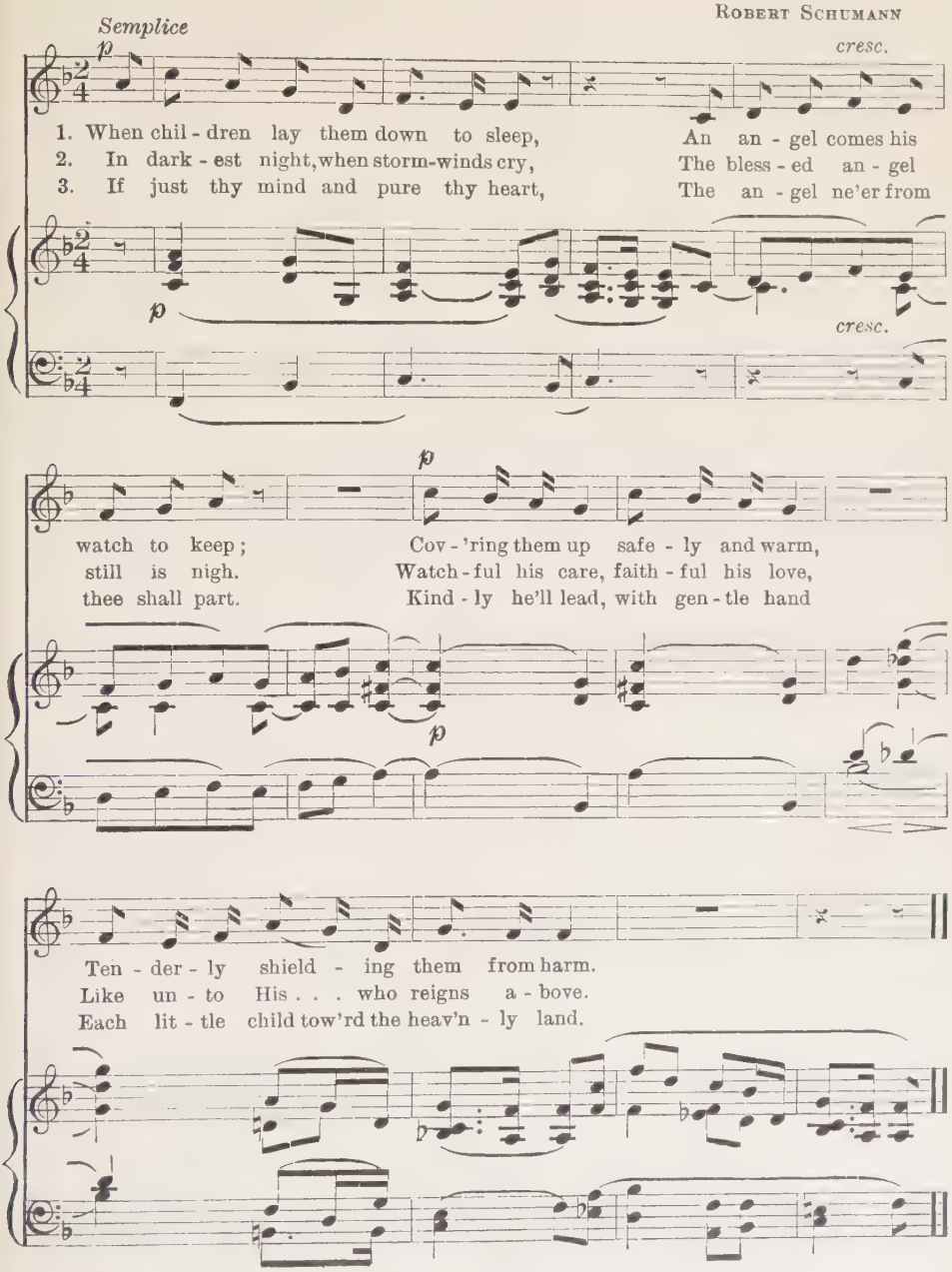
After Paul Gerhardt — Friedrich Mergner


Moderato
mp
1. Heav'n-ly joy, of joys the sweet - est, Heav'n-ly good, of all the best,
2. Pre - cious gift, all else ex - ceed - ing, Thou my best be - lov - ed guest,
3. Like the sun on spring-ing flow - ers Dost thou shine from Heav'n a - bove;
mp

Heav'nly Joy, of Joys the Sweetest

Heav'n-ly com - fort Thou, com - plet - est, Come and reign with - in my breast.
Come, my pov - er - ty un - heed - ing, Bring-ing peace and tran-quil rest.
Like the soft re - fresh - ing show - ers, Free Thy gift of bound-less love.
p
Ho - ly Spir - it, ev - er pure, That e - ter - nal shall en - dure;
Tho' un - wor - thy I may be, Leave me not, a - bide with me;
Break the tempt - er's fa - tal pow'r, Soothe me in af - flic-tion's hour;
p
cresc.
Heed the hom-age I am bring-ing, Hear the song of praise I'm sing - ing.
So shalt Thou my darkness light-en, So shalt Thou my heavens bright - en.
Sav-iour, be Thou ev - er near me, Nev-er shall Thy serv-ant fear Thee.
cresc.

The Guardian Angel

ROBERT SCHUMANN

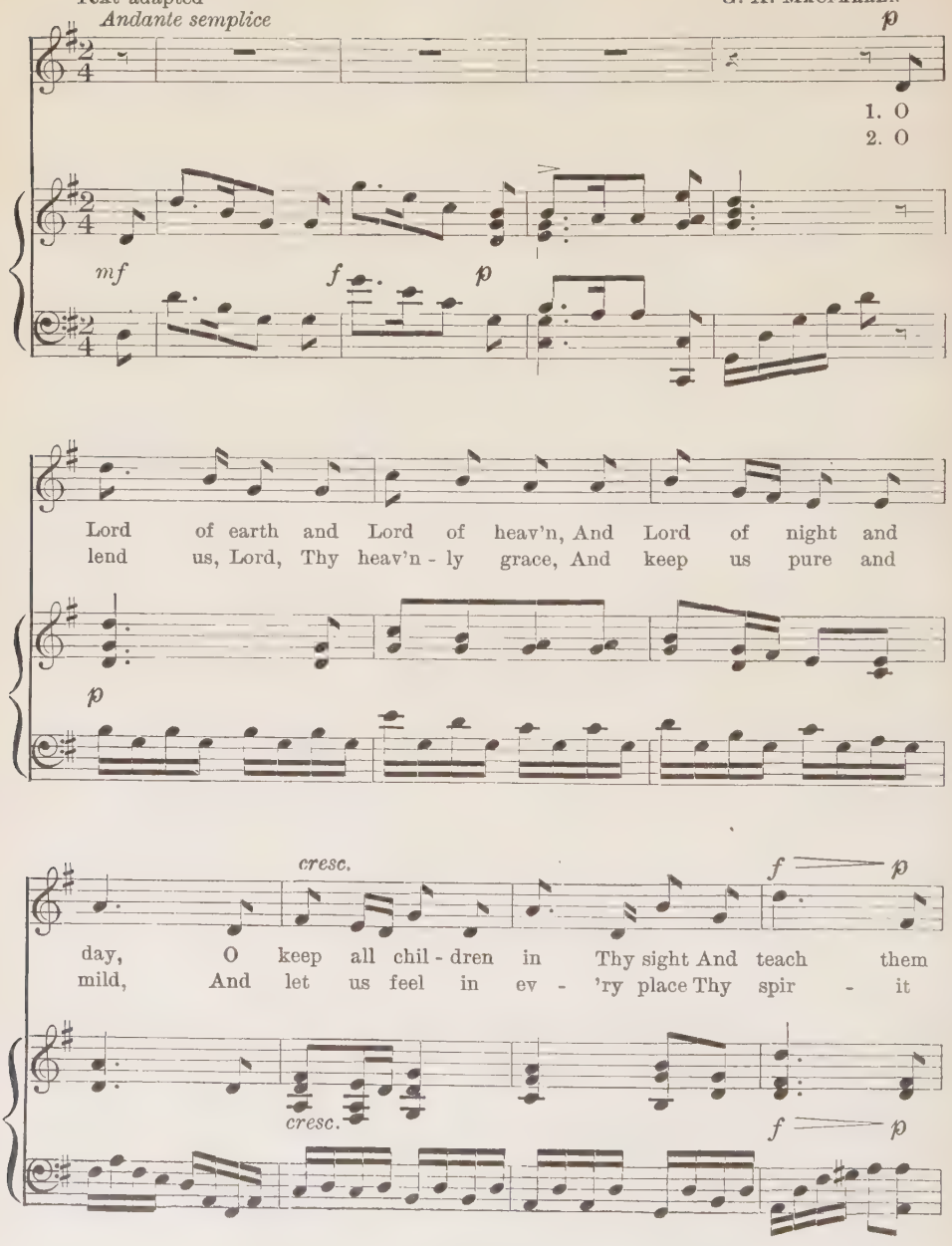

Semplice
p
cresc.
1. When chil - dren lay them down to sleep, An an - gel comes his
2. In dark - est night, when storm-winds cry, The bless - ed an - gel
3. If just thy mind and pure thy heart, The an - gel ne'er from
p
cresc.
p
watch to keep; Cov - 'ring them up safe - ly and warm,
still is nigh. Watch - ful his care, faith - ful his love,
thee shall part. Kind - ly he'll lead, with gen - tle hand
p
Ten - der - ly shield - ing them from harm.
Like un - to His . . . who reigns a - bove.
Each lit - tle child tow'rd the heav'n - ly land.

63 O Lord of Earth

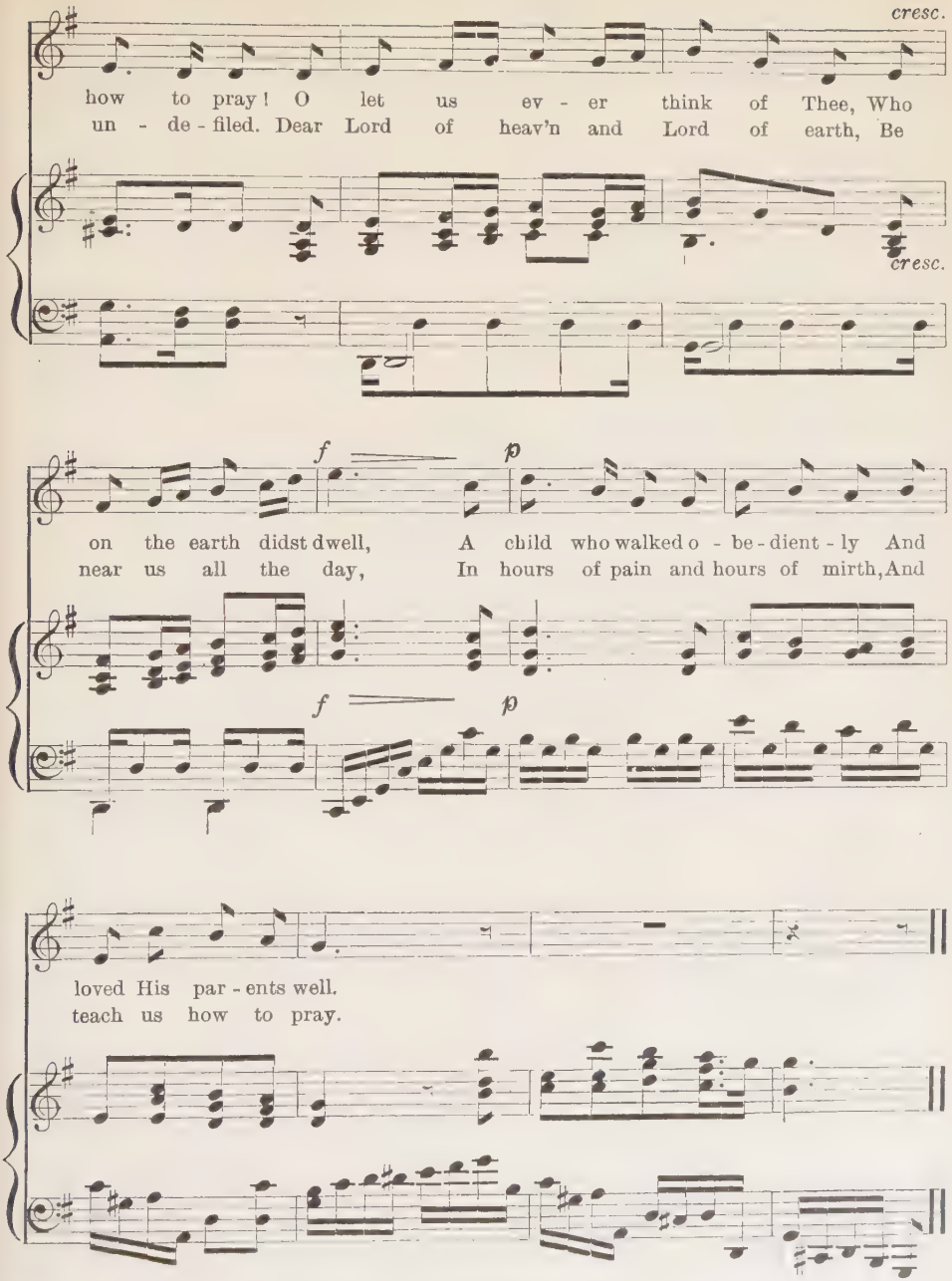
MARGARET HERRICK
Text adapted

G. A. MACFARREN

Andante semplice

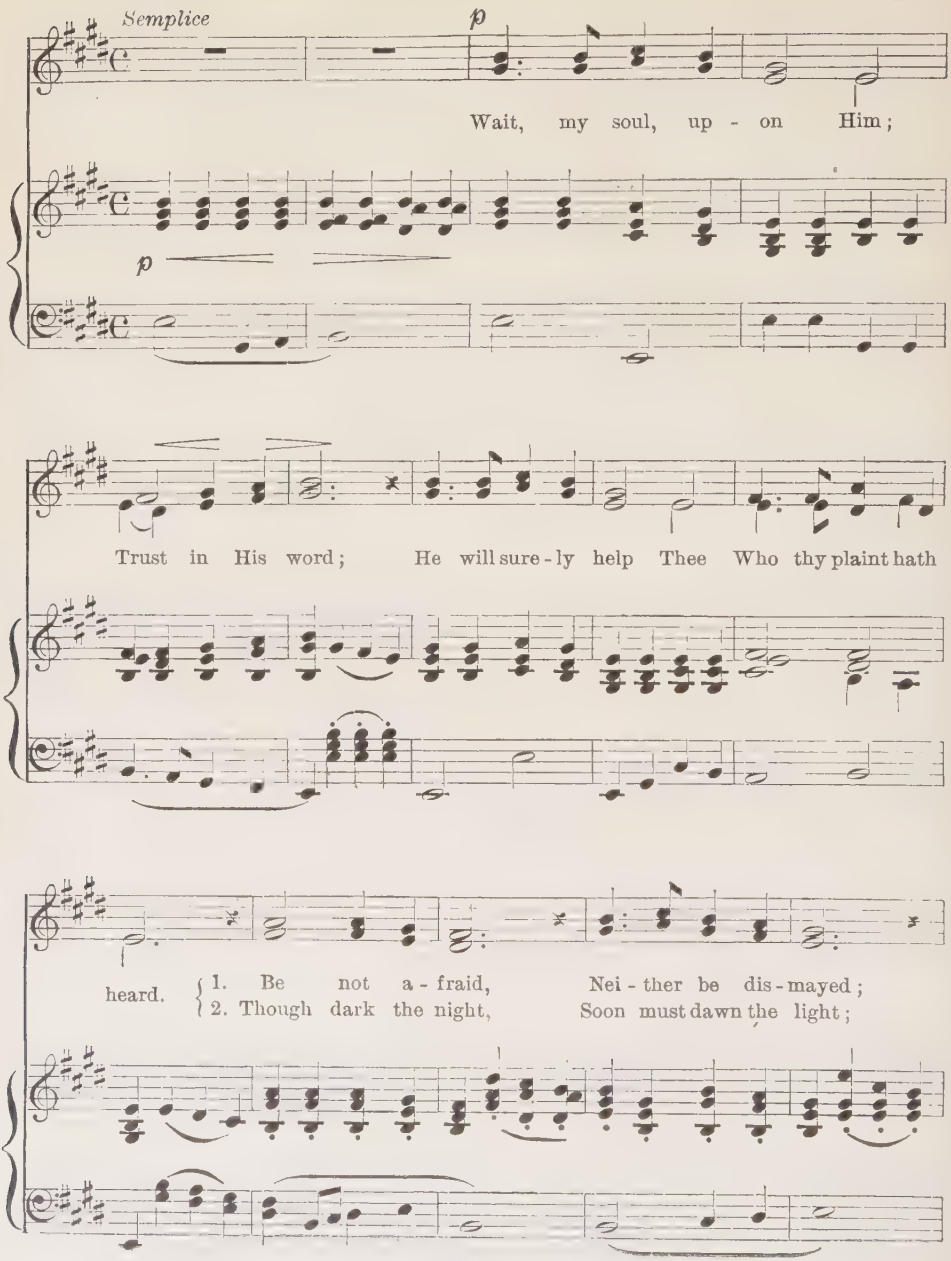
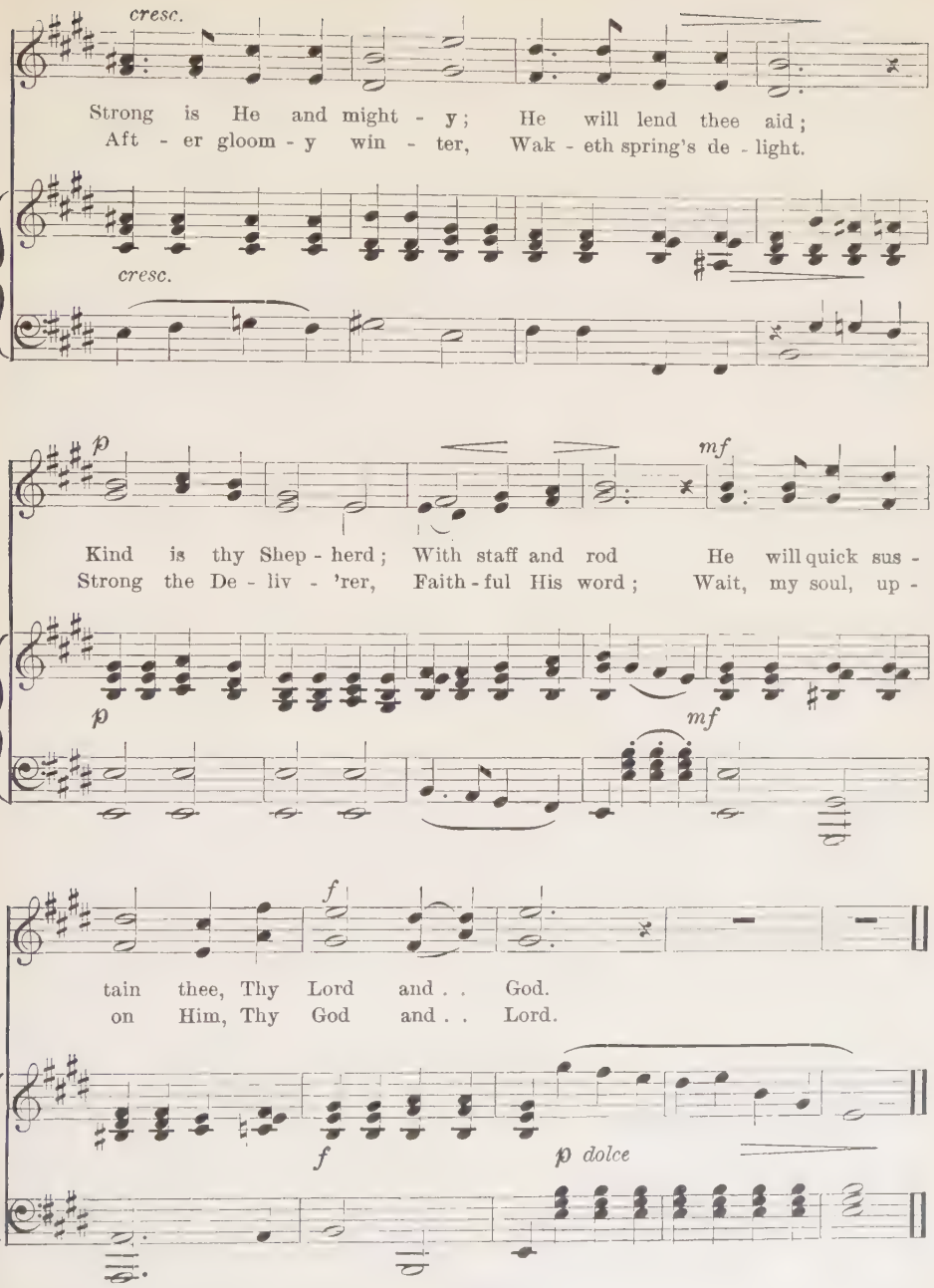


O Lord of Earth


cresc.
how to pray! O let us ev - er think of Thee, Who
un - de - filed. Dear Lord of heav'n and Lord of earth, Be
cresc.
f
p
on the earth didst dwell, A child who walked o - be - dient - ly And
near us all the day, In hours of pain and hours of mirth, And
f
p
loved His par - ents well.
teach us how to pray.

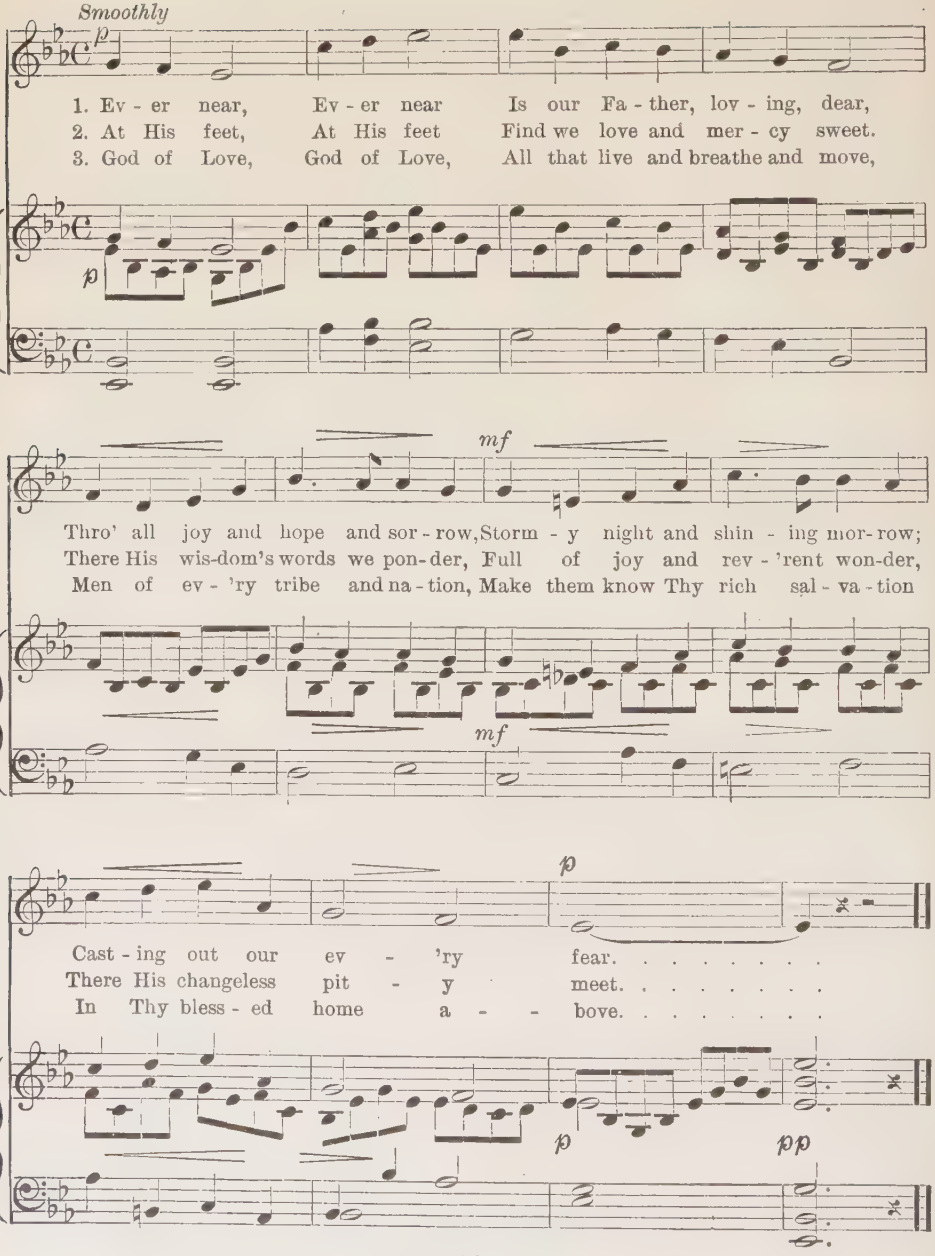
Wait Upon the Lord

G. Malan


Semplice
p
Wait, my soul, up - on Him;
p
Trust in His word; He will sure - ly help Thee Who thy plaint hath
heard.
1. Be not a - fraid, Nei - ther be dis - mayed;
2. Though dark the night, Soon must dawn the light;

cresc.
Strong is He and might - y; He will lend thee aid;
Aft - er gloom - y win - ter, Wak - eth spring's de - light.
cresc.
p
mf
Kind is thy Shep - herd; With staff and rod He will quick sus -
Strong the De - liv - 'rer, Faith - ful His word; Wait, my soul, up -
p
mf
f
tain thee, Thy Lord and . . God.
on Him, Thy God and . . Lord.
f
p dolce

65 He is Ever Near

Anon. OTTO TAUBERT

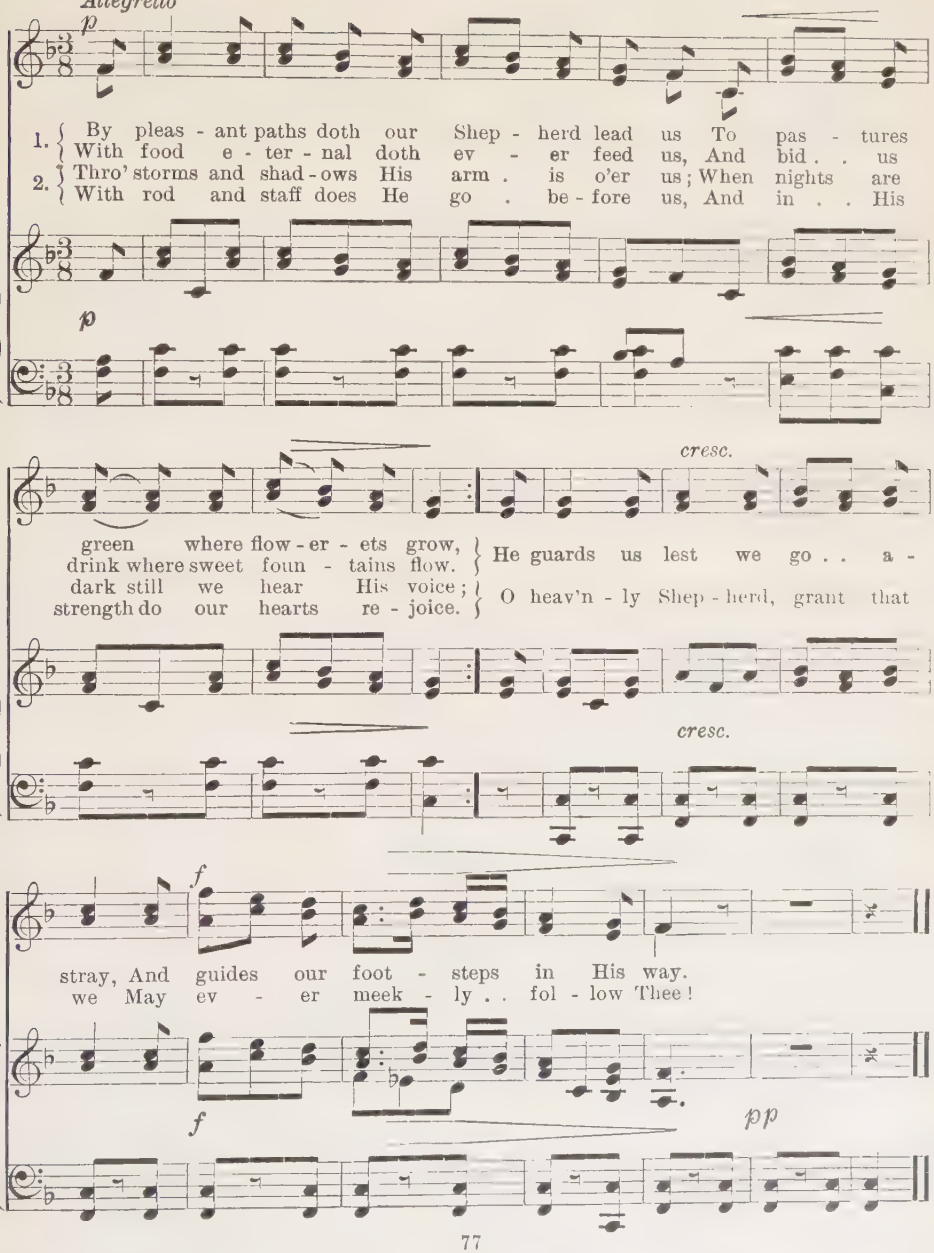
Smoothly

1. Ev - er near, Ev - er near Is our Fa - ther, lov - ing, dear,
2. At His feet, At His feet Find we love and mer - cy sweet.
3. God of Love, God of Love, All that live and breathe and move,
mf
Thro' all joy and hope and sor - row, Storm - y night and shin - ing mor - row;
There His wis-dom's words we pon-der, Full of joy and rev - 'rent won-der,
Men of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, Make them know Thy rich sal - va - tion
mf
p
Cast - ing out our ev - 'ry fear.
There His changeless pit - y meet.
In Thy bless - ed home a - - bove.
p
pp

The Good Shepherd

Tr. by Mary Blake

Folk Song

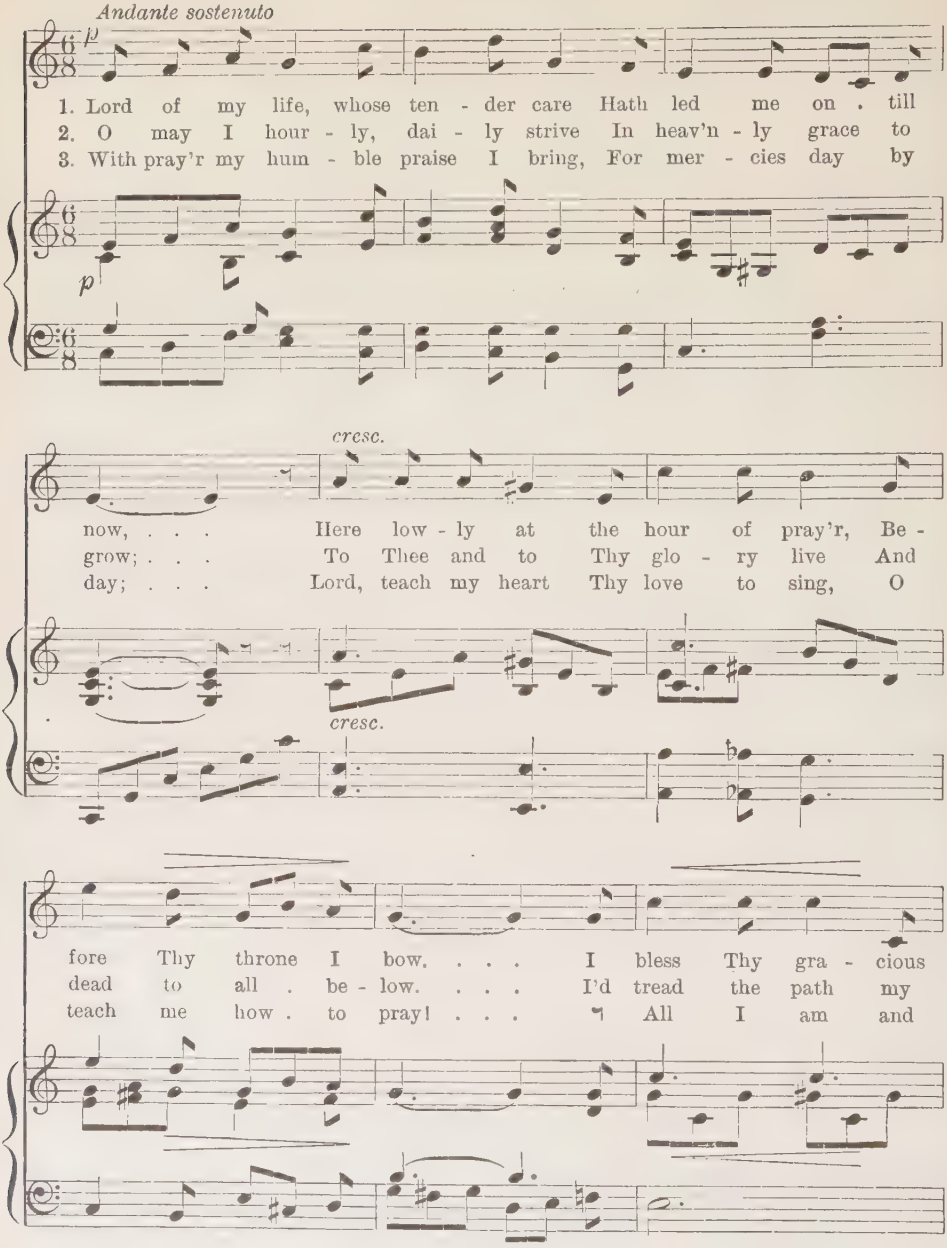
Allegretto

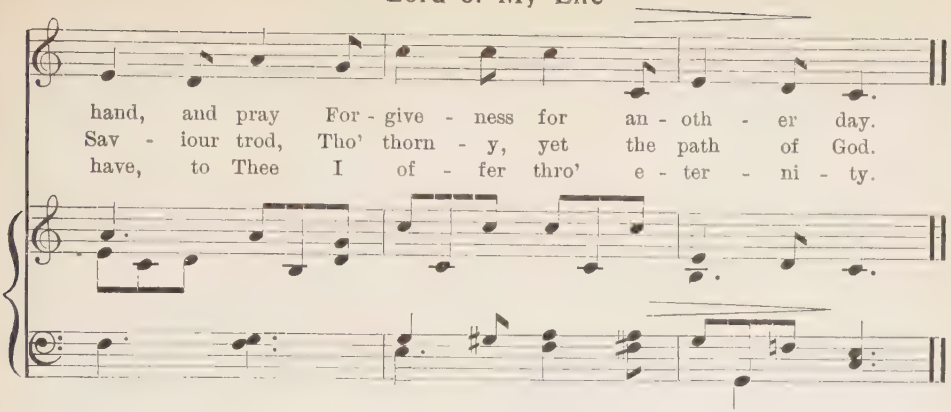

p
1. By pleas - ant paths doth our Shep - herd lead us To pas - tures
With food e - ter - nal doth ev - er feed us, And bid . . us
2. Thro' storms and shad - ows His arm . is o'er us; When nights are
With rod and staff does He go . be - fore us, And in . . His
p
cresc.
green where flow - er - ets grow,
drink where sweet foun - tains flow.
dark still we hear His voice;
strength do our hearts re - joice.
He guards us lest we go . . a -
O heav'n - ly Shep - herd, grant that
cresc.
f
stray, And guides our foot - steps in His way.
we May ev - er meek - ly . . fol - low Thee!
f
pp

67 Lord of My Life

Anon. WILLIAM HEATHLY

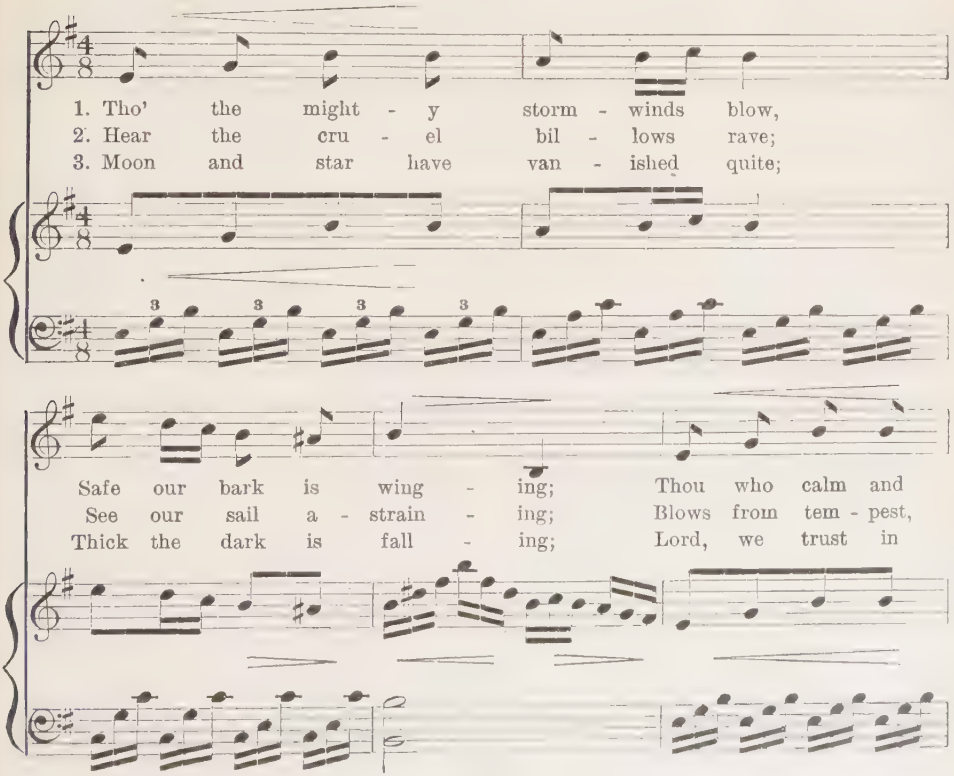
Andante sostenuto

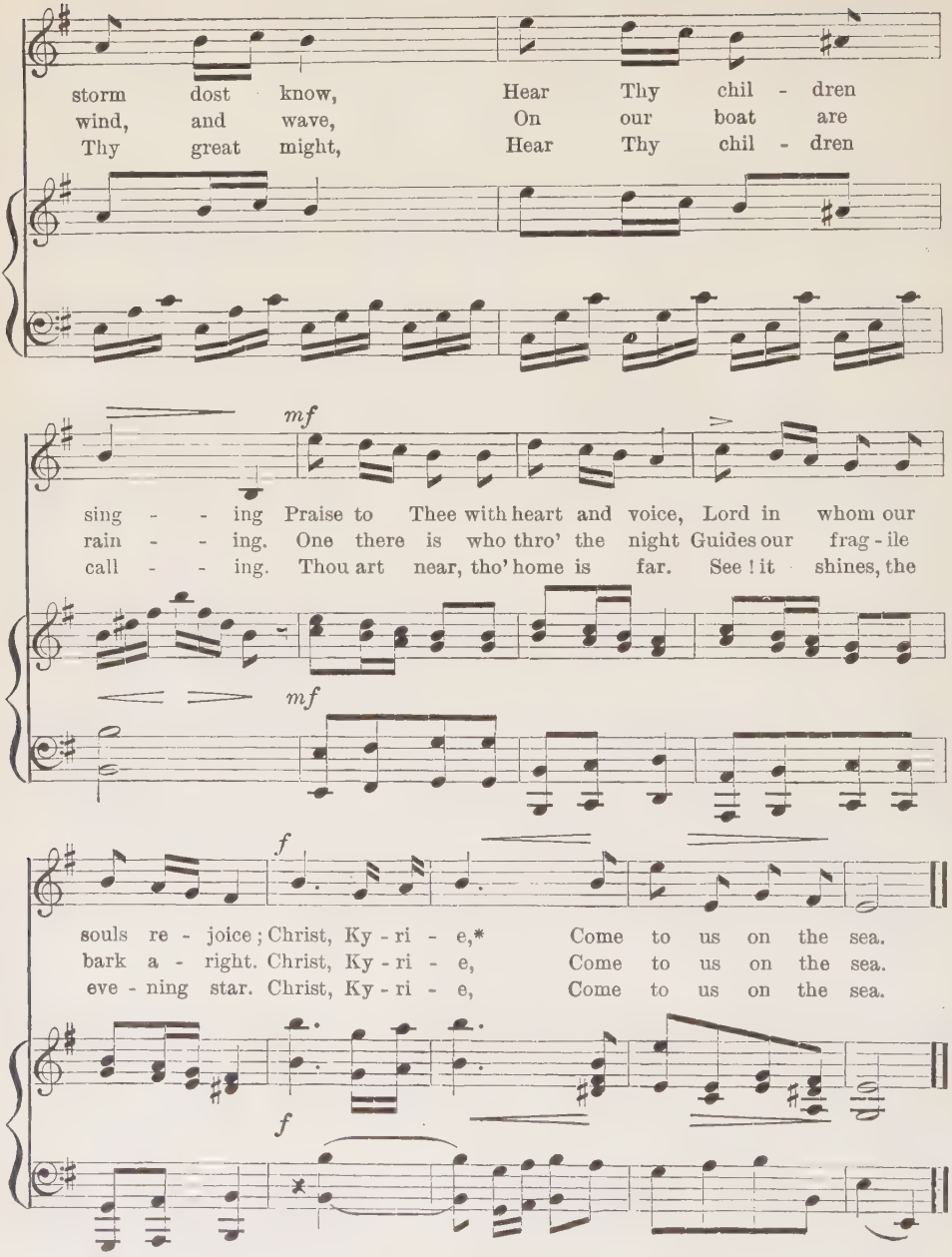

p
1. Lord of my life, whose ten - der care Hath led me on . till
2. O may I hour - ly, dai - ly strive In heav'n - ly grace to
3. With pray'r my hum - ble praise I bring, For mer - cies day by
cresc.
now, . . . Here low - ly at the hour of pray'r, Be -
grow; . . . To Thee and to Thy glo - ry live And
day; . . . Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing, O
cresc.
fore Thy throne I bow. . . . I bless Thy gra - cious
dead to all . be - low. . . . I'd tread the path my
teach me how . to pray! . . . All I am and



68 Come to Us on the Sea

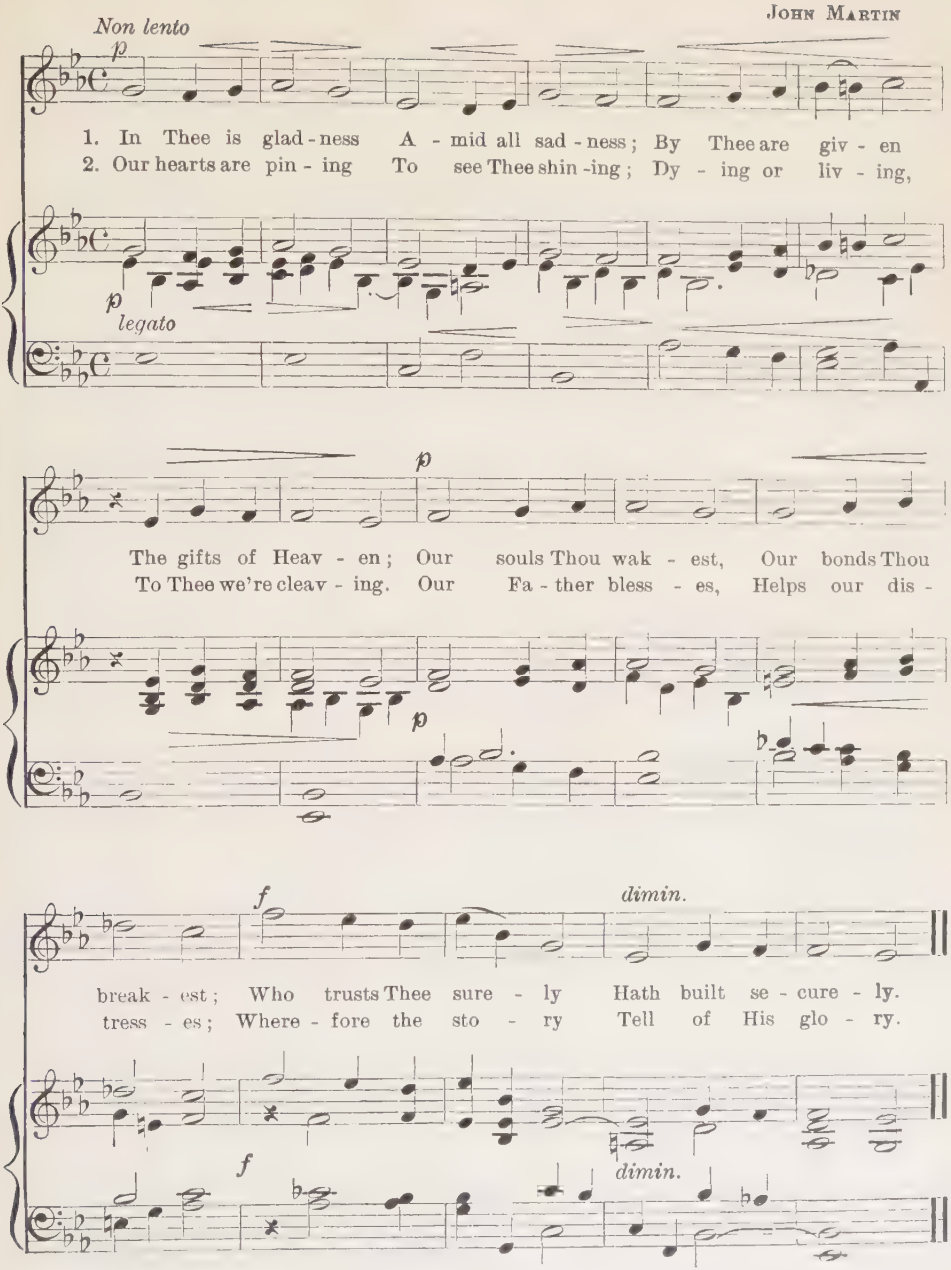
From the German
Moderato

CARL LOEWE

1. Tho' the might - y storm - winds blow,
2. Hear the cru - el bil - lows rave;
3. Moon and star have van - ished quite;
Safe our bark is wing - ing; Thou who calm and
See our sail a - strain - ing; Blows from tem - pest,
Thick the dark is fall - ing; Lord, we trust in

Come to Us on the Sea

storm dost know, Hear Thy chil - dren
wind, and wave, On our boat are
Thy great might, Hear Thy chil - dren
mf
sing - - ing Praise to Thee with heart and voice, Lord in whom our
rain - - ing. One there is who thro' the night Guides our frag - ile
call - - ing. Thou art near, tho' home is far. See! it shines, the
mf
f
souls re - joice; Christ, Ky - ri - e,* Come to us on the sea.
bark a - right. Christ, Ky - ri - e, Come to us on the sea.
eve - ning star. Christ, Ky - ri - e, Come to us on the sea.
f

* Lord, have mercy upon us!

In Thee is Gladness

JOHN MARTIN

Non lento
p
1. In Thee is glad - ness A - mid all sad - ness; By Thee are giv - en
2. Our hearts are pin - ing To see Thee shin - ing; Dy - ing or liv - ing,
p
legato
p
The gifts of Heav - en; Our souls Thou wak - est, Our bonds Thou
To Thee we're cleav - ing. Our Fa - ther bless - es, Helps our dis -
p
f
dimin.
break - est; Who trusts Thee sure - ly Hath built se - cure - ly.
tress - es; Where - fore the sto - ry Tell of His glo - ry.
f
dimin.

Joy of Life

Tr. by Mary Slade

Ludwig Erk

Moderato

p

1. I know not what the mor - row'll bring— If woe or pleas - ure
2. I know not when the rose may give For me its last sweet
3. I know not if the sum - mer sky May hide a fork - ed
4. And tho' the com - ing years may bring No bliss with - out al -

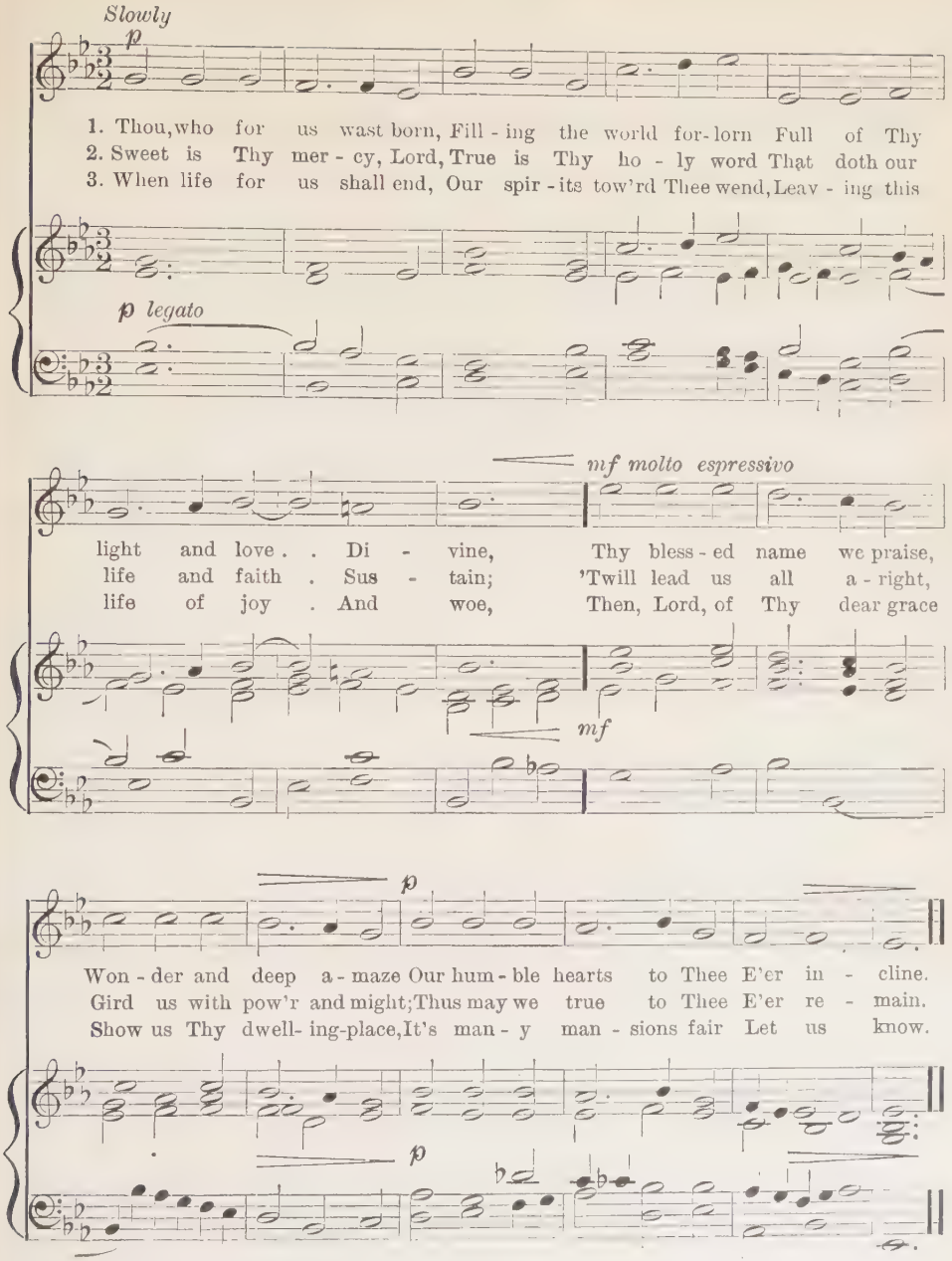
bright; And still my hap - py heart doth sing From
breath; To - day all crim - son ros - es live As
dart; A - loft, like sil - ver cloud doth ride My
loy, My grate - ful soul shall ev - er sing And

f

dawn till fall of night, From dawn till fall . . of night.
tho' they knew no death, As tho' they knew . . no death.
glad ex - ult - ant heart, My glad ex - ult - - ant heart.
praise God's gift of joy, And praise God's gift . . of joy.

f

Thou, Who for Us Wast Born

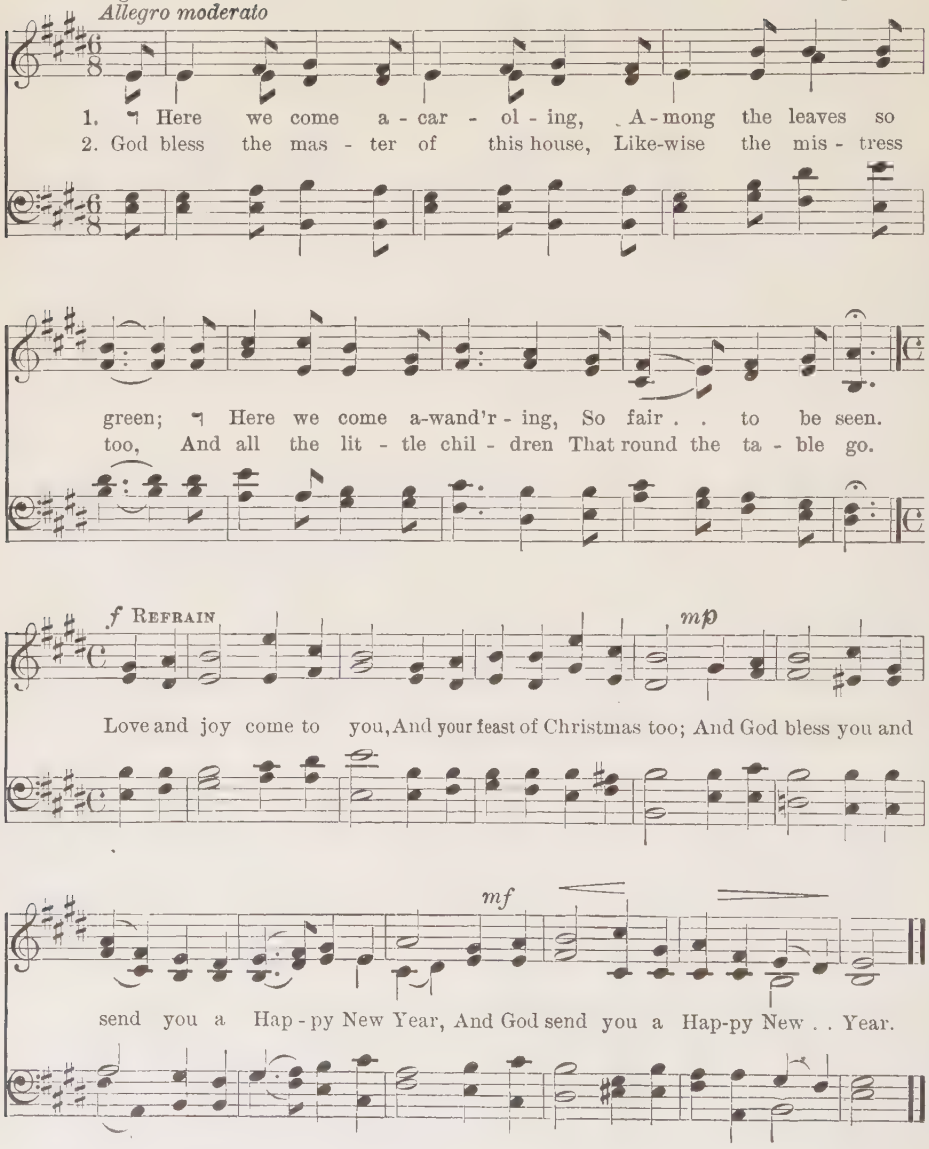

Slowly
p
1. Thou, who for us wast born, Fill - ing the world for - lorn Full of Thy
2. Sweet is Thy mer - cy, Lord, True is Thy ho - ly word That doth our
3. When life for us shall end, Our spir - its tow'rd Thee wend, Leav - ing this
p legato
mf molto espressivo
light and love . . Di - vine, Thy bless - ed name we praise,
life and faith . Sus - tain; 'Twill lead us all a - right,
life of joy . And woe, Then, Lord, of Thy dear grace
mf
p
Won - der and deep a - maze Our hum - ble hearts to Thee E'er in - cline.
Gird us with pow'r and might; Thus may we true to Thee E'er re - main.
Show us Thy dwell - ing - place, It's man - y man - sions fair Let us know.
p

72 Here We Come a Caroling

(SONG OF ENGLISH WAITS)

Old English*

Old English

Allegro moderato

1. Here we come a - car - ol - ing, A - mong the leaves so green;
2. God bless the mas - ter of this house, Like-wise the mis - tress too,
Here we come a-wand'r - ing, So fair . . to be seen.
And all the lit - tle chil - dren That round the ta - ble go.
f REFRAIN
mp
Love and joy come to you, And your feast of Christmas too; And God bless you and
mf
send you a Hap - py New Year, And God send you a Hap-py New . . Year.

* Text slightly altered

'Mid the Darkness of the Night

Tr. from the French
by Mary Blake

French Carol

Andante con moto

p

1. 'Mid the darkness of the night, Wondrous bright,
2. In the manger see Him lie, Ox - en nigh,
3. Where the guiding star doth lead, Go with speed.

mf *p*

mf

Dawn'd the Light, the Ver - y Light, Ver - y Light. Came the Child, all meek and ho - ly,
Lord of earth and heav-en high, Heav - en high, Us poor mor-tals to de - liv - er,
Wise men who His sign did heed, See and heed ; Humble shepherds kneel before Him,

mf

f *rit.*

To a sta - ble, poor and low - ly, To a sta - ble, poor and low - ly.
Comes the Lord, the might - y Giv - er, Comes the Lord, the might-y Giv - er.
All the heav'n-ly hosts a - dore Him, All the heav'nly hosts a - dore Him.

rit.

f

Sleep, Little Child

Tr. from the French
by Eleanor Smith

Old French Carol

Andantino

p

1. A - near the
2. Be-tween the
3. With - in her

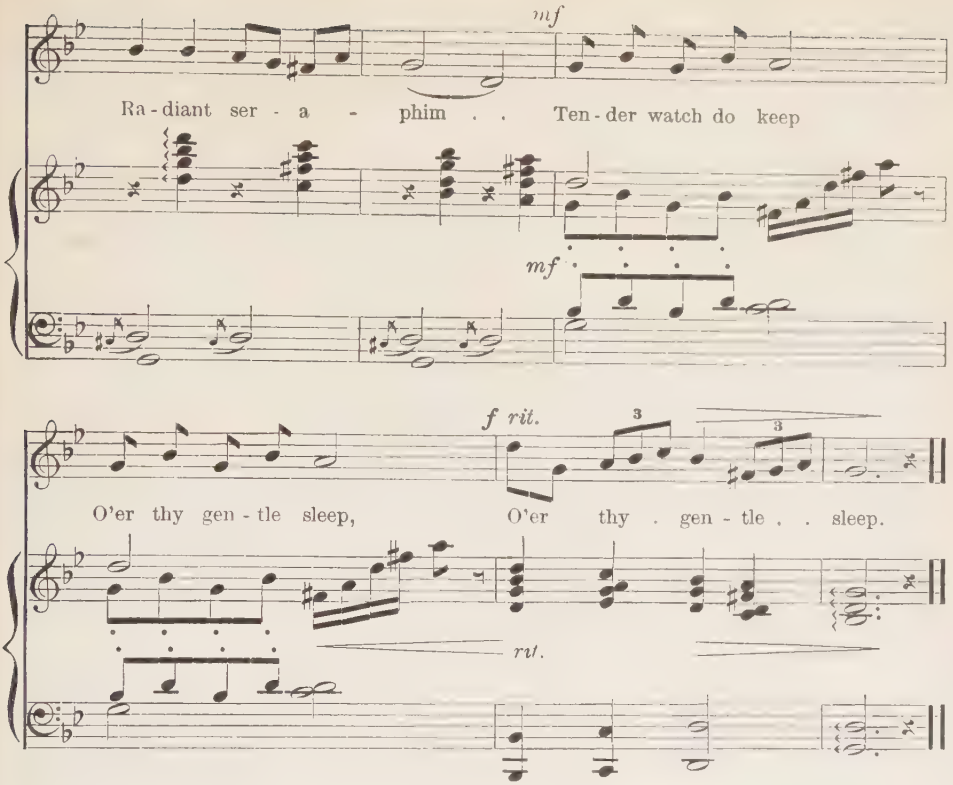
mf *p* *mf* *p poco rit.* *a tempo*

ox - en, grave and mild, Sleep, Sleep,
rose and lil - y white, Sleep, Sleep,
arms the bless - ed one, Sleep, Sleep,

pp

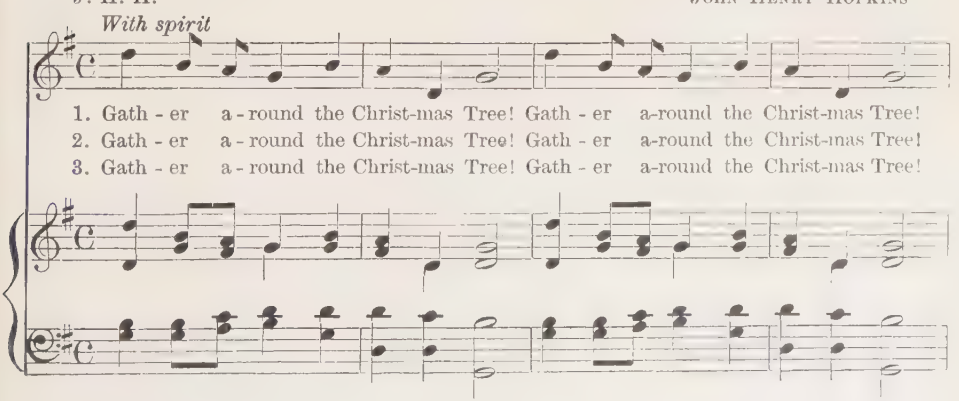
Sleep, lit - tle child. Shin - ing cher - u - bim, . . .
Sleep all the night. Shin - ing cher - u - bim, . . .
Sleep, lit - tle son. Shin - ing cher - u - bim, . . .

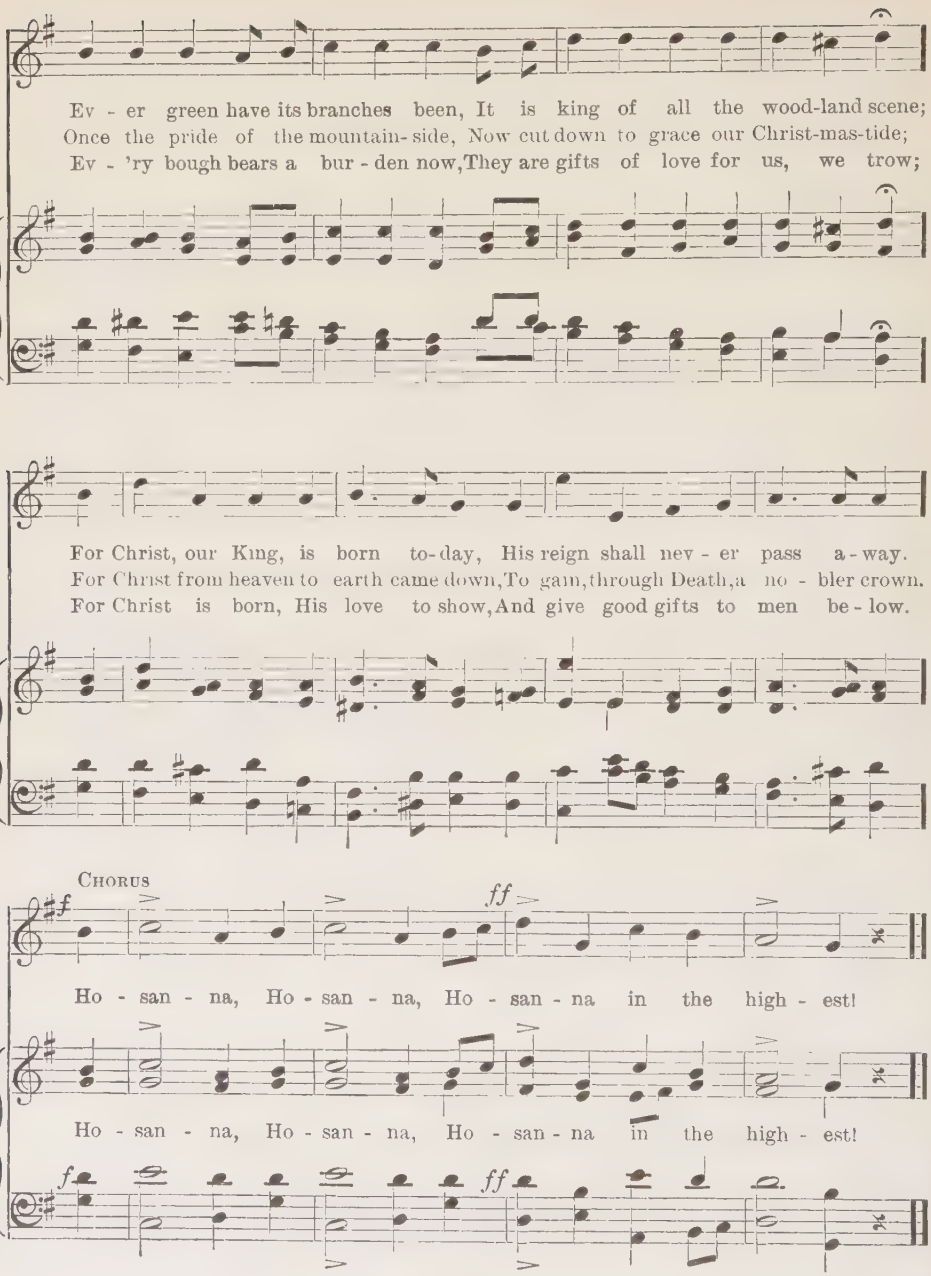
pp



75 Gather Around the Christmas Tree

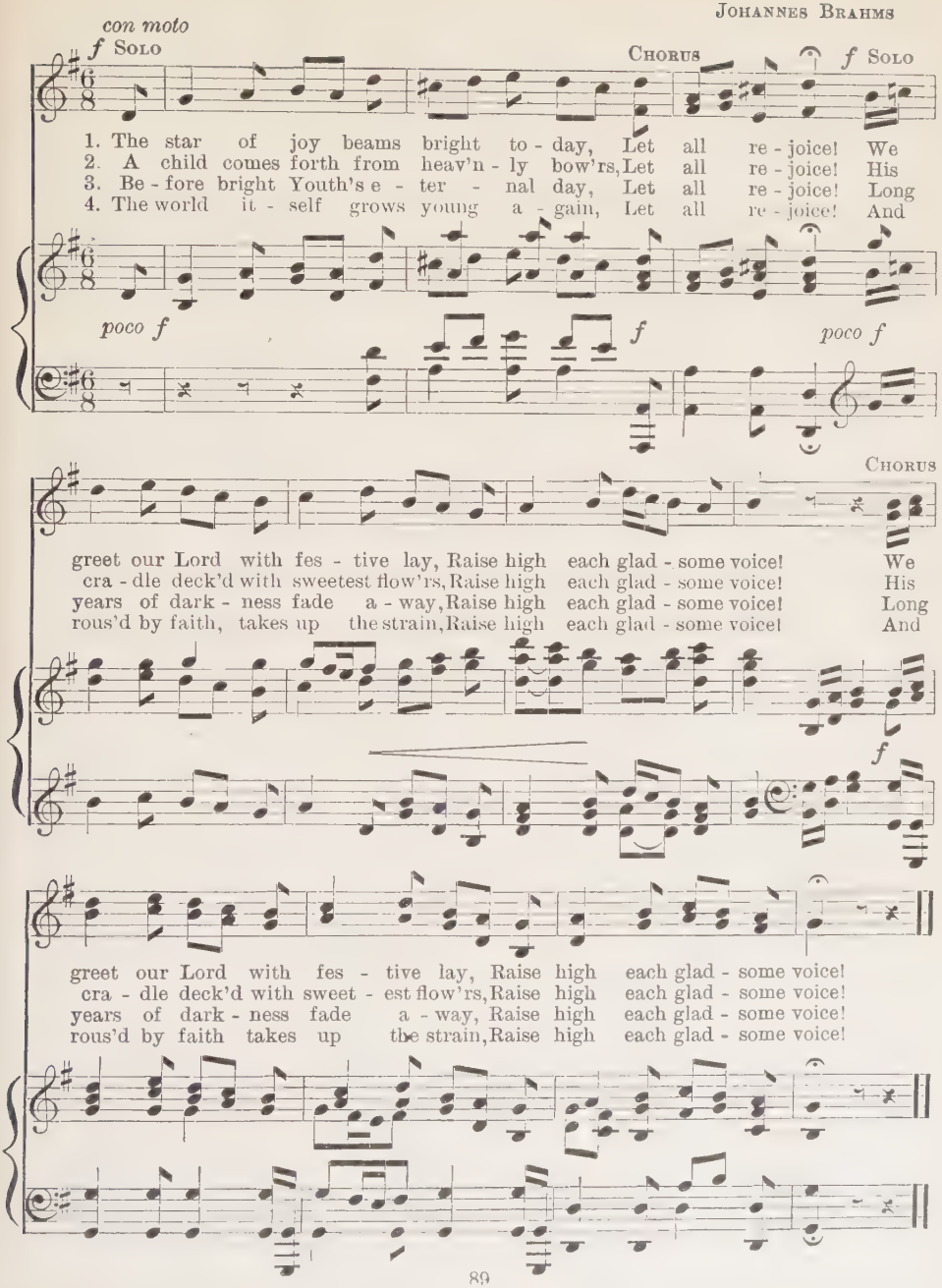
J. H. H. JOHN HENRY HOPKINS


With spirit
1. Gath - er a - round the Christ-mas Tree! Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas Tree!
2. Gath - er a - round the Christ-mas Tree! Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas Tree!
3. Gath - er a - round the Christ-mas Tree! Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas Tree!

Gather Around the Christmas Tree

Ev - er green have its branches been, It is king of all the wood-land scene;
Once the pride of the mountain-side, Now cut down to grace our Christ-mas-tide;
Ev - 'ry bough bears a bur - den now, They are gifts of love for us, we trow;
For Christ, our King, is born to-day, His reign shall nev - er pass a - way.
For Christ from heaven to earth came down, To gain, through Death, a no - bler crown.
For Christ is born, His love to show, And give good gifts to men be - low.
Chorus
f
ff
Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est!
Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est!
f
ff

The Star of Joy

JOHANNES BRAHMS


con moto
f Solo
Chorus
f Solo
1. The star of joy beams bright to - day, Let all re - joice! We
2. A child comes forth from heav'n - ly bow'rs, Let all re - joice! His
3. Be - fore bright Youth's e - ter - nal day, Let all re - joice! Long
4. The world it - self grows young a - gain, Let all re - joice! And
poco f
f
poco f
Chorus
greet our Lord with fes - tive lay, Raise high each glad - some voice! We
cra - dle deck'd with sweetest flow'rs, Raise high each glad - some voice! His
years of dark - ness fade a - way, Raise high each glad - some voice! Long
rous'd by faith, takes up the strain, Raise high each glad - some voice! And
f
greet our Lord with fes - tive lay, Raise high each glad - some voice!
cra - dle deck'd with sweet - est flow'rs, Raise high each glad - some voice!
years of dark - ness fade a - way, Raise high each glad - some voice!
rous'd by faith takes up the strain, Raise high each glad - some voice!

We Three Kings of Orient Are

J. H. Hopkins

Eleanor Smith

Allegretto con moto

p

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear-ing gifts we trav-erse a - far
Melchior. 2. Born a King on Beth - le-hem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him a-gain;
Kaspar. 3. Frank-in-cense to of - fer have I; In-cense owns a De - i - ty nigh;
Balthazar. 4. Myrrh is mine; its bit - ter perfume Breathes a life of gath-er-ing gloom;
5. Glo-rious now be-hold Him a - rise, King and God and Sac - ri - fice:

p

Field and foun - tain, moor and moun-tain, Fol - low - ing yon - der star.
King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er O - ver us all to reign.
Pray'r and prais - ing, all men rais - ing, Wor - ship Him, God most high.
Sorrowing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone - cold tomb.
"Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!" Earth to the heav'ns re - plies.

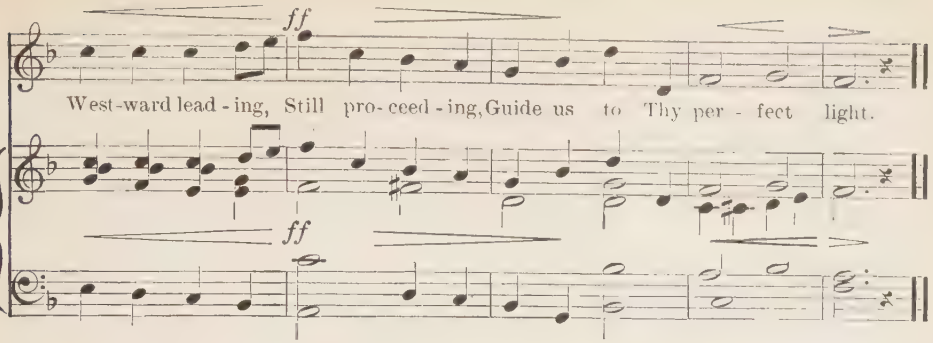
Refrain

f

O star of won - der, Star of light, O star of roy - al beau - ty bright,

f

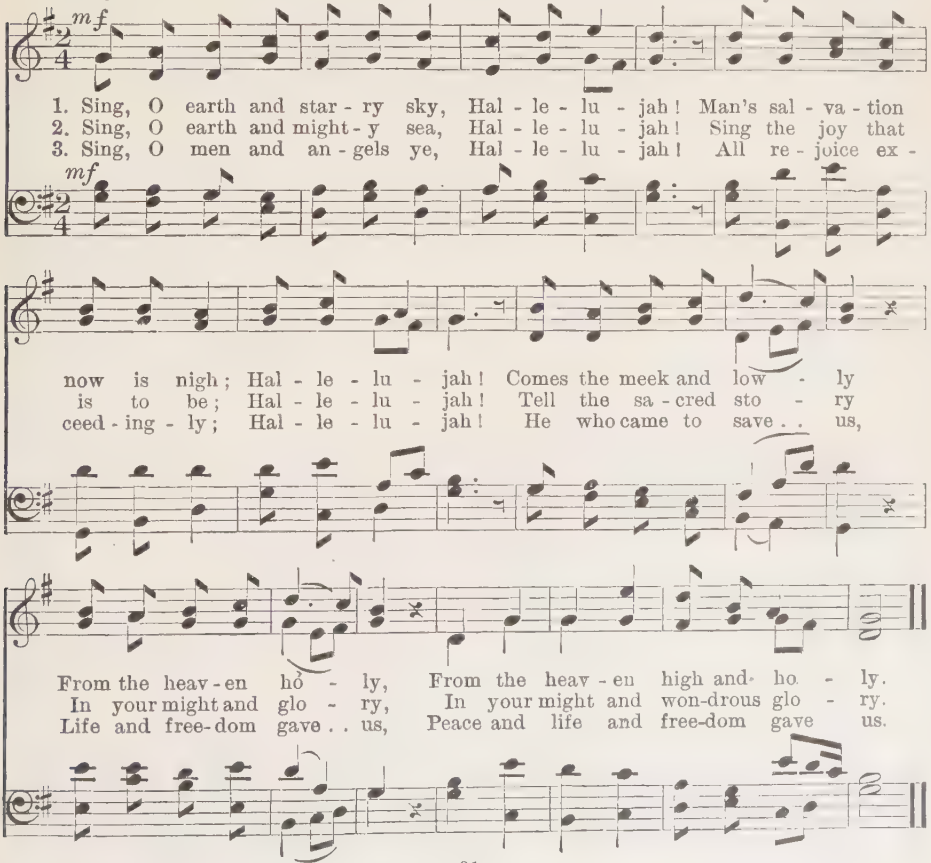
We Three Kings of Orient Are



78 Sing, O Earth and Starry Sky!

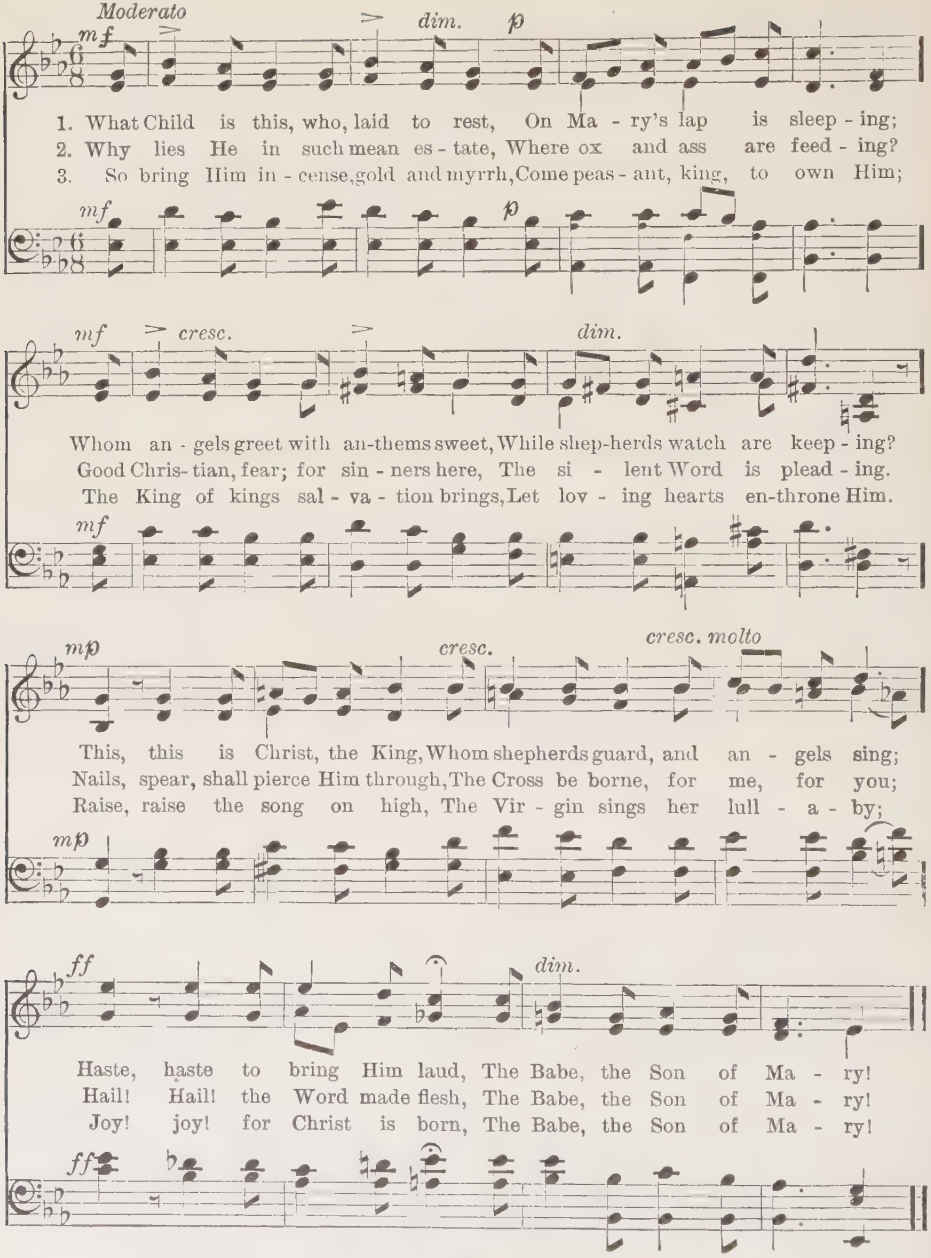
Bohemian
Tr. by Mary Blake

Bohemian Carol
Arr. by K. Riedel

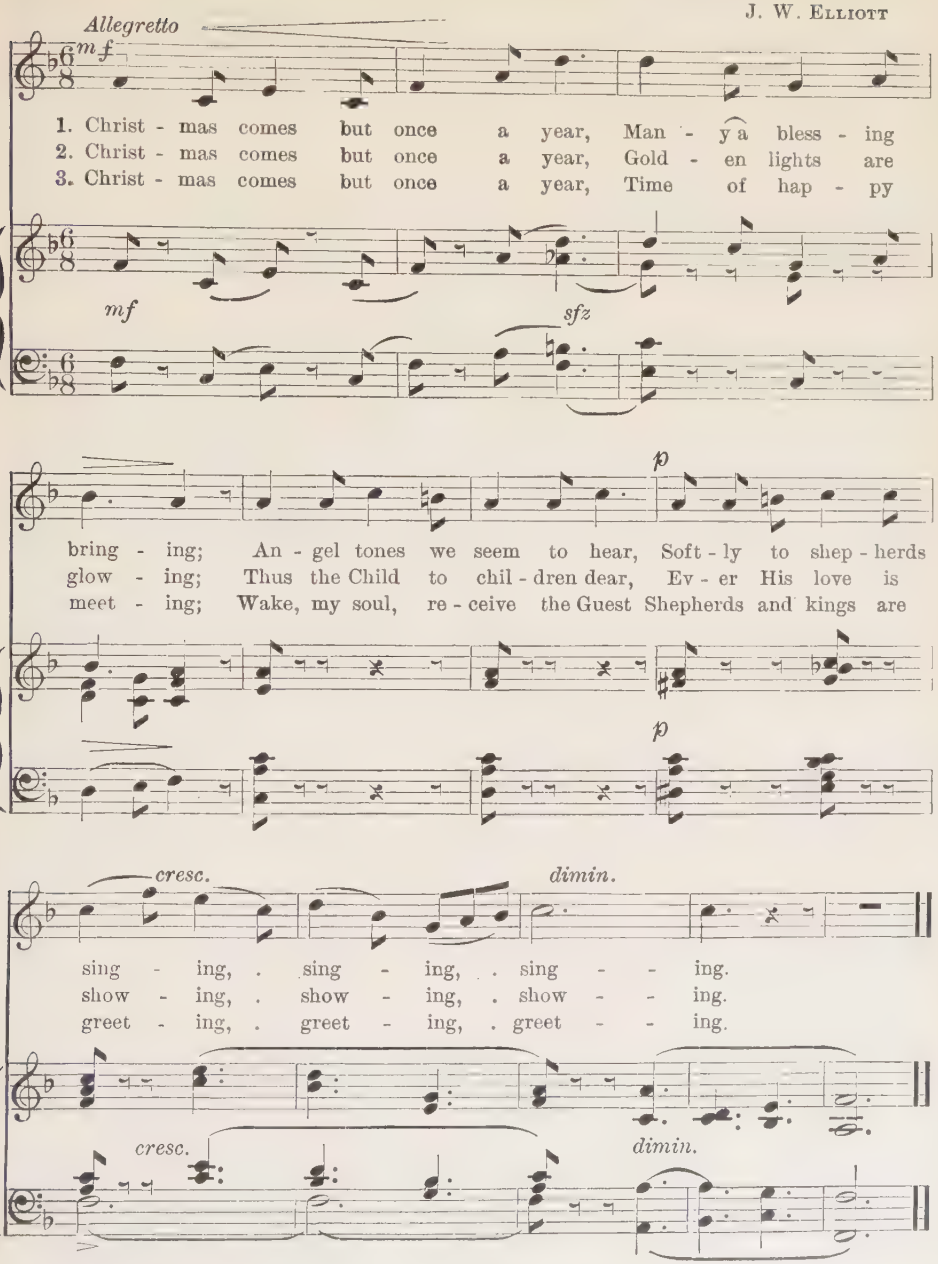

mf
1. Sing, O earth and star - ry sky, Hal - le - lu - jah! Man's sal - va - tion
2. Sing, O earth and might - y sea, Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing the joy that
3. Sing, O men and an - gels ye, Hal - le - lu - jah! All re - joice ex -
mf
now is nigh; Hal - le - lu - jah! Comes the meek and low - ly
is to be; Hal - le - lu - jah! Tell the sa - cred sto - ry
ceed - ing - ly; Hal - le - lu - jah! He who came to save . . us,
From the heav - en ho - ly, From the heav - en high and ho - ly.
In your might and glo - ry, In your might and won-drous glo - ry.
Life and free-dom gave . . us, Peace and life and free-dom gave us.

What Child is This?

W. C. Dix

F. T. Field

Moderato
mf
dim.
p
1. What Child is this, who, laid to rest, On Ma - ry's lap is sleep - ing;
2. Why lies He in such mean es - tate, Where ox and ass are feed - ing?
3. So bring Him in - cense, gold and myrrh, Come peas - ant, king, to own Him;
mf
p
mf
cresc.
dim.
Whom an - gels greet with an-thems sweet, While shep-herds watch are keep - ing?
Good Chris- tian, fear; for sin - ners here, The si - lent Word is plead - ing.
The King of kings sal - va - tion brings, Let lov - ing hearts en-throne Him.
mf
mp
cresc.
cresc. molto
This, this is Christ, the King, Whom shepherds guard, and an - gels sing;
Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through, The Cross be borne, for me, for you;
Raise, raise the song on high, The Vir - gin sings her lull - a - by;
mp
ff
dim.
Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!
Hail! Hail! the Word made flesh, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!
Joy! joy! for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!
ff

Christmas Comes But Once a Year

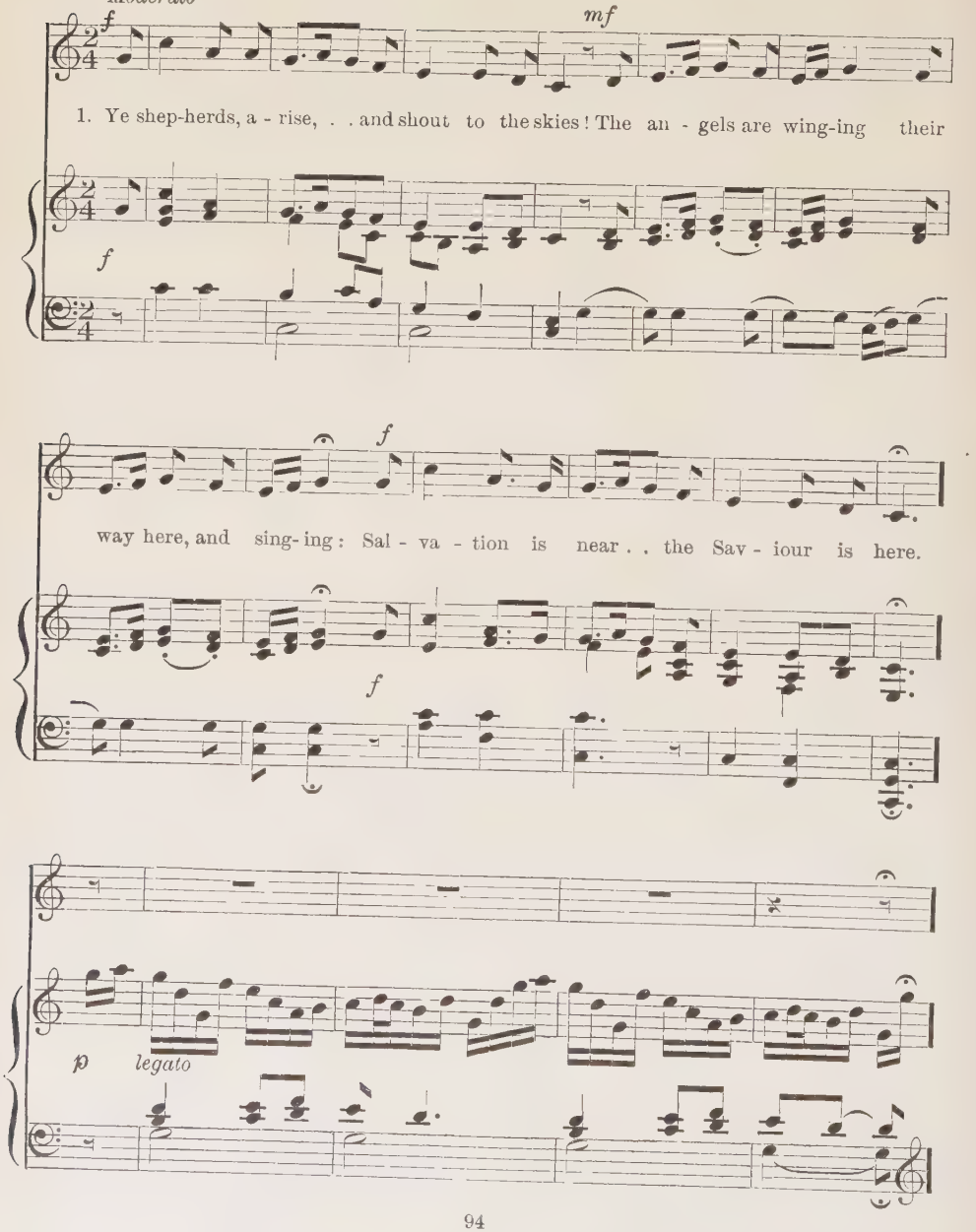
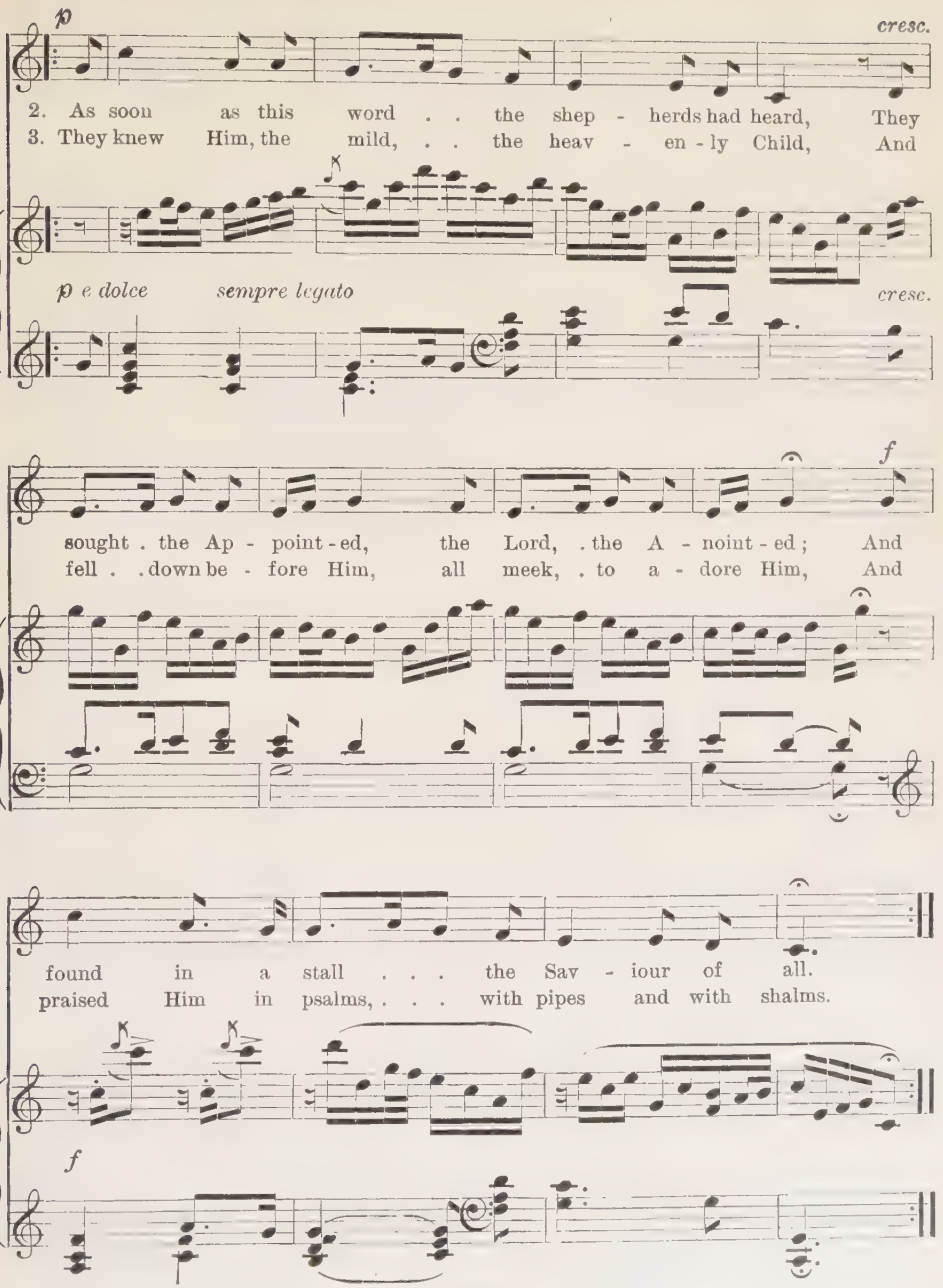
J. W. Elliott

Allegretto
mf
1. Christ - mas comes but once a year, Man - y a bless - ing
2. Christ - mas comes but once a year, Gold - en lights are
3. Christ - mas comes but once a year, Time of hap - py
mf
sfz
bring - ing; An - gel tones we seem to hear, Soft - ly to shep - herds
glow - ing; Thus the Child to chil - dren dear, Ev - er His love is
meet - ing; Wake, my soul, re - ceive the Guest Shepherds and kings are
p
p
cresc.
dimin.
sing - ing, . sing - ing, . sing - - ing.
show - ing, . show - ing, . show - - ing.
greet - ing, . greet - ing, . greet - - ing.
cresc.
dimin.

Ye Shepherds, Arise!

Folk Rhyme

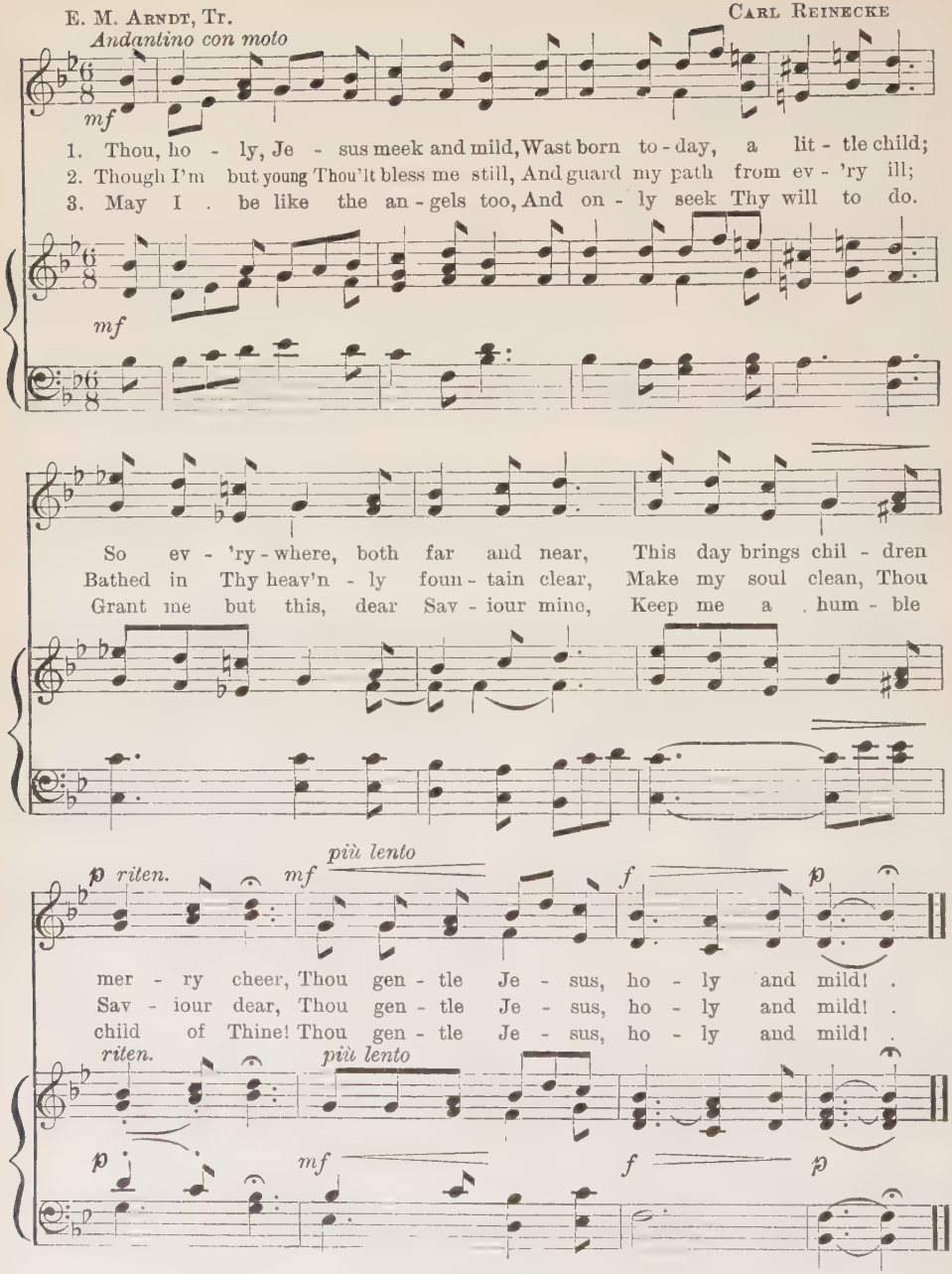
CARL REINECKE

Moderato


f
mf
1. Ye shep-herds, a - rise, . . and shout to the skies! The an - gels are wing-ing their
f
f
way here, and sing-ing: Sal - va - tion is near . . the Sav - iour is here.
f
p legato

p
cresc.
2. As soon as this word . . the shep - herds had heard, They
3. They knew Him, the mild, . . the heav - en - ly Child, And
p e dolce
sempre legato
cresc.
f
sought . the Ap - point - ed, the Lord, . the A - noint - ed; And
fell . . down be - fore Him, all meek, . to a - dore Him, And
found in a stall . . . the Sav - iour of all.
praised Him in psalms, . . . with pipes and with shalms.
f

Christmas Hymn

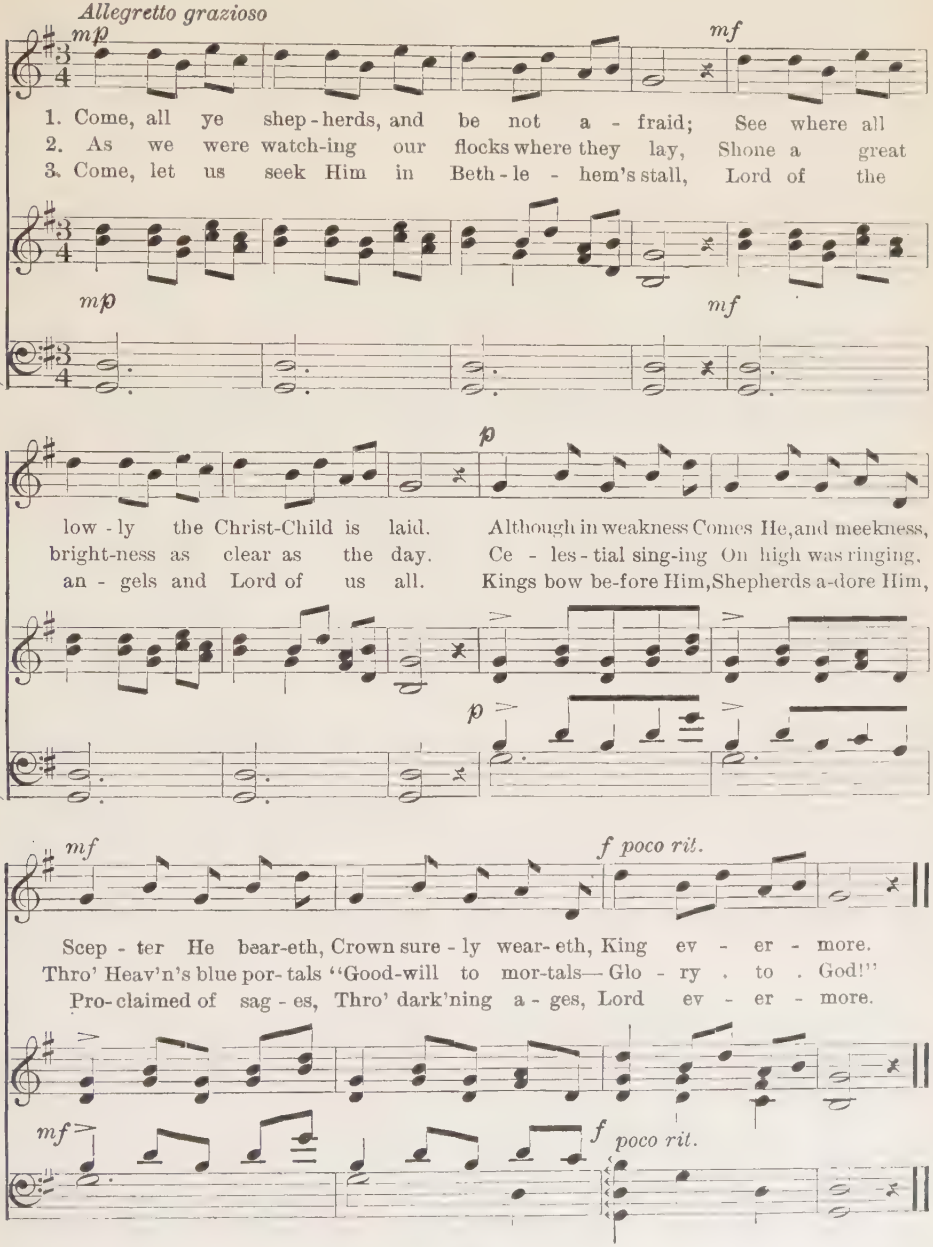
E. M. Arndt, Tr.

Carl Reinecke

Andantino con moto
mf
1. Thou, ho - ly, Je - sus meek and mild, Wast born to - day, a lit - tle child;
2. Though I'm but young Thou'lt bless me still, And guard my path from ev - 'ry ill;
3. May I . be like the an - gels too, And on - ly seek Thy will to do.
So ev - 'ry - where, both far and near, This day brings chil - dren
Bathed in Thy heav'n - ly foun - tain clear, Make my soul clean, Thou
Grant me but this, dear Sav - iour mine, Keep me a . hum - ble
p riten.
più lento
mf
f
p
mer - ry cheer, Thou gen - tle Je - sus, ho - ly and mild! .
Sav - iour dear, Thou gen - tle Je - sus, ho - ly and mild! .
child of Thine! Thou gen - tle Je - sus, ho - ly and mild! .
riten.
più lento
p
mf
f
p

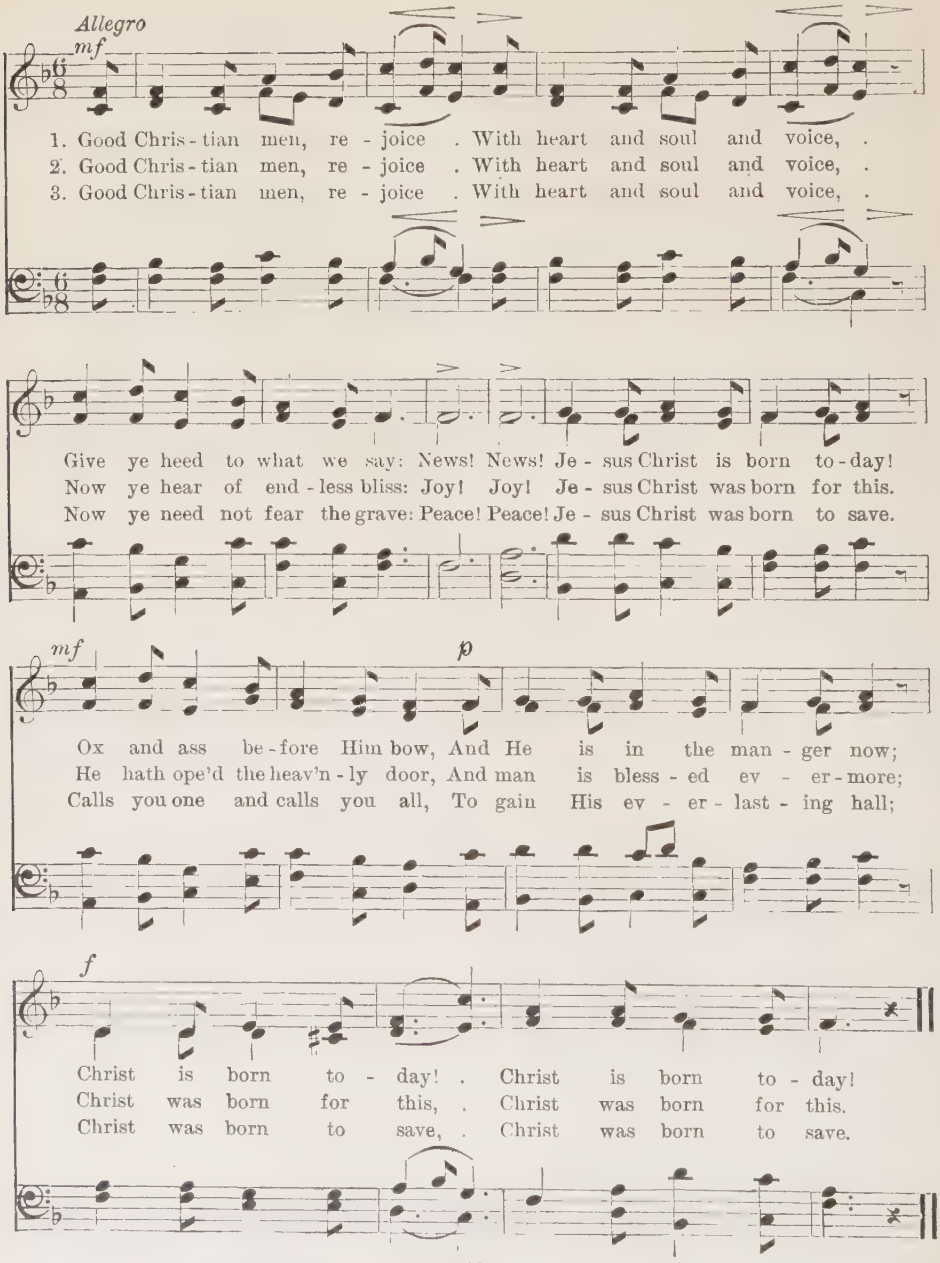
Come, All Ye Shepherds

Translated from the Bohemian

Old Bohemian Carol

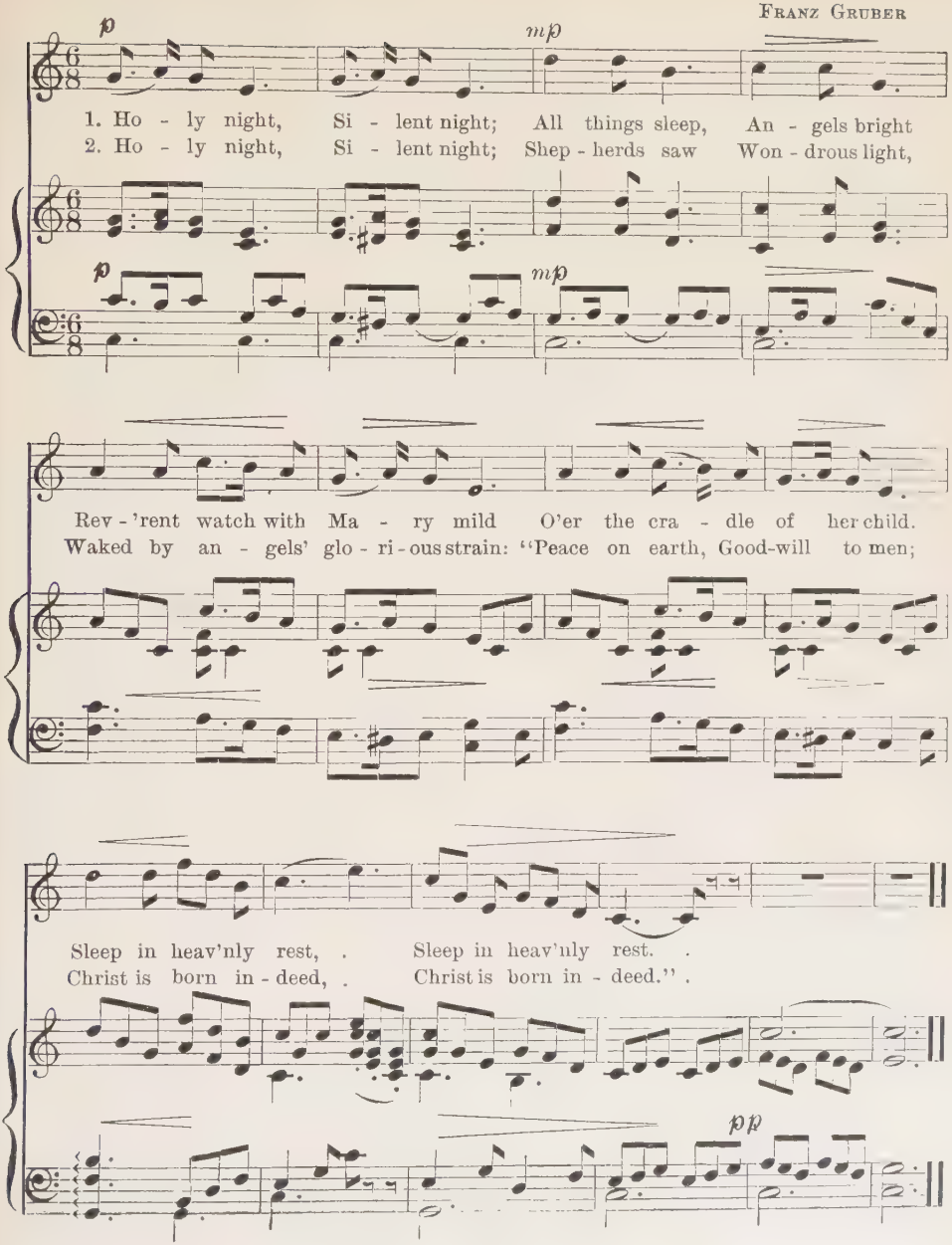

Allegretto grazioso
mp
mf
1. Come, all ye shep - herds, and be not a - fraid; See where all
2. As we were watch-ing our flocks where they lay, Shone a great
3. Come, let us seek Him in Beth - le - hem's stall, Lord of the
mp
mf
p
low - ly the Christ-Child is laid. Although in weakness Comes He, and meekness,
bright-ness as clear as the day. Ce - les - tial sing-ing On high was ringing,
an - gels and Lord of us all. Kings bow be-fore Him, Shepherds a-dore Him,
p
mf
f poco rit.
Scep - ter He bear-eth, Crown sure - ly wear- eth, King ev - er - more.
Thro' Heav'n's blue por- tals "Good-will to mor-tals— Glo - ry . to . God!"
Pro- claimed of sag - es, Thro' dark'ning a - ges, Lord ev - er - more.
mf
f poco rit.

Good Christian Men, Rejoice!

M. Praetorius

Allegro
mf
1. Good Chris - tian men, re - joice . With heart and soul and voice, .
2. Good Chris - tian men, re - joice . With heart and soul and voice, .
3. Good Chris - tian men, re - joice . With heart and soul and voice, .
Give ye heed to what we say: News! News! Je - sus Christ is born to - day!
Now ye hear of end - less bliss: Joy! Joy! Je - sus Christ was born for this.
Now ye need not fear the grave: Peace! Peace! Je - sus Christ was born to save.
mf
p
Ox and ass be - fore Him bow, And He is in the man - ger now;
He hath ope'd the heav'n - ly door, And man is bless - ed ev - er - more;
Calls you one and calls you all, To gain His ev - er - last - ing hall;
f
Christ is born to - day! . Christ is born to - day!
Christ was born for this, . Christ was born for this.
Christ was born to save, . Christ was born to save.

Holy Night

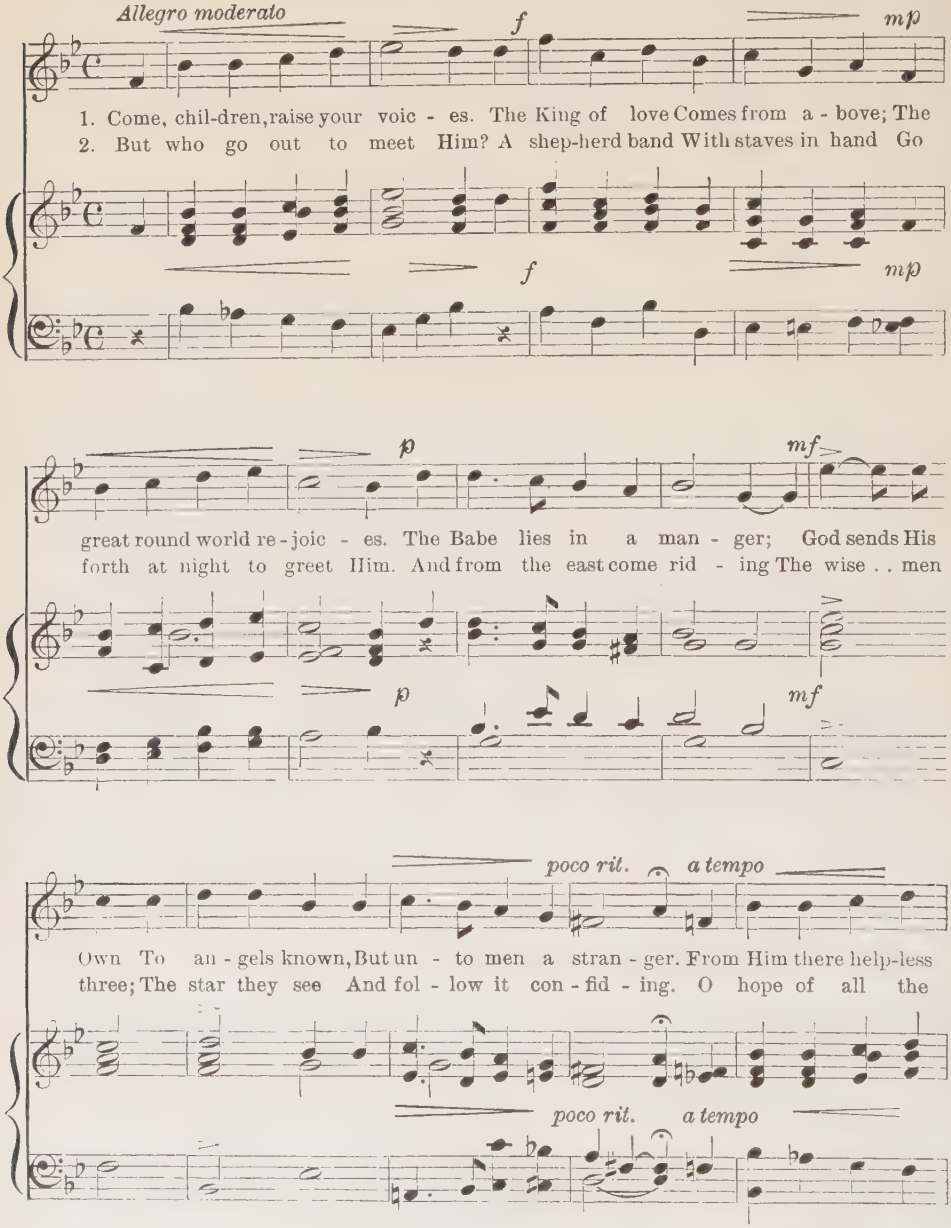
FRANZ GRUBER


p
mp
1. Ho - ly night, Si - lent night; All things sleep, An - gels bright
2. Ho - ly night, Si - lent night; Shep - herds saw Won - drous light,
p
mp
Rev - 'rent watch with Ma - ry mild O'er the cra - dle of her child.
Waked by an - gels' glo - ri - ous strain: "Peace on earth, Good-will to men;
Sleep in heav'nly rest, . Sleep in heav'nly rest. .
Christ is born in - deed, . Christ is born in - deed." .
pp

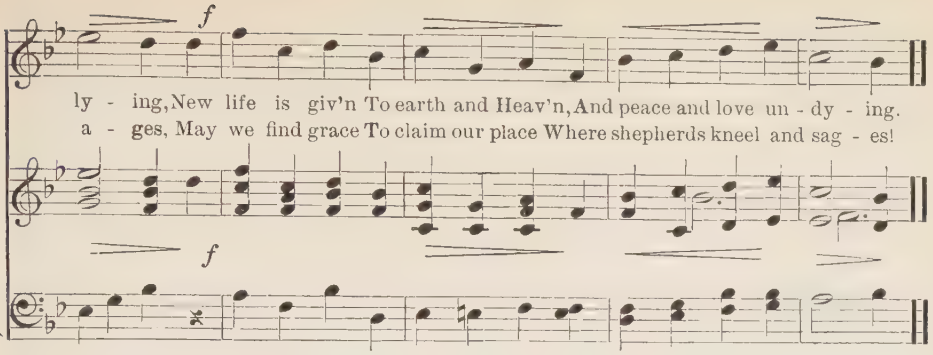
The Hope of All the Ages

MAUD SEWALL

ELEANOR SMITH

Allegro moderato

f
mp
1. Come, chil-dren, raise your voic - es. The King of love Comes from a - bove; The
2. But who go out to meet Him? A shep-herd band With staves in hand Go
f
mp
p
mf
great round world re - joic - es. The Babe lies in a man - ger; God sends His
forth at night to greet Him. And from the east come rid - ing The wise . . men
p
mf
poco rit.
a tempo
Own To an - gels known, But un - to men a stran - ger. From Him there help-less
three; The star they see And fol - low it con - fid - ing. O hope of all the
poco rit.
a tempo

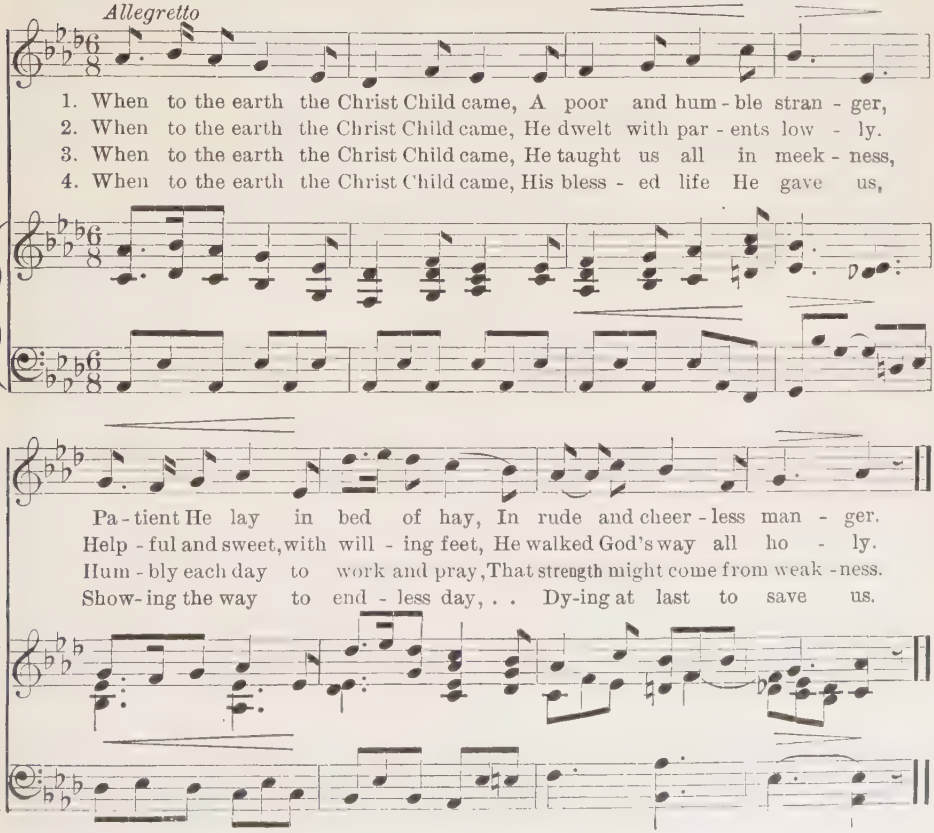
The Hope of All the Ages


f
ly - ing, New life is giv'n To earth and Heav'n, And peace and love un - dy - ing.
a - ges, May we find grace To claim our place Where shepherds kneel and sag - es!
f

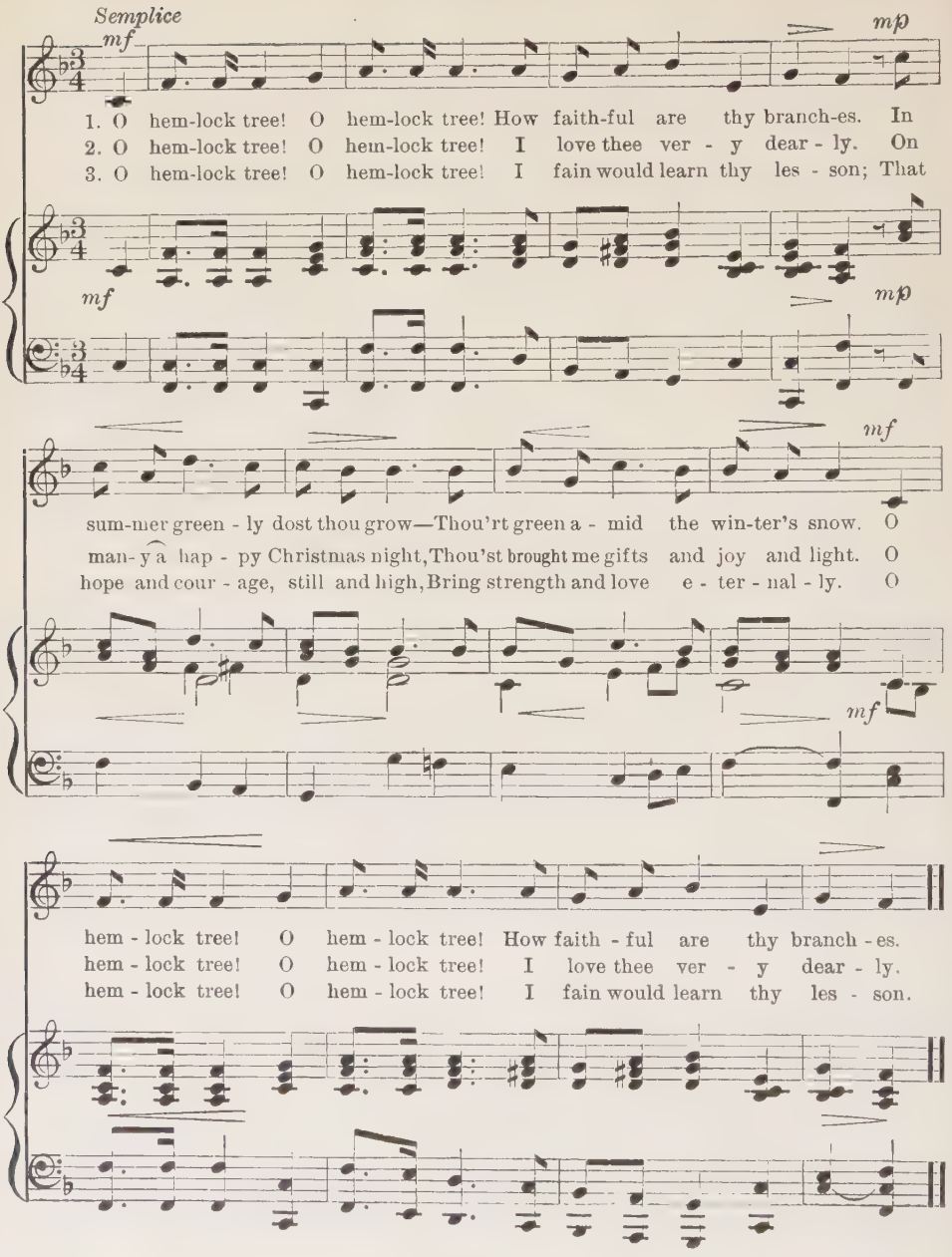
87 When the Christ Child Came

From the Danish

Danish Religious Folk Song


Allegretto
1. When to the earth the Christ Child came, A poor and hum - ble stran - ger,
2. When to the earth the Christ Child came, He dwelt with par - ents low - ly.
3. When to the earth the Christ Child came, He taught us all in meek - ness,
4. When to the earth the Christ Child came, His bless - ed life He gave us,
Pa - tient He lay in bed of hay, In rude and cheer - less man - ger.
Help - ful and sweet, with will - ing feet, He walked God's way all ho - ly.
Hum - bly each day to work and pray, That strength might come from weak - ness.
Show - ing the way to end - less day, . . Dy - ing at last to save us.

O Hemlock Tree!

Folk Song

Semplice
mf
mp
1. O hem-lock tree! O hem-lock tree! How faith-ful are thy branch-es. In
2. O hem-lock tree! O hem-lock tree! I love thee ver - y dear - ly. On
3. O hem-lock tree! O hem-lock tree! I fain would learn thy les - son; That
mf
mp
mf
sum-mer green - ly dost thou grow—Thou'rt green a - mid the win-ter's snow. O
man-y a hap - py Christmas night, Thou'st brought me gifts and joy and light. O
hope and cour - age, still and high, Bring strength and love e - ter - nal - ly. O
mf
hem - lock tree! O hem - lock tree! How faith - ful are thy branch - es.
hem - lock tree! O hem - lock tree! I love thee ver - y dear - ly.
hem - lock tree! O hem - lock tree! I fain would learn thy les - son.

Christmas Lullaby

Old Carol from
Westphalia (Fourteenth Century)

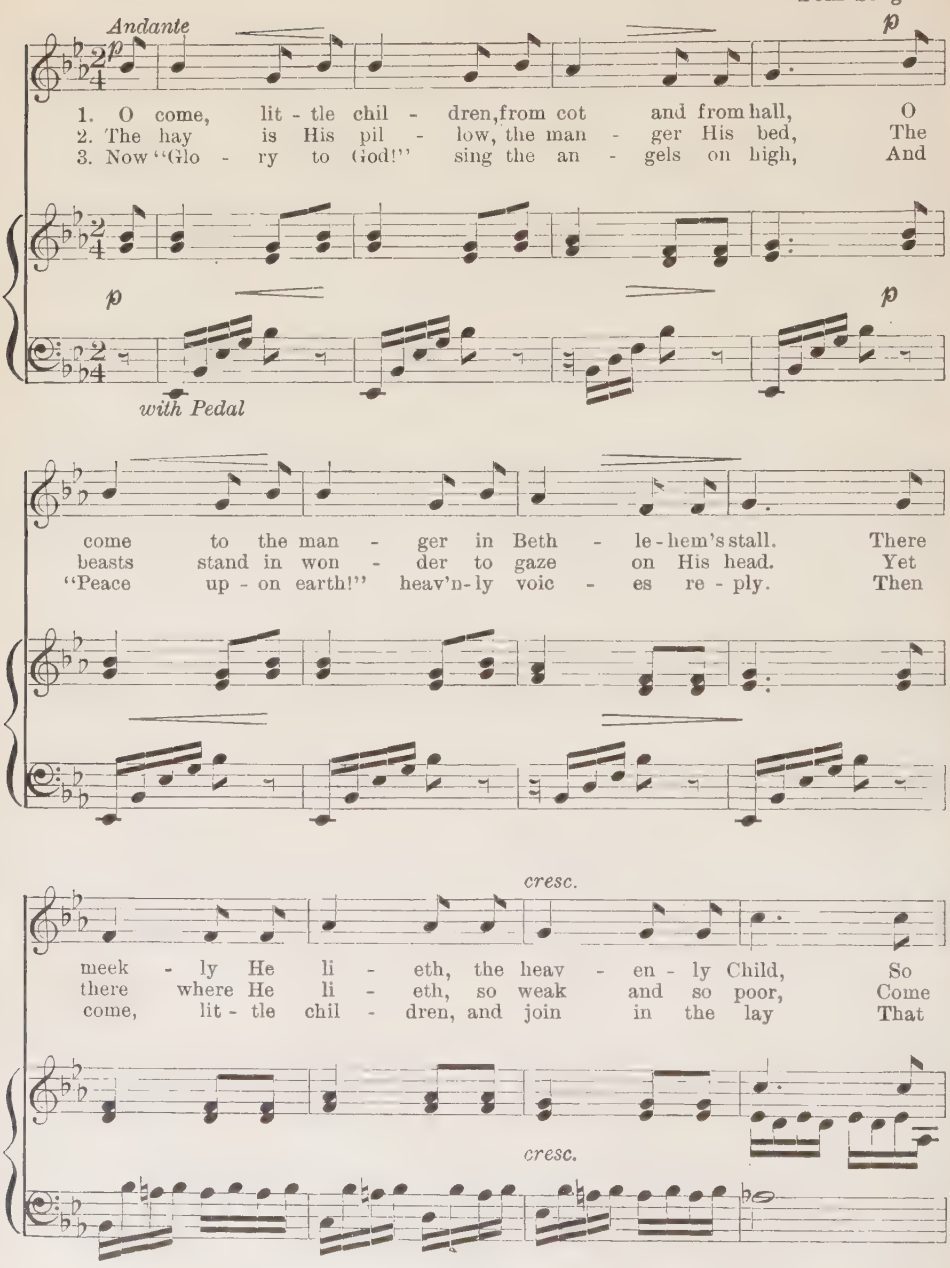
Not too slowly

1. Born of vir - gin moth-er mild, Came to earth a bless - ed Child,
2. Have we sinned in great or small, He in pit - y par - dons all,
3. Poor and low - ly was His birth; Hum - ble, meek, His life on earth.
4. O Thou ho - ly lit - tle Child, Be our joy, Thou un - de - filed,

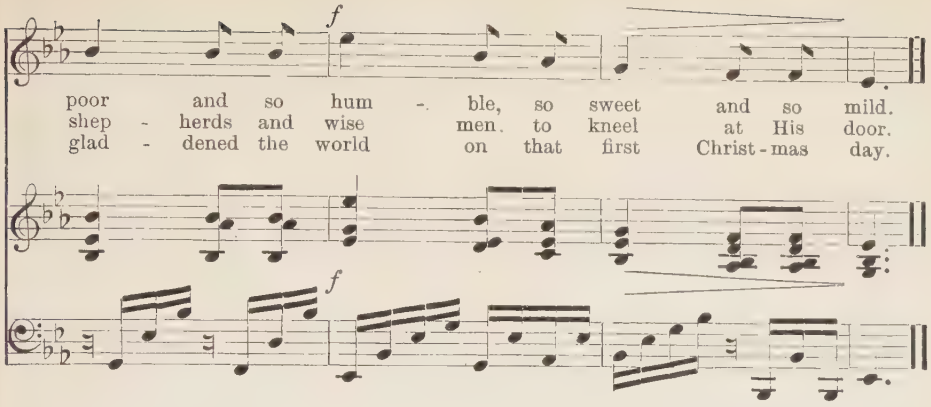
At the sol - emn mid - night hour, To set us free from
Ver - y Love and Ver - y Light, He shines up - on our
He the Lord of Heav - en high Came down, for us to
Now and in e - ter - ni - ty. O bring us all to

e - vil's pow'r. Lull - a - by - by - by. Hush, my ba - by, lull - a - by.
dark - est night. Lull - a - by - by - by. Hush, my ba - by, lull - a - by.
live and die. Lull - a - by - by - by. Hush, my ba - by, lull - a - by.
dwell with Thee! Lull - a - by - by - by. Hush, my ha - by, lull - a - by.

O Come, Little Children

Folk Song

Andante
p
1. O come, lit - tle chil - dren, from cot and from hall, O
2. The hay is His pil - low, the man - ger His bed, The
3. Now "Glo - ry to God!" sing the an - gels on high, And
with Pedal
come to the man - ger in Beth - le - hem's stall. There
beasts stand in won - der to gaze on His head. Yet
"Peace up - on earth!" heav'n - ly voic - es re - ply. Then
cresc.
meek - ly He li - eth, the heav - en - ly Child, So
there where He li - eth, so weak and so poor, Come
come, lit - tle chil - dren, and join in the lay That
cresc.

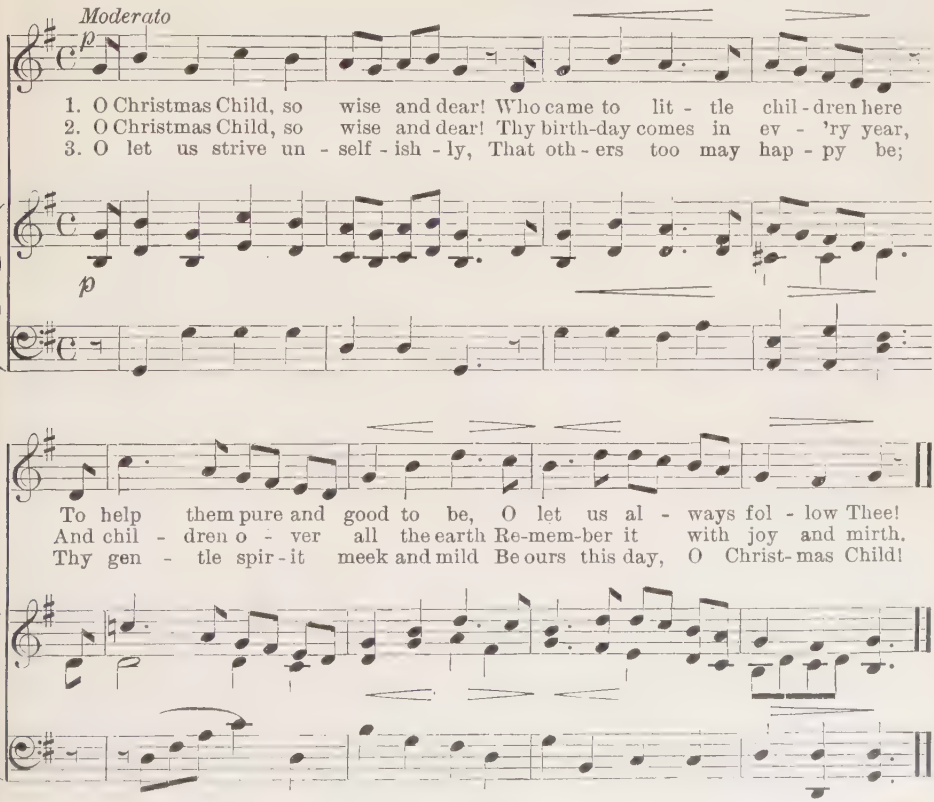
O Come, Little Children


f
poor and so hum - ble, so sweet and so mild.
shep - herds and wise men, to kneel at His door.
glad - dened the world on that first Christ-mas day.
f

91 O Christmas Child

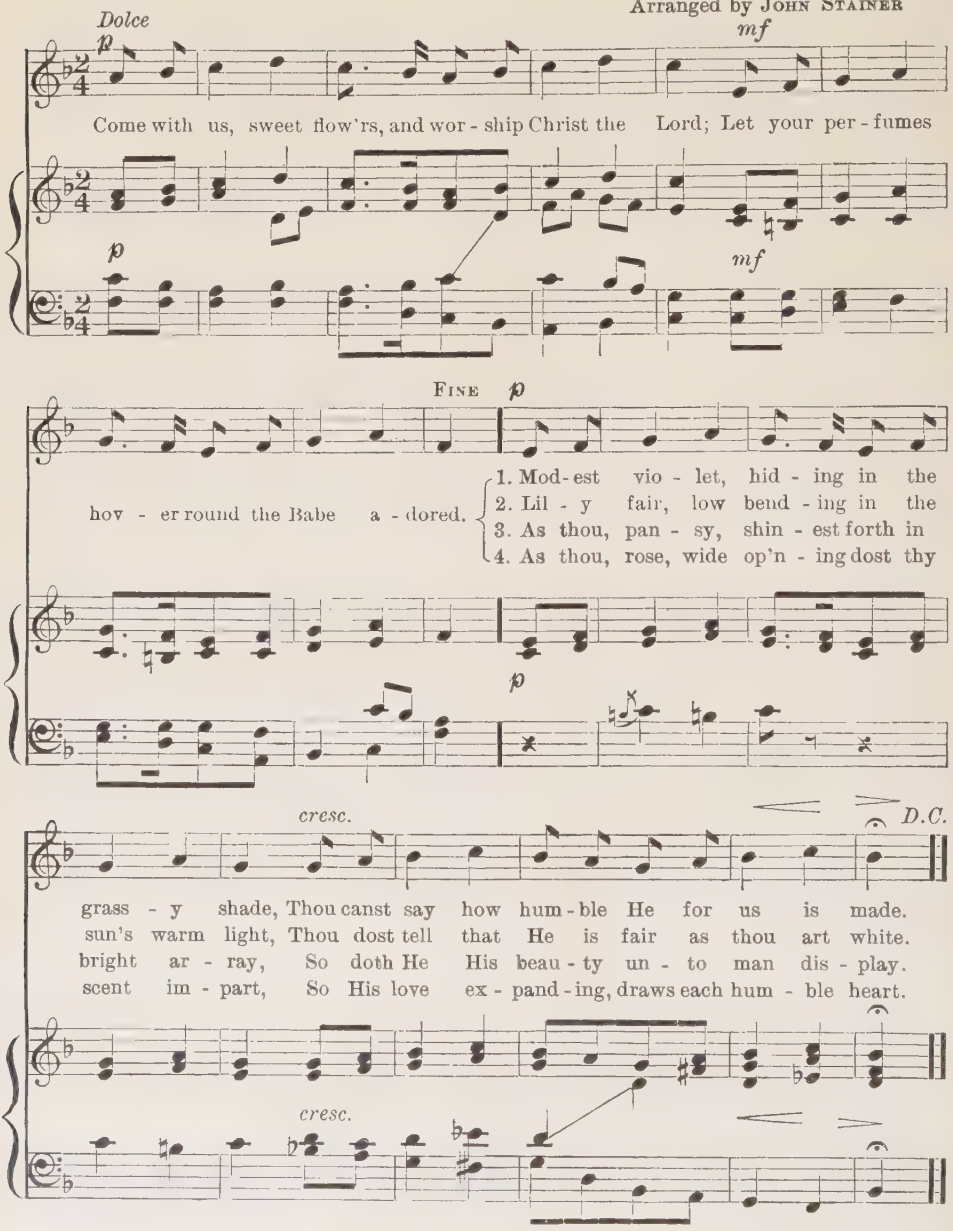
MARY SLADE

GOTTLOB SIEGERT


Moderato
p
1. O Christmas Child, so wise and dear! Who came to lit - tle chil - dren here
2. O Christmas Child, so wise and dear! Thy birth-day comes in ev - 'ry year,
3. O let us strive un - self - ish - ly, That oth - ers too may hap - py be;
p
To help them pure and good to be, O let us al - ways fol - low Thee!
And chil - dren o - ver all the earth Re-mem-ber it with joy and mirth.
Thy gen - tle spir - it meek and mild Be ours this day, O Christ-mas Child!

Carol of the Flowers

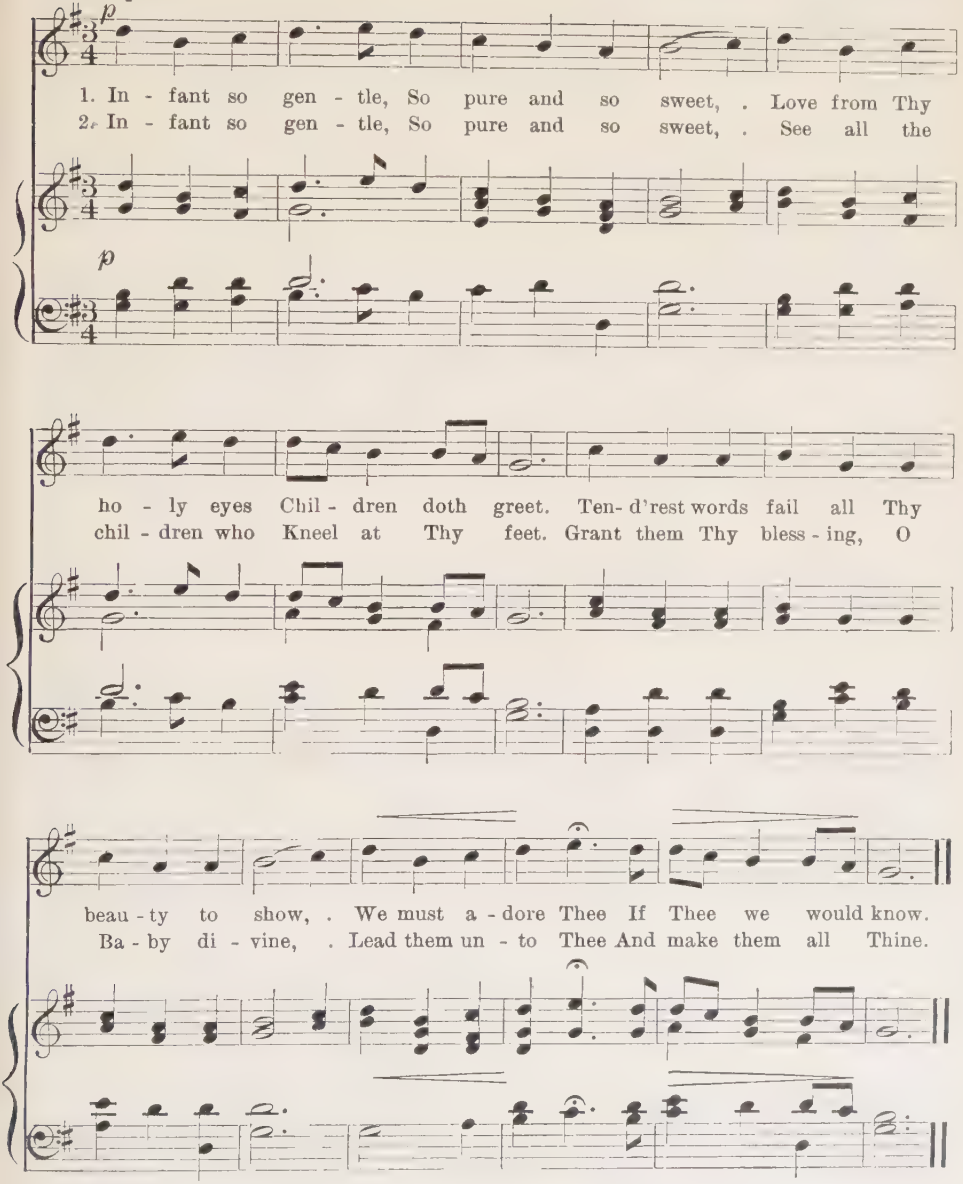
From the French

French Carol (Bas Quercy)
Arranged by John Stainer

Dolce
p
mf
Come with us, sweet flow'rs, and wor - ship Christ the Lord; Let your per - fumes
p
mf
Fine
p
hov - er round the Babe a - dored.
1. Mod - est vio - let, hid - ing in the
2. Lil - y fair, low bend - ing in the
3. As thou, pan - sy, shin - est forth in
4. As thou, rose, wide op'n - ing dost thy
p
cresc.
D.C.
grass - y shade, Thou canst say how hum - ble He for us is made.
sun's warm light, Thou dost tell that He is fair as thou art white.
bright ar - ray, So doth He His beau - ty un - to man dis - play.
scent im - part, So His love ex - pand - ing, draws each hum - ble heart.
cresc.

93 Infant so Gentle

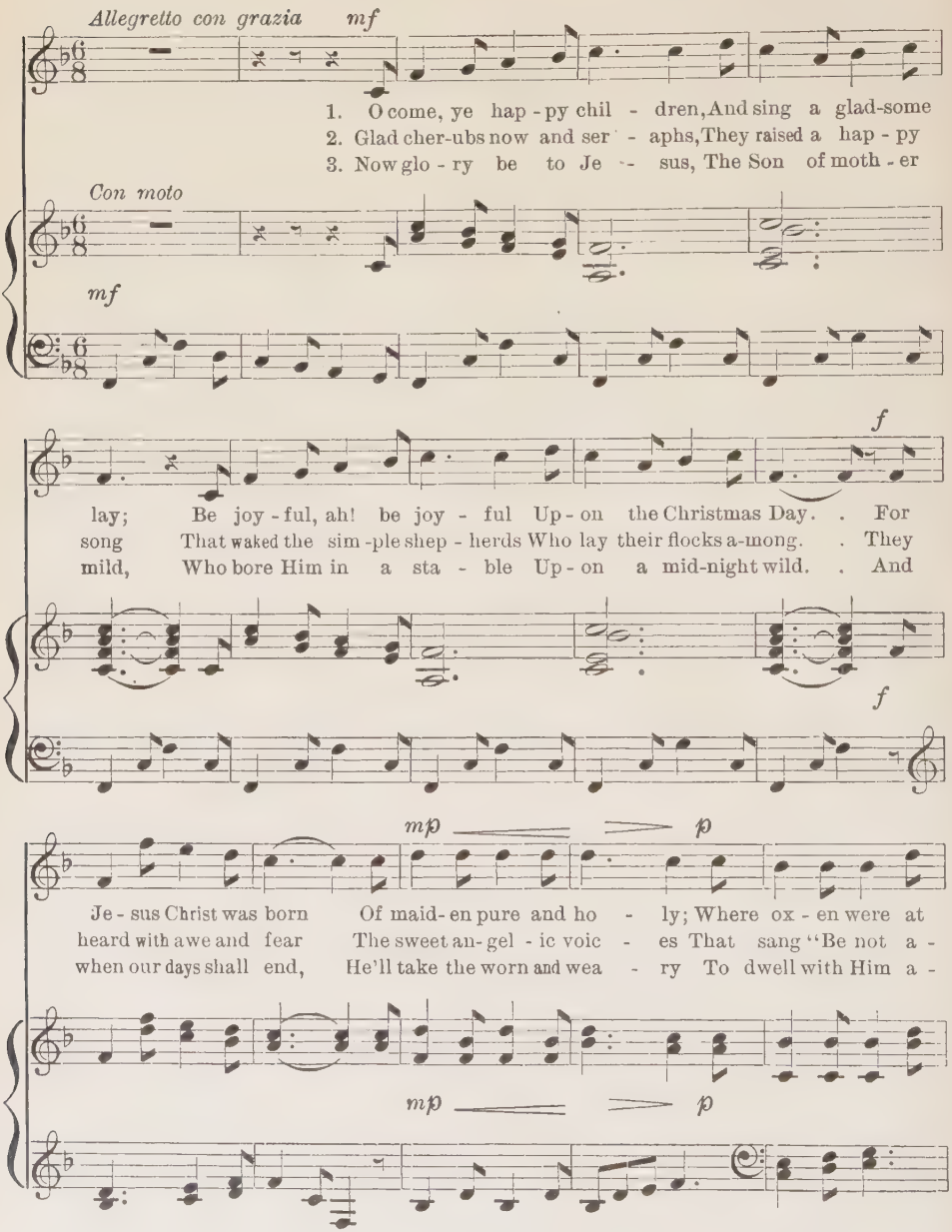
From the French
Semplice

Gascon Carol
Arr. by John Stainer


p
1. In - fant so gen - tle, So pure and so sweet, . Love from Thy
2. In - fant so gen - tle, So pure and so sweet, . See all the
p
ho - ly eyes Chil - dren doth greet. Ten- d'rest words fail all Thy
chil - dren who Kneel at Thy feet. Grant them Thy bless - ing, O
beau - ty to show, . We must a - dore Thee If Thee we would know.
Ba - by di - vine, . Lead them un - to Thee And make them all Thine.

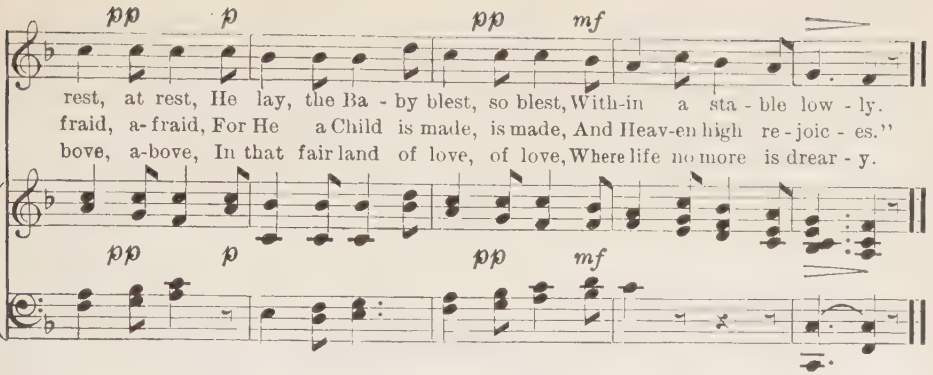
O Come, Ye Happy Children*

From the French

Old French Carol

Allegretto con grazia
mf
1. O come, ye hap - py chil - dren, And sing a glad-some
2. Glad cher-ubs now and ser - aphs, They raised a hap - py
3. Now glo - ry be to Je - sus, The Son of moth - er
Con moto
mf
f
lay; Be joy - ful, ah! be joy - ful Up - on the Christmas Day. . For
song That waked the sim - ple shep - herds Who lay their flocks a-mong. . They
mild, Who bore Him in a sta - ble Up - on a mid-night wild. . And
f
mp
p
Je - sus Christ was born Of maid- en pure and ho - ly; Where ox - en were at
heard with awe and fear The sweet an- gel - ic voic - es That sang "Be not a -
when our days shall end, He'll take the worn and wea - ry To dwell with Him a -
mp
p

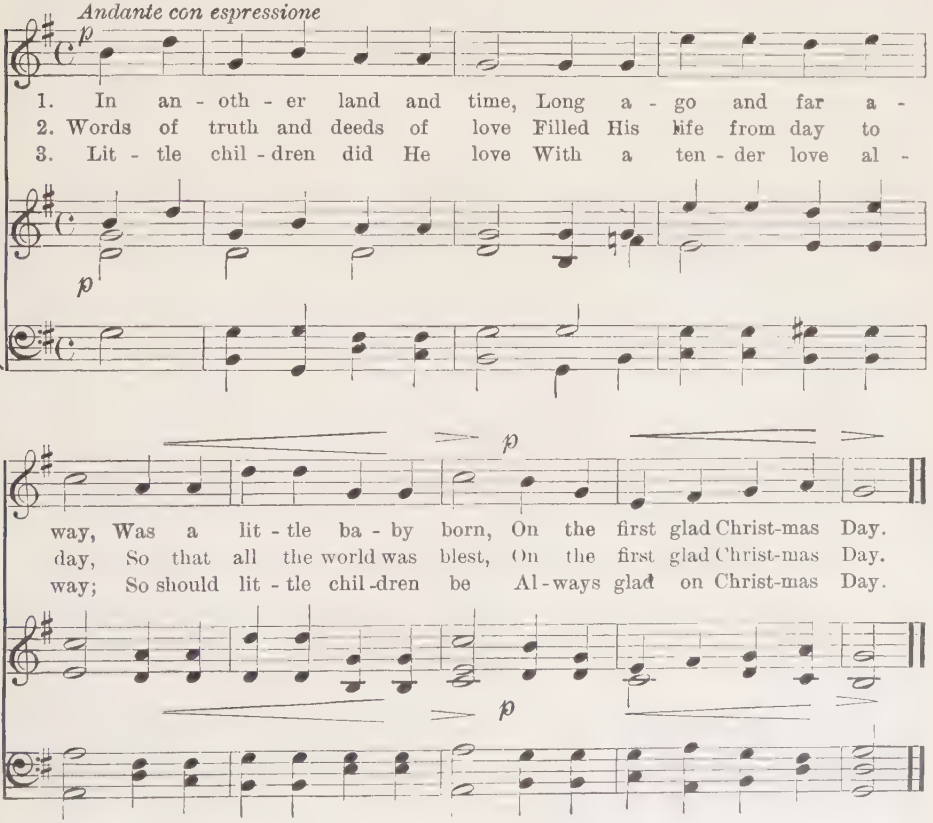
*Originally, "Ye Citizens of Châtres"

O Come, Ye Happy Children


pp p pp mf
rest, at rest, He lay, the Ba - by blest, so blest, With-in a sta - ble low - ly.
fraid, a-fraid, For He a Child is made, is made, And Heav-en high re-joic - es."
bove, a-bove, In that fair land of love, of love, Where life no more is drear - y.
pp p pp mf

95 In Another Land and Time

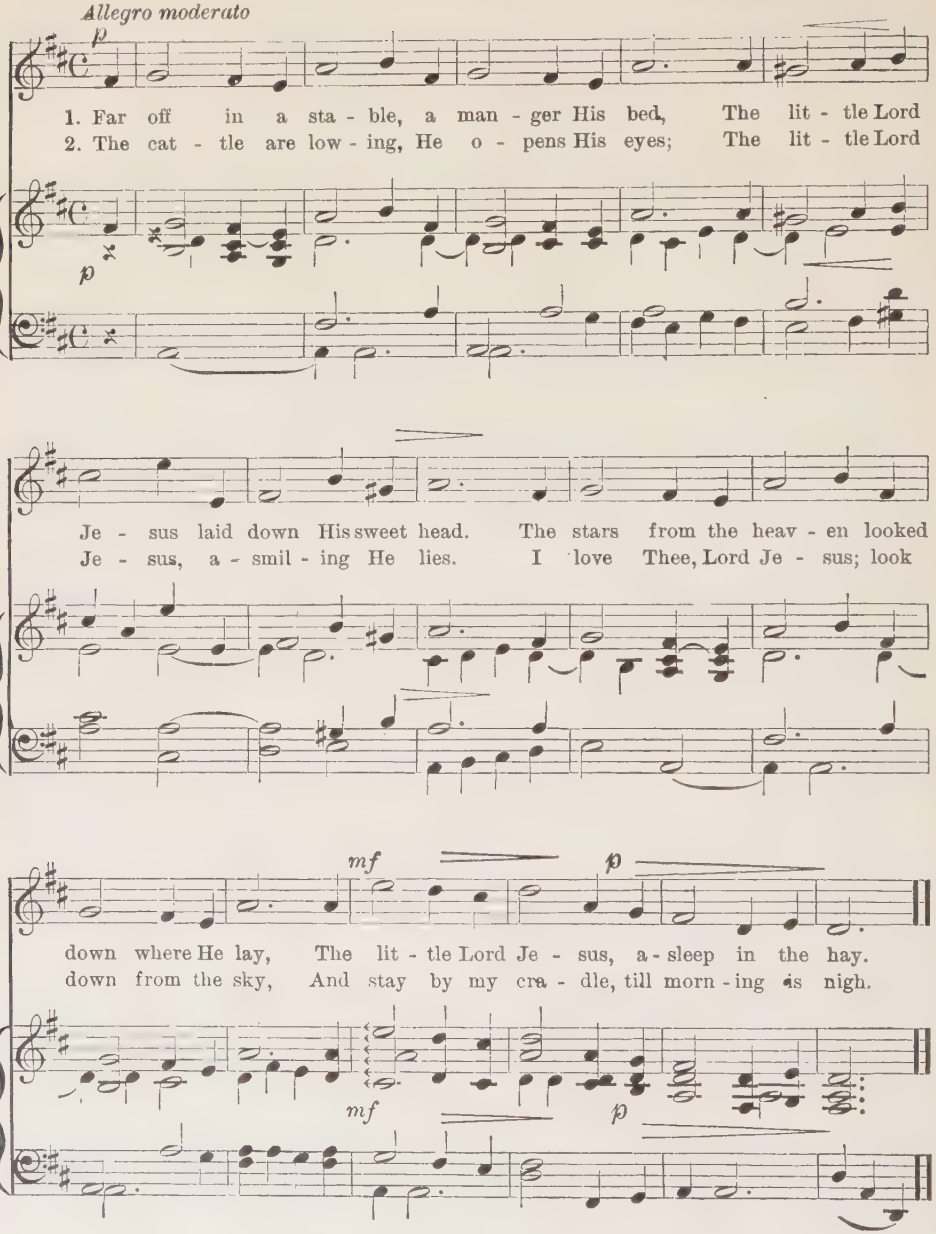
Anon. ELEANOR SMITH

Andante con espressione

p
1. In an - oth - er land and time, Long a - go and far a -
2. Words of truth and deeds of love Filled His life from day to
3. Lit - tle chil - dren did He love With a ten - der love al -
p
p
way, Was a lit - tle ba - by born, On the first glad Christ-mas Day.
day, So that all the world was blest, On the first glad Christ-mas Day.
way; So should lit - tle chil-dren be Al-ways glad on Christ-mas Day.
p

The Manger Hymn

Tr. from MARTIN LUTHER

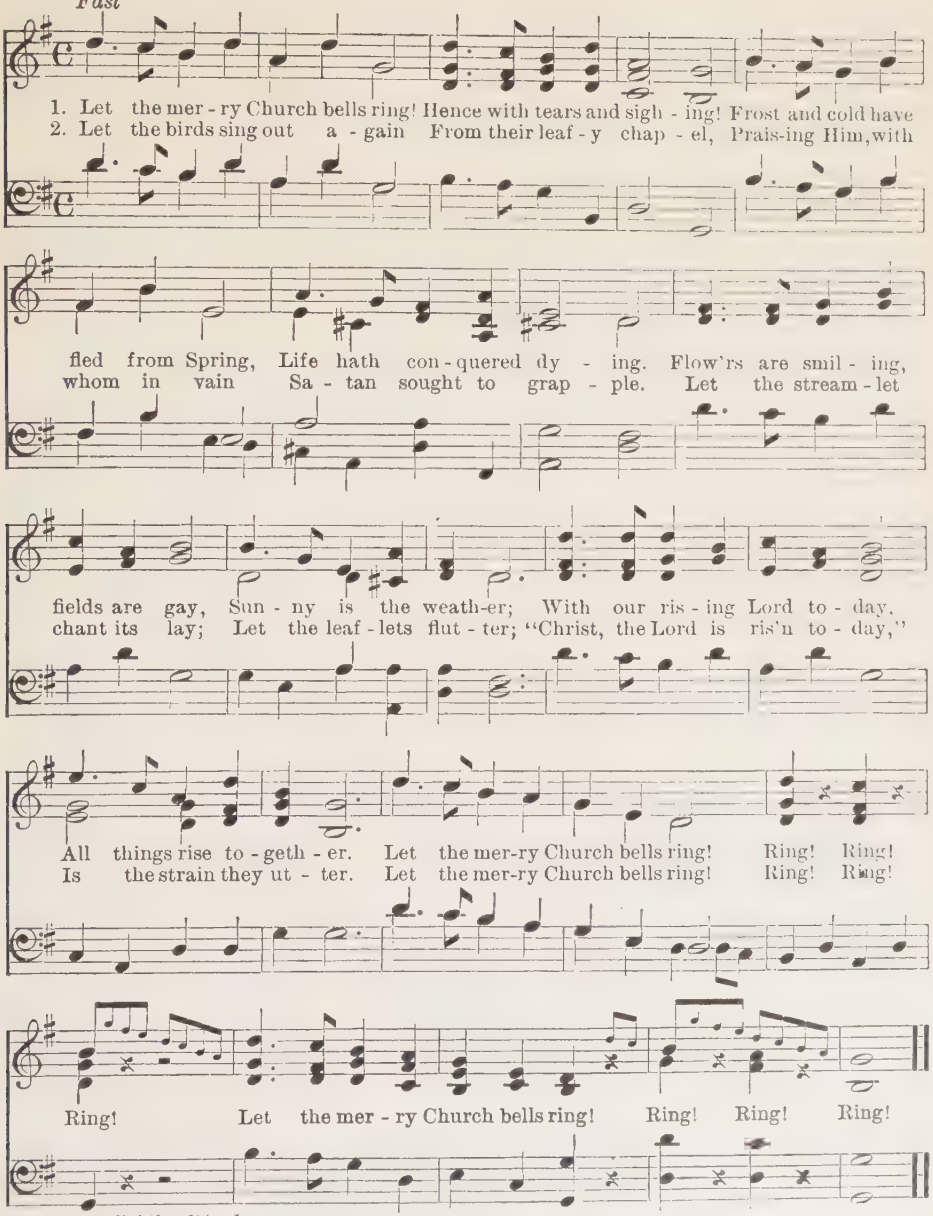
JEAN CROFTER

Allegro moderato

p
1. Far off in a sta - ble, a man - ger His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, He o - pens His eyes; The lit - tle Lord
p
Je - sus laid down His sweet head. The stars from the heav - en looked
Je - sus, a - smil - ing He lies. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus; look
mf
p
down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a - sleep in the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle, till morn - ing is nigh.
mf
p

97 Let the Merry Church Bells Ring!

Rev. J. M. Neale*

Fast

Dr. J. S. B. Hodges

1. Let the mer - ry Church bells ring! Hence with tears and sigh - ing! Frost and cold have
2. Let the birds sing out a - gain From their leaf - y chap - el, Prais-ing Him, with
fled from Spring, Life hath con - quered dy - ing. Flow'rs are smil - ing,
whom in vain Sa - tan sought to grap - ple. Let the stream - let
fields are gay, Sun - ny is the weath-er; With our ris - ing Lord to - day,
chant its lay; Let the leaf - lets flut - ter; "Christ, the Lord is ris'n to - day,"
All things rise to - geth - er. Let the mer-ry Church bells ring! Ring! Ring!
Is the strain they ut - ter. Let the mer-ry Church bells ring! Ring! Ring!
Ring! Let the mer - ry Church bells ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!

* Text slightly altered.

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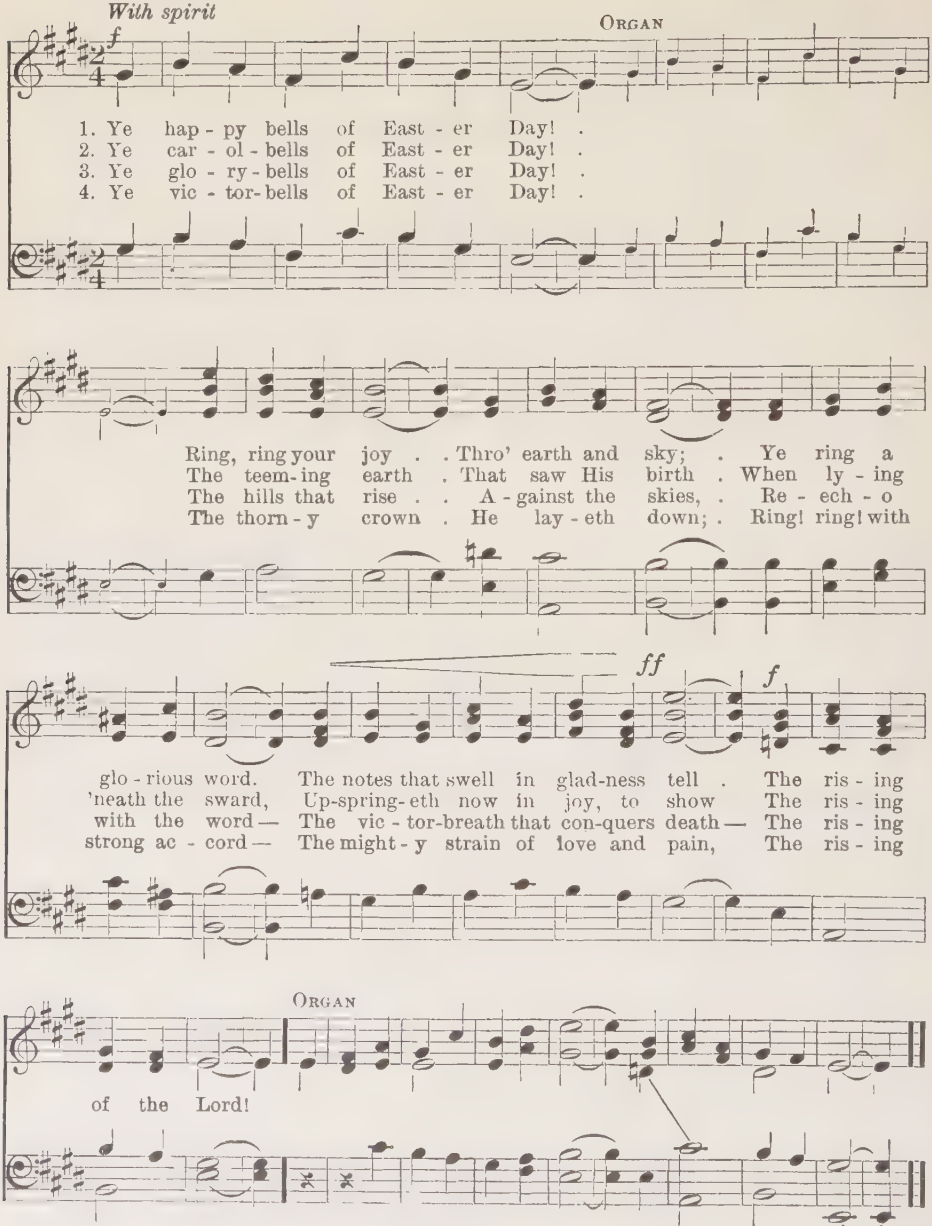
Ye Happy Bells of Easter Day

Rev. J. M. Neale

Dr. J. S. B. Hodges

With spirit

f
Organ
1. Ye hap - py bells of East - er Day!
2. Ye car - ol - bells of East - er Day!
3. Ye glo - ry - bells of East - er Day!
4. Ye vic - tor - bells of East - er Day!
Ring, ring your joy . Thro' earth and sky; . Ye ring a
The teem - ing earth . That saw His birth . When ly - ing
The hills that rise . A - gainst the skies, . Re - ech - o
The thorn - y crown . He lay - eth down; . Ring! ring! with
ff
f
glo - rious word. The notes that swell in glad-ness tell . The ris - ing
'neath the sward, Up-spring - eth now in joy, to show The ris - ing
with the word — The vic - tor-breath that con-quers death — The ris - ing
strong ac - cord — The might - y strain of love and pain, The ris - ing
Organ
of the Lord!

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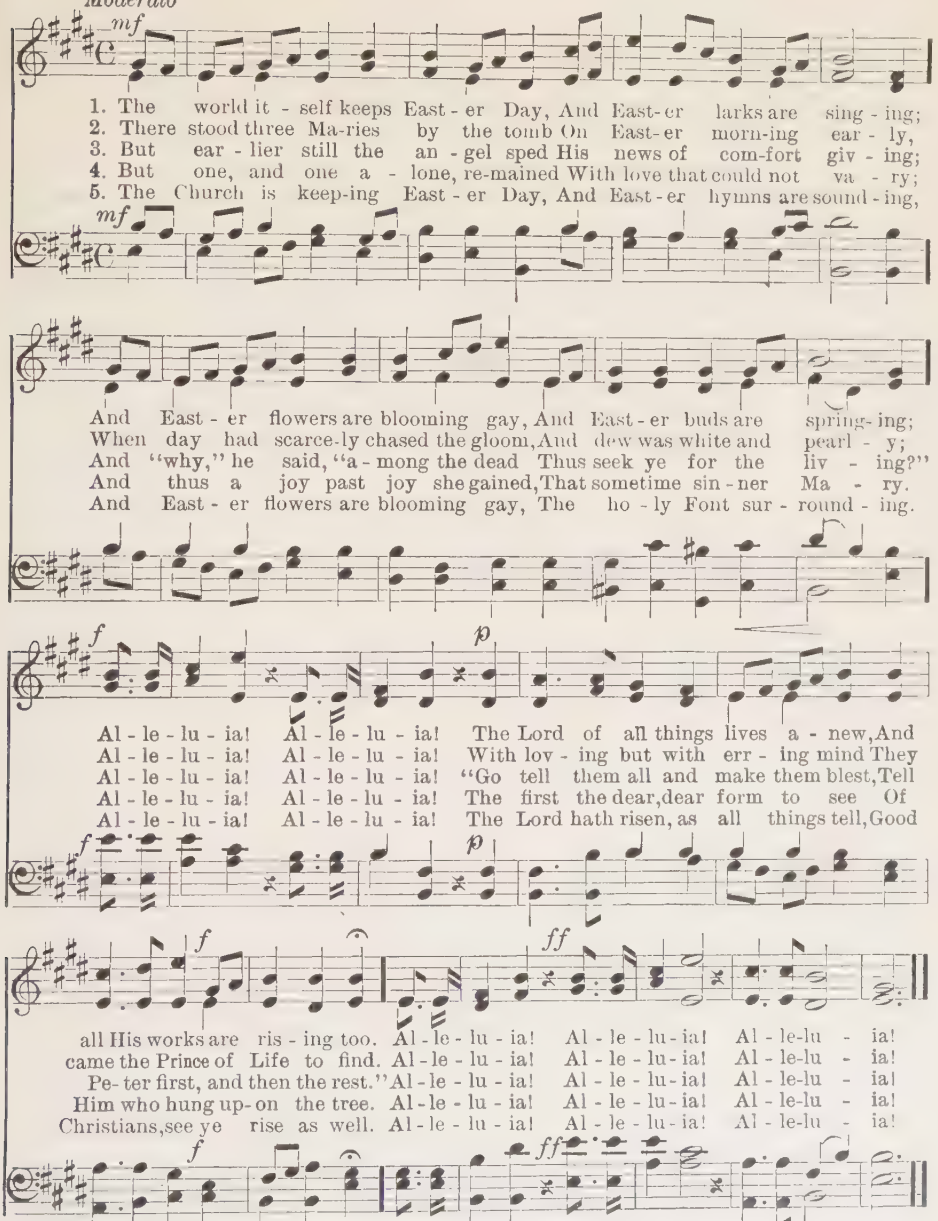
99 The World Itself Keeps Easter Day

Rev. J. M. Neale

Dr. J. S. B. Hodges

Moderato

mf
1. The world it - self keeps East - er Day, And East-er larks are sing - ing;
2. There stood three Ma-ries by the tomb On East-er morn-ing ear - ly,
3. But ear - lier still the an - gel sped His news of com-fort giv - ing;
4. But one, and one a - lone, re-mained With love that could not va - ry;
5. The Church is keep-ing East - er Day, And East - er hymns are sound - ing,
And East - er flowers are blooming gay, And East - er buds are spring - ing;
When day had scarce-ly chased the gloom, And dew was white and pearl - y;
And "why," he said, "a - mong the dead Thus seek ye for the liv - ing?"
And thus a joy past joy she gained, That sometime sin - ner Ma - ry.
And East - er flowers are blooming gay, The ho - ly Font sur - round - ing.
f
p
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! The Lord of all things lives a - new, And
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! With lov - ing but with err - ing mind They
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! "Go tell them all and make them blest, Tell
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! The first the dear, dear form to see Of
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! The Lord hath risen, as all things tell, Good
f
p
f
ff
all His works are ris - ing too. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia!
came the Prince of Life to find. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia!
Pe- ter first, and then the rest." Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia!
Him who hung up-on the tree. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia!
Christians, see ye rise as well. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia!
f
ff

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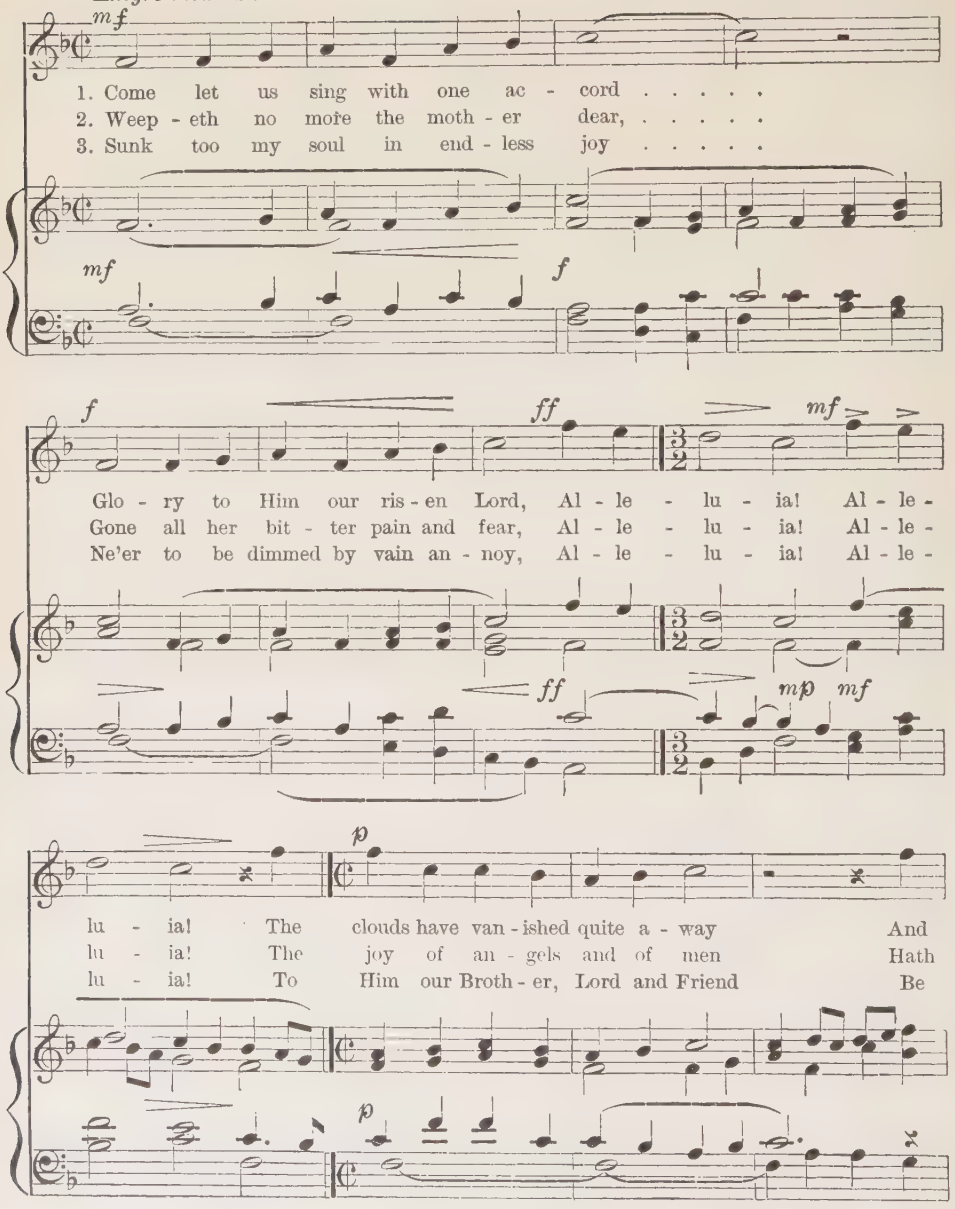
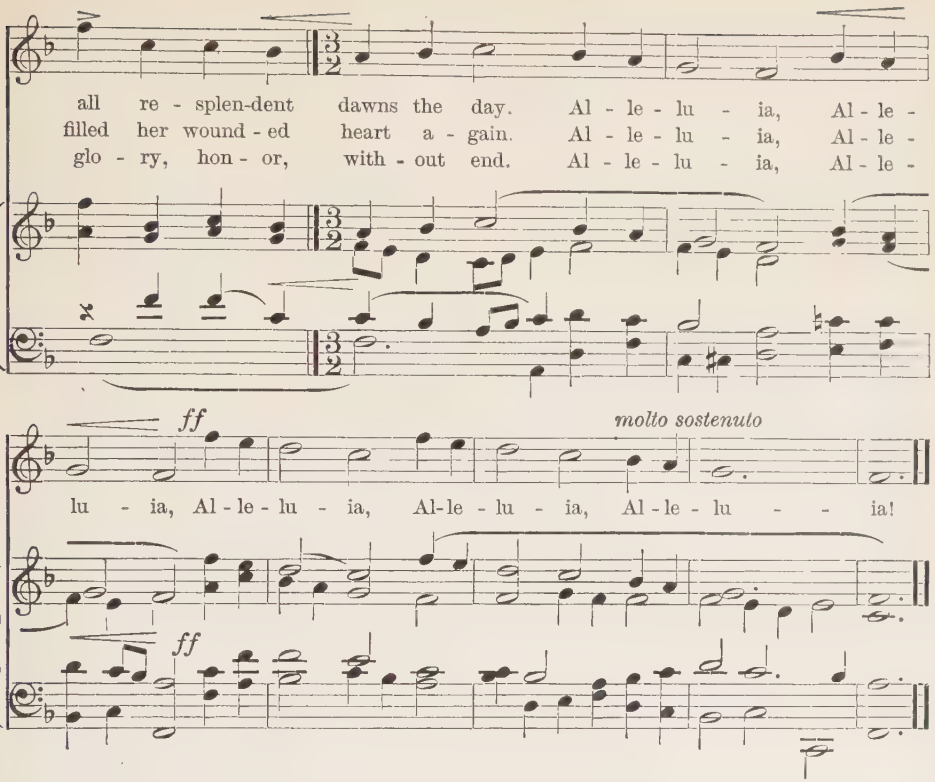
Tr. by MARY BLAKE

After D. CÖRNER

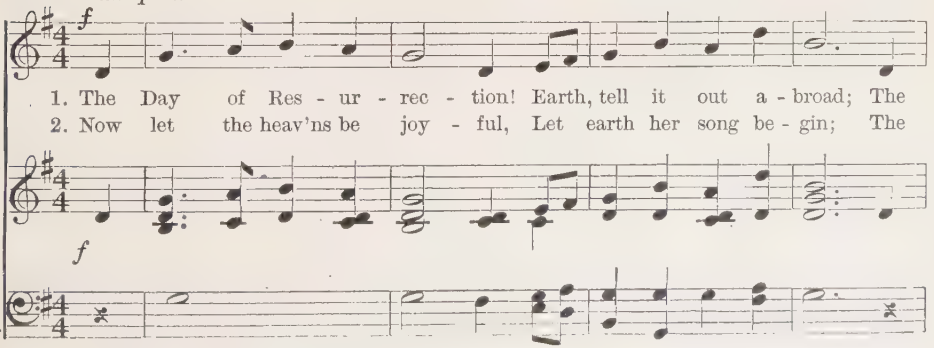
Allegro moderato

mf
1. Come let us sing with one ac - cord . . . . .
2. Weep - eth no more the moth - er dear, ...
3. Sunk too my soul in end - less joy . . . . .
mf
f
f
ff
mf
Glo - ry to Him our ris - en Lord, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
Gone all her bit - ter pain and fear, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
Ne'er to be dimmed by vain an - noy, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
ff
mp mf
p
lu - ia! The clouds have van - ished quite a - way And
lu - ia! The joy of an - gels and of men Hath
lu - ia! To Him our Broth - er, Lord and Friend Be
p

all re - splen-dent dawns the day. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le -
filled her wound - ed heart a - gain. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le -
glo - ry, hon - or, with - out end. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le -
ff
molto sostenuto
lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - - ia!
ff

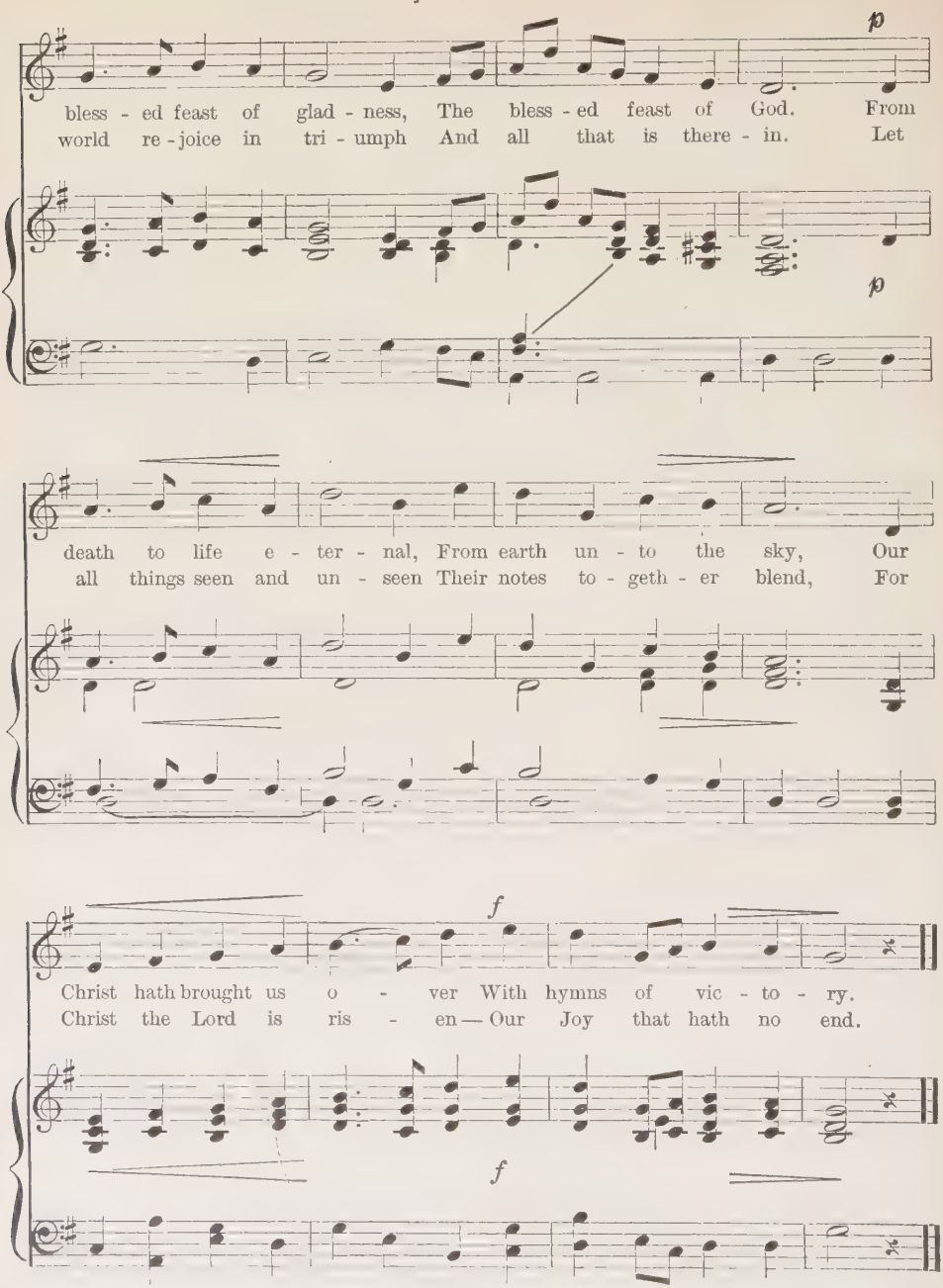
101 The Day of Resurrection

JOHN of DAMASCUS
Tr. by Rev. J. M. NEALE

FRIEDRICH ZELTER

With spirit



The Day of Resurrection

p
bless - ed feast of glad - ness, The bless - ed feast of God. From
world re - joice in tri - umph And all that is there - in. Let
p
death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky, Our
all things seen and un - seen Their notes to - geth - er blend, For
f
Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.
Christ the Lord is ris - en — Our Joy that hath no end.
f

Easter Voices

ELIZABETH NOXON

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Dolce

p

1. A gold - en bud came o - pen And out smiled a daf - fo - dil; "Last
2. A gray co-coon came o - pen And out flew a but - ter - fly; "Oh,
3. A snow - y bird sang sweet - ly, Far up in the Eas - ter sky; "We're

p

year you saw me with - ered And now I'm bloom-ing still!"
I was on - ly sleep - ing For I can nev - er die!"
all life's hap - py chil - dren And life can nev - er die!"

Somewhat slower

p *pp*

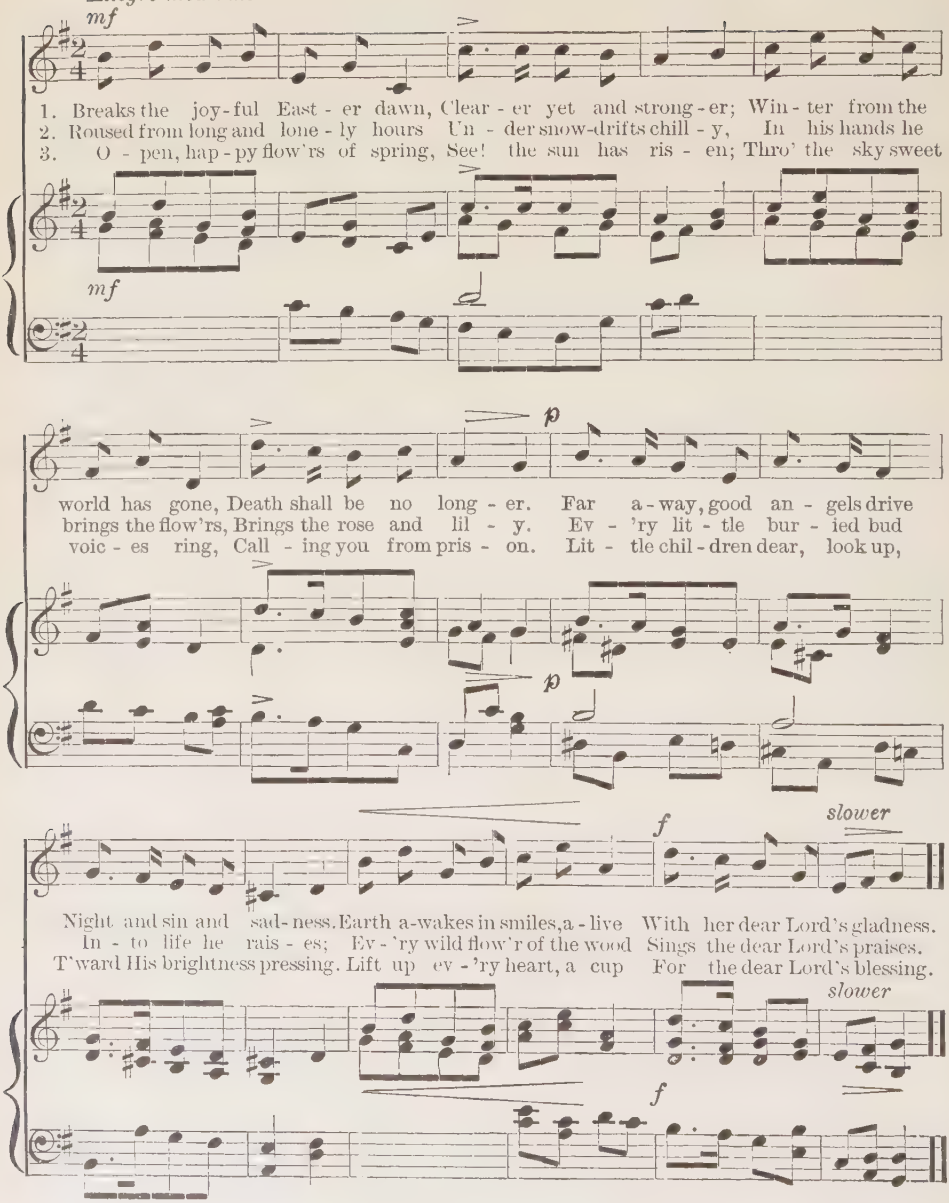
So smiled the daf - fo - dil, So smiled the daf - fo - dil.
So laughed the but - ter - fly, So laughed the but - ter - fly.
This was the song on high, This was the song on high.

p *pp*

103 Easter Dawn

LUCY LARCOM* ELEANOR SMITH

Allegro moderato


mf
1. Breaks the joy-ful East-er dawn, Clear-er yet and strong-er; Win-ter from the
2. Roused from long and lone-ly hours Un-der snow-drifts chill-y, In his hands he
3. O-pen, hap-py flow'rs of spring, See! the sun has ris-en; Thro' the sky sweet
mf
p
world has gone, Death shall be no long-er. Far a-way, good an-gels drive
brings the flow'rs, Brings the rose and lil-y. Ev-'ry lit-tle bur-ied bud
voic-es ring, Call-ing you from pris-on. Lit-tle chil-dren dear, look up,
p
f
slower
Night and sin and sad-ness. Earth a-wakes in smiles, a-live With her dear Lord's gladness.
In-to life he rais-es; Ev-'ry wild flow'r of the wood Sings the dear Lord's praises.
T'ward His brightness pressing. Lift up ev-'ry heart, a cup For the dear Lord's blessing.
slower
f

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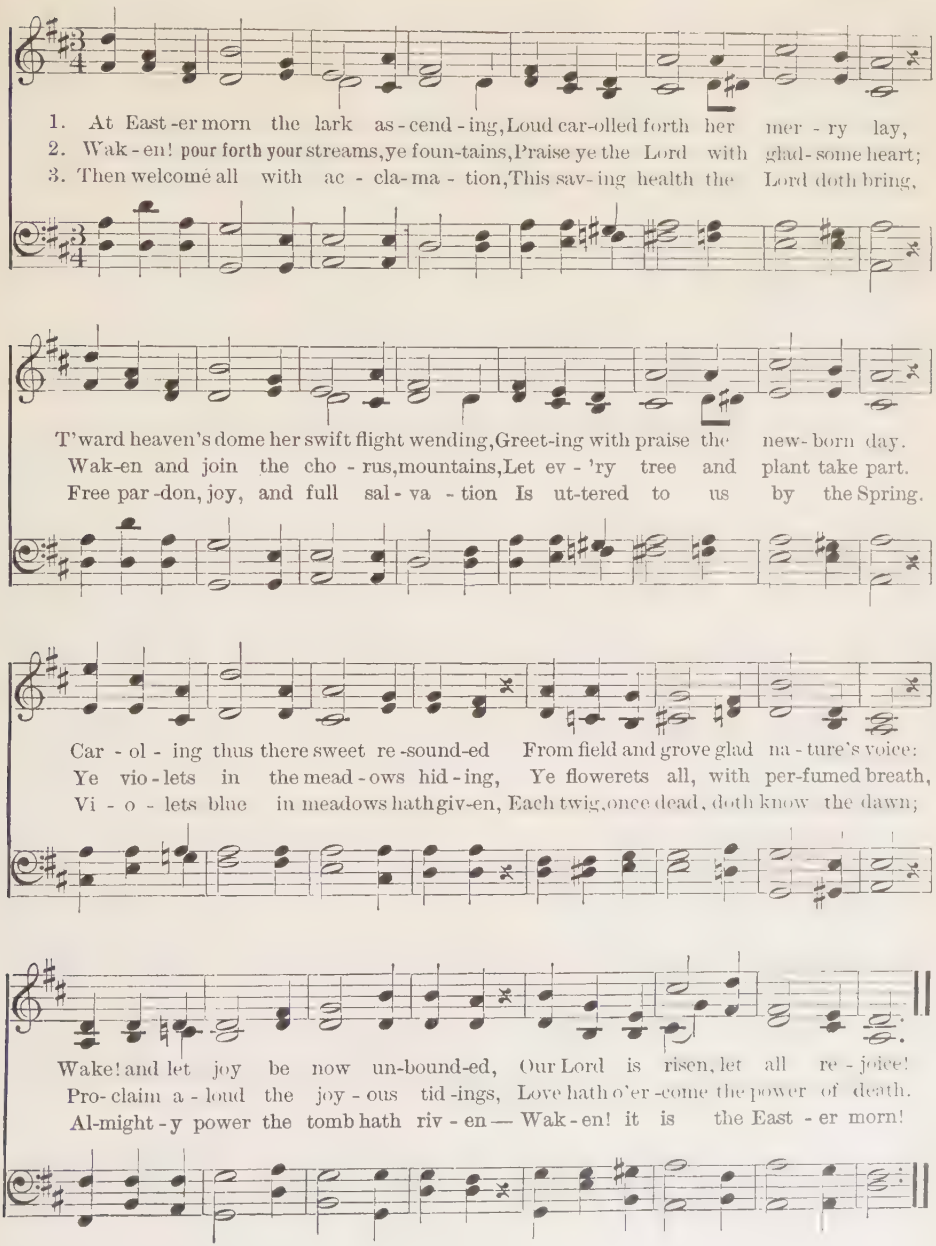
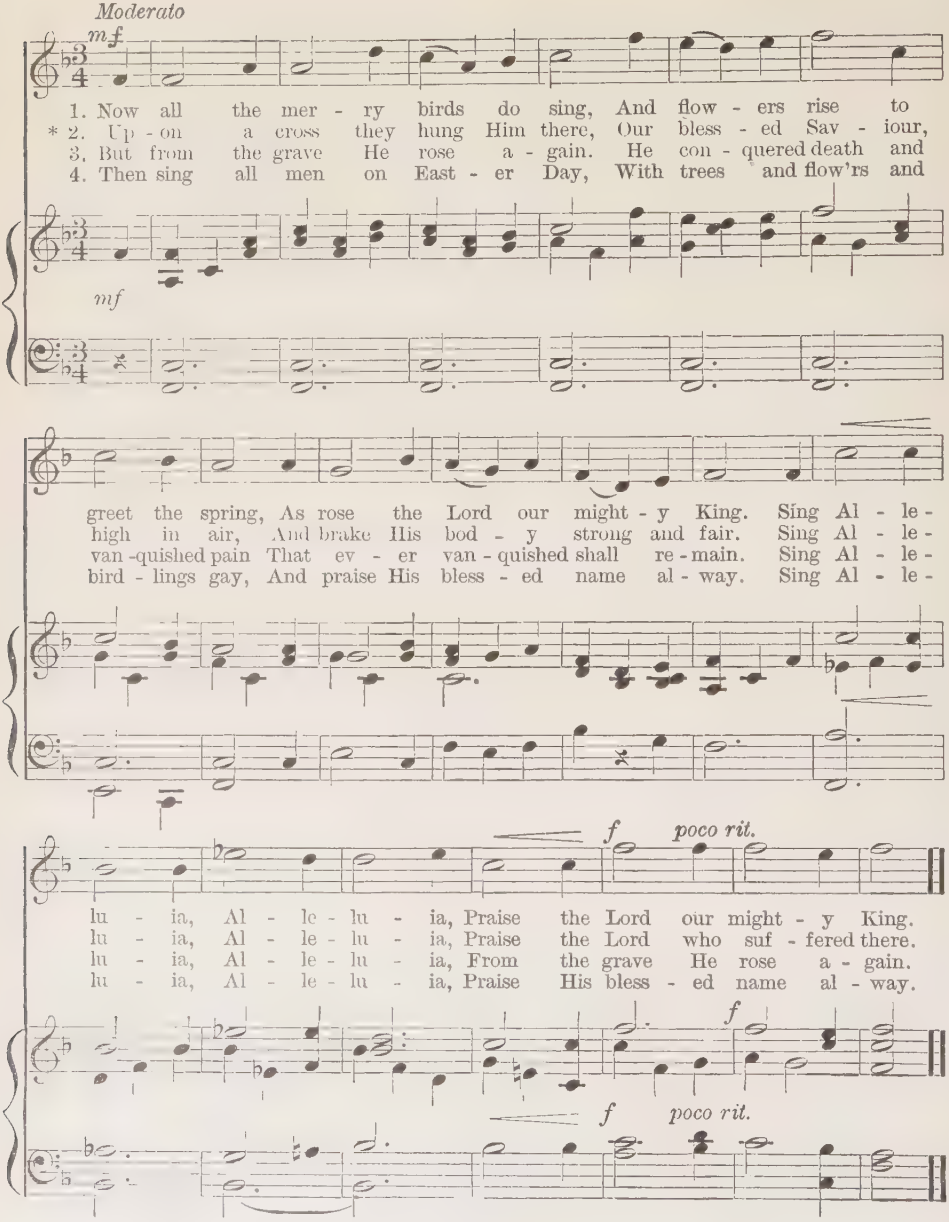
104 At Easter Morn the Lark Ascending

From Emanuel Geibel — J. H. Knecht

1. At East-er morn the lark as-cend-ing, Loud car-olled forth her mer-ry lay,
2. Wak-en! pour forth your streams, ye foun-tains, Praise ye the Lord with glad-some heart;
3. Then welcomé all with ac-cla-ma-tion, This sav-ing health the Lord doth bring,
T'ward heaven's dome her swift flight wending, Greet-ing with praise the new-born day.
Wak-en and join the cho-rus, mountains, Let ev-'ry tree and plant take part.
Free par-don, joy, and full sal-va-tion Is ut-tered to us by the Spring.
Car-ol-ing thus there sweet re-sound-ed From field and grove glad na-ture's voice:
Ye vio-lets in the mead-ows hid-ing, Ye flowerets all, with per-fumed breath,
Vi-o-lets blue in meadows hath giv-en, Each twig, once dead, doth know the dawn;
Wake! and let joy be now un-bound-ed, Our Lord is risen, let all re-joice!
Pro-claim a-loud the joy-ous tid-ings, Love hath o'er-come the power of death.
Al-might-y power the tomb hath riv-en — Wak-en! it is the East-er morn!

105 Now All the Merry Birds do Sing

Old Carol

Moderato
mf
1. Now all the mer - ry birds do sing, And flow - ers rise to
* 2. Up - on a cross they hung Him there, Our bless - ed Sav - iour,
3. But from the grave He rose a - gain. He con - quered death and
4. Then sing all men on East - er Day, With trees and flow'rs and
mf
greet the spring, As rose the Lord our might - y King. Sing Al - le -
high in air, And brake His bod - y strong and fair. Sing Al - le -
van - quished pain That ev - er van - quished shall re - main. Sing Al - le -
bird - lings gay, And praise His bless - ed name al - way. Sing Al - le -
f poco rit.
lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Praise the Lord our might - y King.
lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Praise the Lord who suf - fered there.
lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, From the grave He rose a - gain.
lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Praise His bless - ed name al - way.
f
f poco rit.

* Second stanza may be sung more softly throughout

106 Snowdrop, Lift Your Timid Head

MARY HATHAWAY*

ELEANOR SMITH

Andantino

mp

1. Snow-drop, lift your tim-id head, All the earth is wak-ing; Field and for-est,
2. Lil-ies, lil-ies, East-er calls, Rise to meet its dawn-ing; Greet the bless-ed
3. Wa-ken, sleep-ing but-ter-flies, Burst your nar-row pris-on; Spread your gold-en

mp

p

brown and dead, In-to life are break-ing. Snow-drop, rise and
light that falls On the East-er morn-ing. Ring your bells and
wings and rise, For the Lord has ris-en. Spread your wings and

p

poco rit.

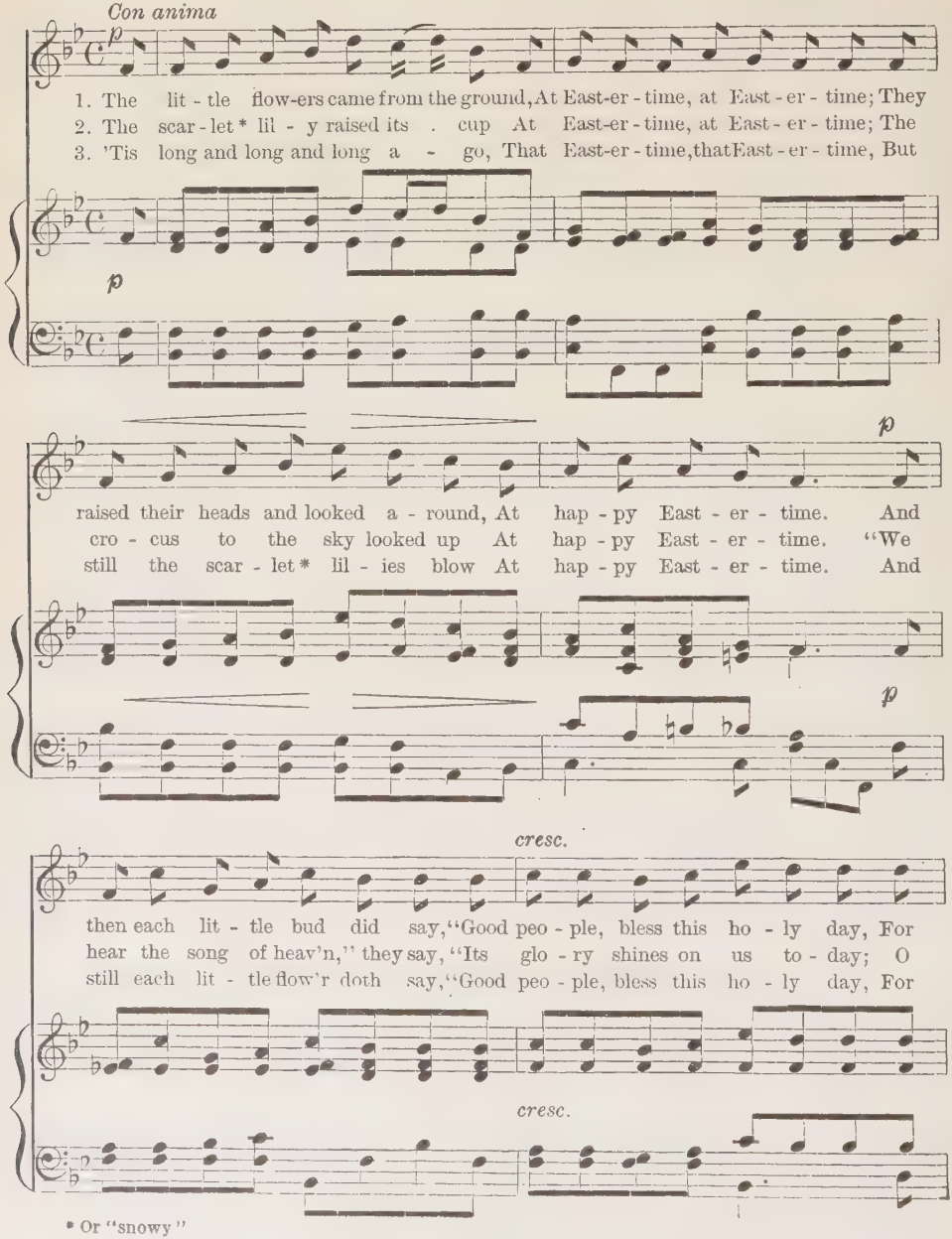
tell the sto-ry How He rose— the Lord of Glo-ry.
tell the sto-ry How He rose— the Lord of Glo-ry.
tell the sto-ry How He rose— the Lord of Glo-ry.

poco rit.

* Verses used by kind permission of NEW CHURCH MESSENGER

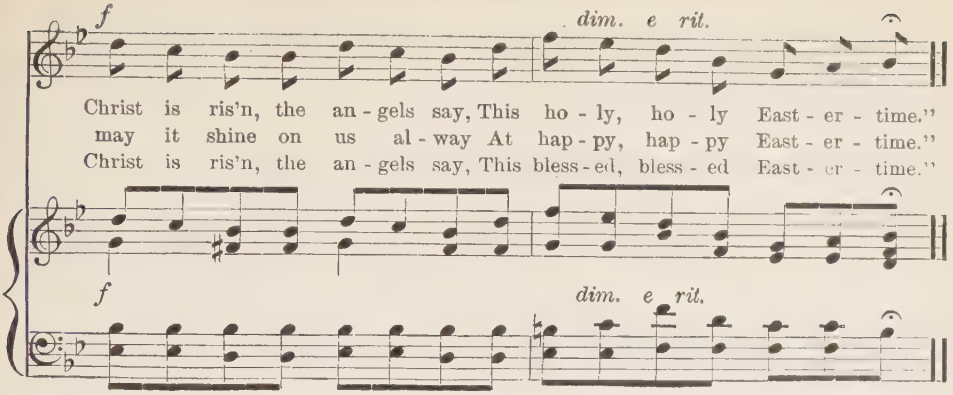
107 The Little Flowers Came from the Ground

LAURA E. RICHARDS ELEANOR SMITH

Con anima

p
1. The lit - tle flow-ers came from the ground, At East-er - time, at East - er - time; They
2. The scar - let* lil - y raised its . cup At East-er - time, at East - er - time; The
3. 'Tis long and long and long a - go, That East-er - time, that East - er - time, But
raised their heads and looked a - round, At hap - py East - er - time. And
cro - cus to the sky looked up At hap - py East - er - time. "We
still the scar - let* lil - ies blow At hap - py East - er - time. And
cresc.
then each lit - tle bud did say, "Good peo - ple, bless this ho - ly day, For
hear the song of heav'n," they say, "Its glo - ry shines on us to - day; O
still each lit - tle flow'r doth say, "Good peo - ple, bless this ho - ly day, For
cresc.

* Or "snowy"

The Little Flowers Came from the Ground

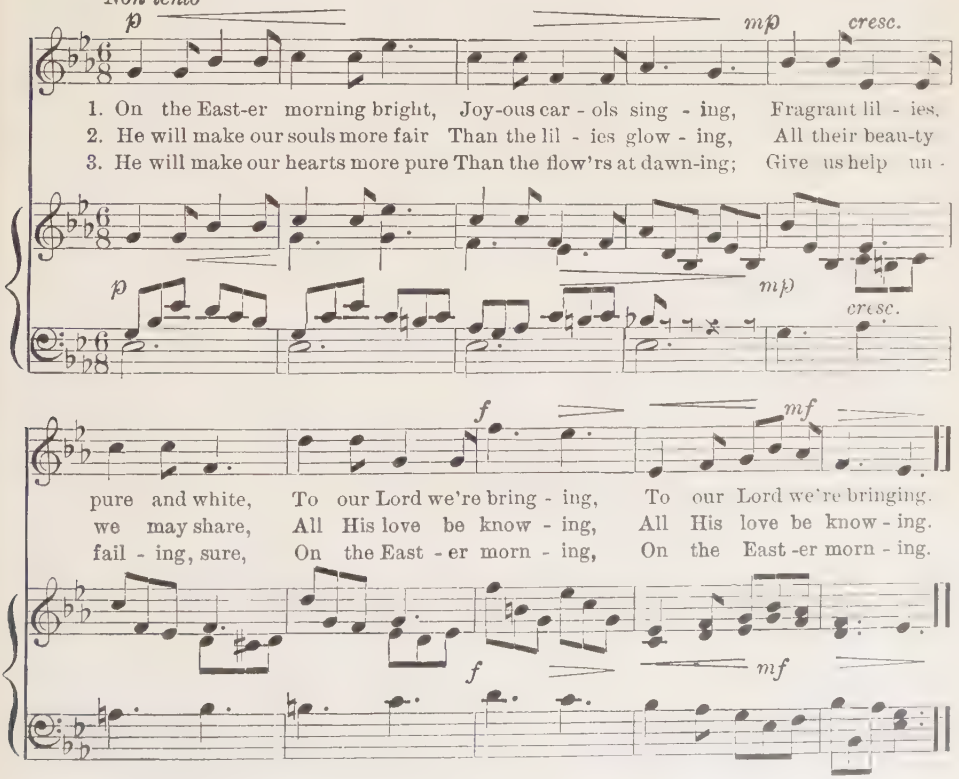

f
dim. e rit.
Christ is ris'n, the an - gels say, This ho - ly, ho - ly East - er - time."
may it shine on us al - way At hap - py, hap - py East - er - time."
Christ is ris'n, the an - gels say, This bless - ed, bless - ed East - er - time."
f
dim. e rit.

108 Easter Lilies

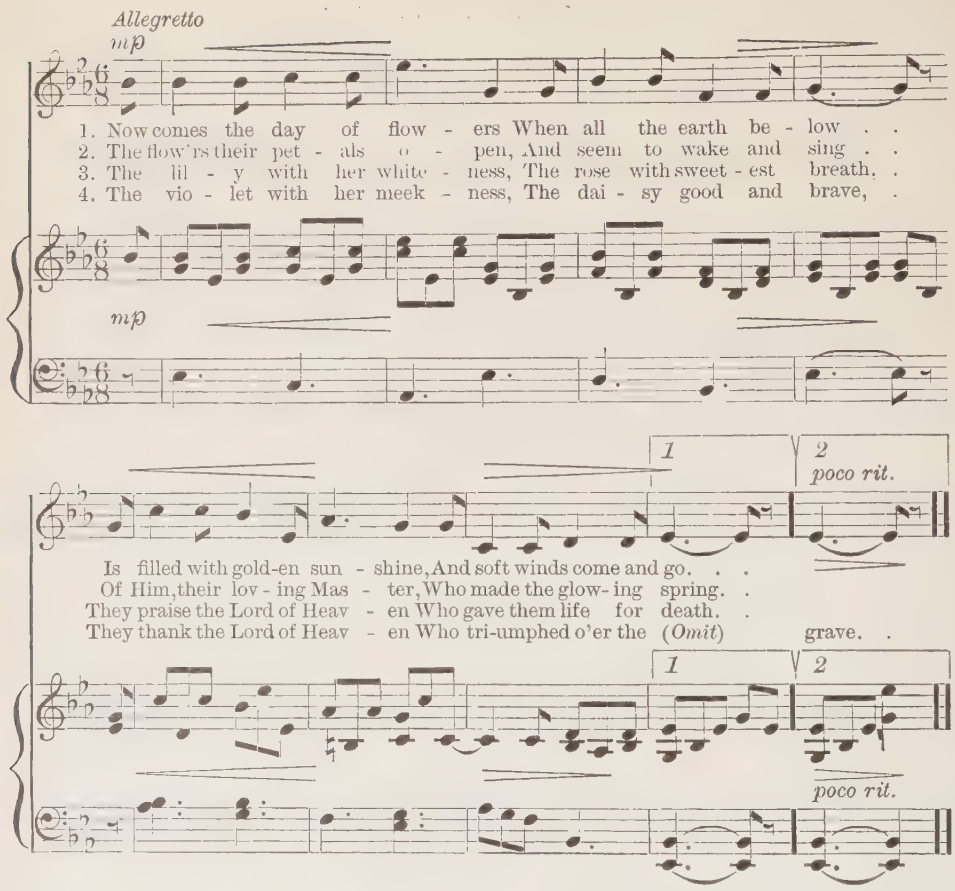
George Desmond

Eleanor Smith

Non lento

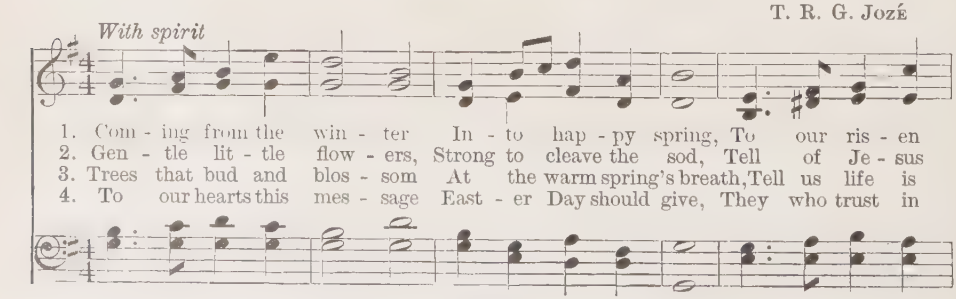

p
mp
cresc.
1. On the East-er morning bright, Joy-ous car - ols sing - ing, Fragrant lil - ies,
2. He will make our souls more fair Than the lil - ies glow - ing, All their beau-ty
3. He will make our hearts more pure Than the flow'rs at dawn-ing; Give us help un -
p
mp
cresc.
f
mf
pure and white, To our Lord we're bring - ing, To our Lord we're bringing.
we may share, All His love be know - ing, All His love be know - ing.
fail - ing, sure, On the East - er morn - ing, On the East - er morn - ing.
f
mf

109 The Day of Flowers

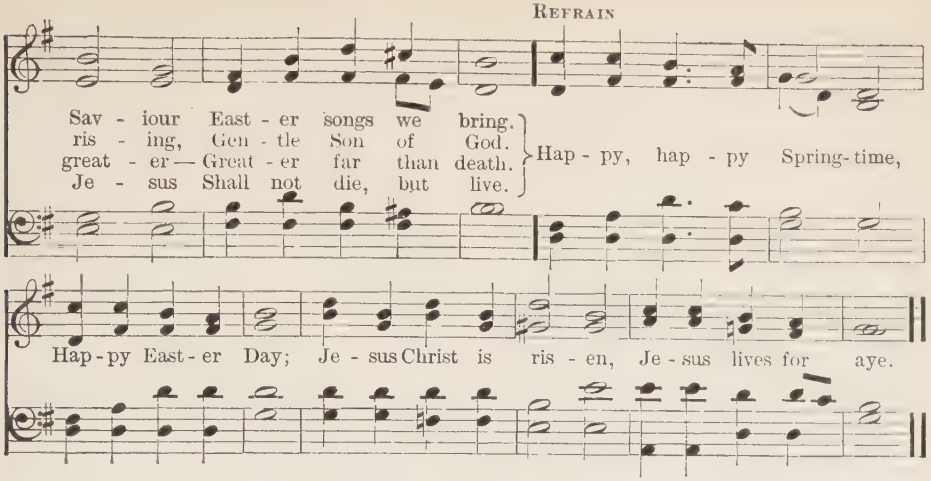
T. A. Shore — Eleanor Smith

Allegretto
mp
1. Now comes the day of flow - ers When all the earth be - low . .
2. The flow'rs their pet - als o - pen, And seem to wake and sing . .
3. The lil - y with her white - ness, The rose with sweet - est breath, .
4. The vio - let with her meek - ness, The dai - sy good and brave, .
mp
1
2
poco rit.
Is filled with gold-en sun - shine, And soft winds come and go. . .
Of Him, their lov - ing Mas - ter, Who made the glow - ing spring. .
They praise the Lord of Heav - en Who gave them life for death. .
They thank the Lord of Heav - en Who tri-umphed o'er the (Omit) grave. .
1
2
poco rit.

110 Coming from the Winter

T. R. G. Jozé


With spirit
1. Com - ing from the win - ter In - to hap - py spring, To our ris - en
2. Gen - tle lit - tle flow - ers, Strong to cleave the sod, Tell of Je - sus
3. Trees that bud and blos - som At the warm spring's breath, Tell us life is
4. To our hearts this mes - sage East - er Day should give, They who trust in

Coming from the Winter

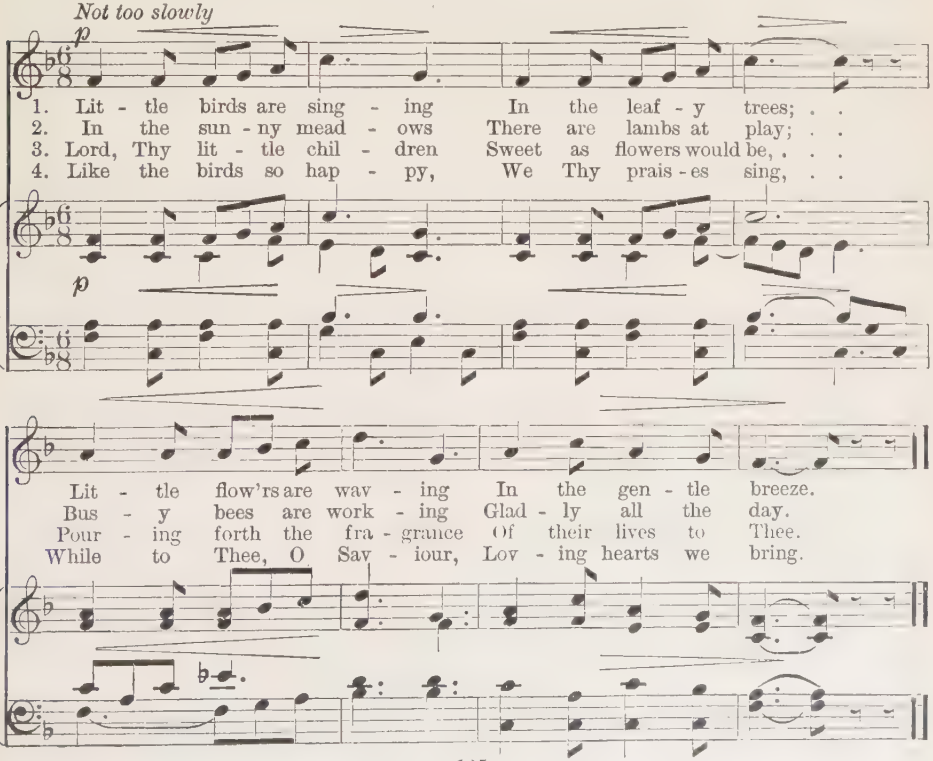
REFRAIN

Sav - iour East - er songs we bring.
ris - ing, Gen - tle Son of God.
great - er — Great - er far than death.
Je - sus Shall not die, but live.
Hap - py, hap - py Spring-time,
Hap - py East - er Day; Je - sus Christ is ris - en, Je - sus lives for aye.

111 Little Birds are Singing

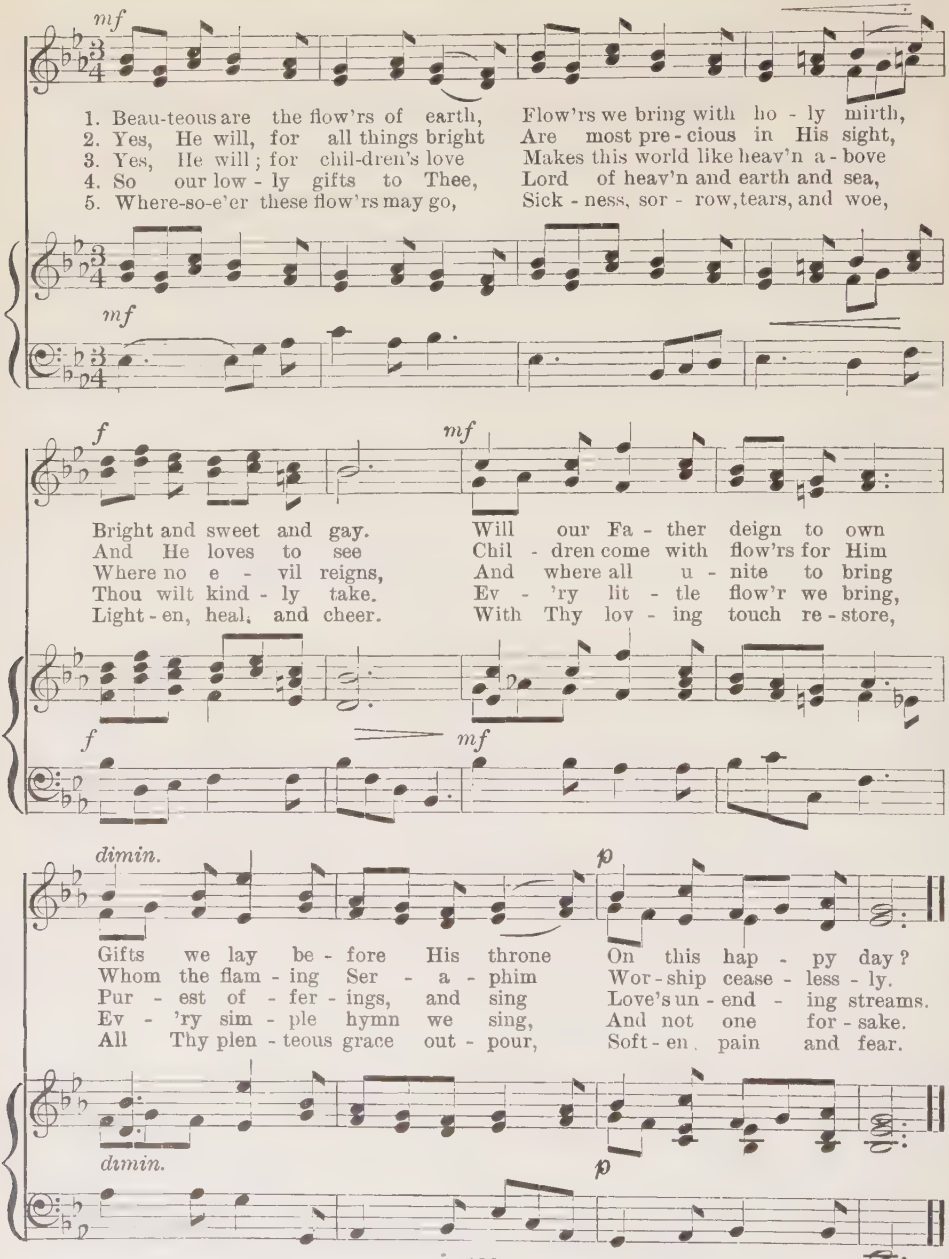
M. E. J. APPLEBY

Not too slowly

C. L. NAYLOR


p
1. Lit - tle birds are sing - ing In the leaf - y trees; . .
2. In the sun - ny mead - ows There are lambs at play; . .
3. Lord, Thy lit - tle chil - dren Sweet as flowers would be, . . .
4. Like the birds so hap - py, We Thy prais - es sing, . .
p
Lit - tle flow'rs are wav - ing In the gen - tle breeze.
Bus - y bees are work - ing Glad - ly all the day.
Pour - ing forth the fra - grance Of their lives to Thee.
While to Thee, O Sav - iour, Lov - ing hearts we bring.

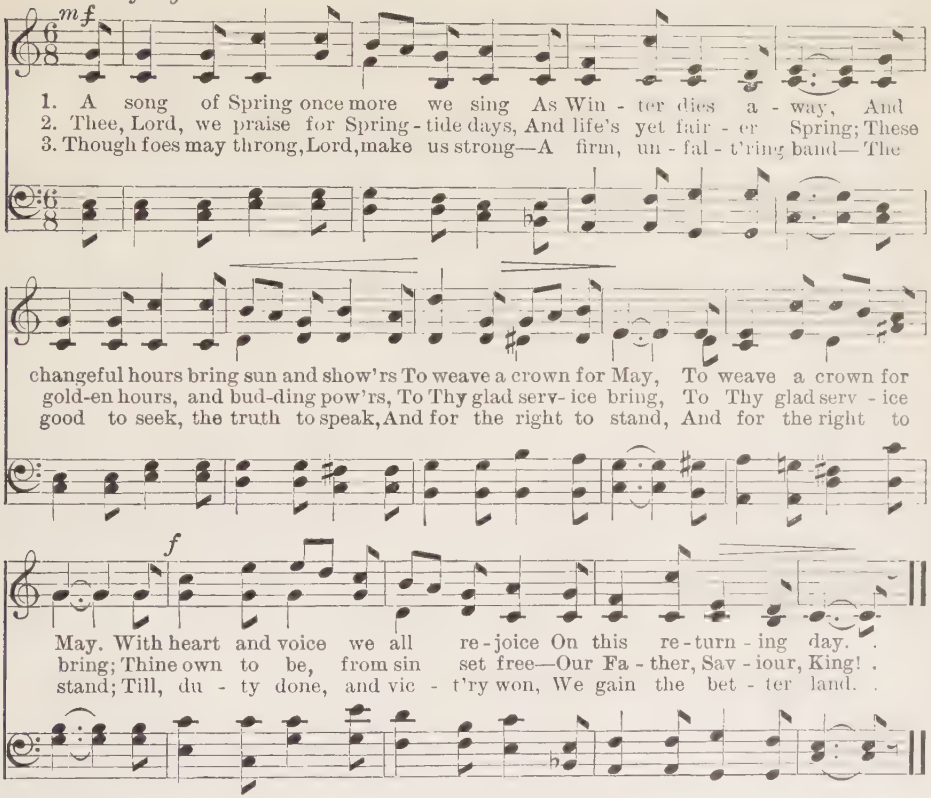
112 Beauteous are the Flowers

W. C. Dix — John Stainer

mf
1. Beau-teous are the flow'rs of earth, Flow'rs we bring with ho - ly mirth,
2. Yes, He will, for all things bright Are most pre - cious in His sight,
3. Yes, He will; for chil-dren's love Makes this world like heav'n a - bove
4. So our low - ly gifts to Thee, Lord of heav'n and earth and sea,
5. Where-so-e'er these flow'rs may go, Sick - ness, sor - row, tears, and woe,
mf
f
mf
Bright and sweet and gay. Will our Fa - ther deign to own
And He loves to see Chil - dren come with flow'rs for Him
Where no e - vil reigns, And where all u - nite to bring
Thou wilt kind - ly take. Ev - 'ry lit - tle flow'r we bring,
Light - en, heal, and cheer. With Thy lov - ing touch re - store,
f
mf
dimin.
p
Gifts we lay be - fore His throne On this hap - py day?
Whom the flam - ing Ser - a - phim Wor - ship cease - less - ly.
Pur - est of - fer - ings, and sing Love's un - end - ing streams.
Ev - 'ry sim - ple hymn we sing, And not one for - sake.
All Thy plen - teous grace out - pour, Soft - en pain and fear.
dimin.
p

113 A Song of Spring Once More We Sing

W. H. Groser
Cheerfully

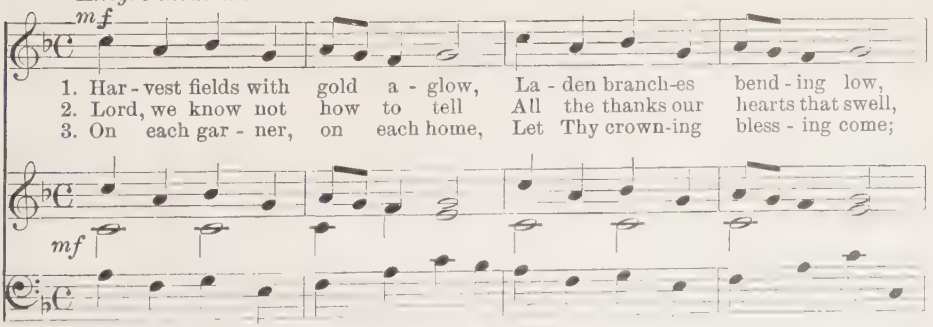
Josiah Booth


mf
1. A song of Spring once more we sing As Win - ter dies a - way, And
2. Thee, Lord, we praise for Spring - tide days, And life's yet fair - er Spring; These
3. Though foes may throng, Lord, make us strong—A firm, un - fal - t'ring band—The
changeful hours bring sun and show'rs To weave a crown for May, To weave a crown for
gold-en hours, and bud-ding pow'rs, To Thy glad serv - ice bring, To Thy glad serv - ice
good to seek, the truth to speak, And for the right to stand, And for the right to
f
May. With heart and voice we all re - joice On this re - turn - ing day.
bring; Thine own to be, from sin set free—Our Fa - ther, Sav - iour, King!
stand; Till, du - ty done, and vic - t'ry won, We gain the bet - ter land.

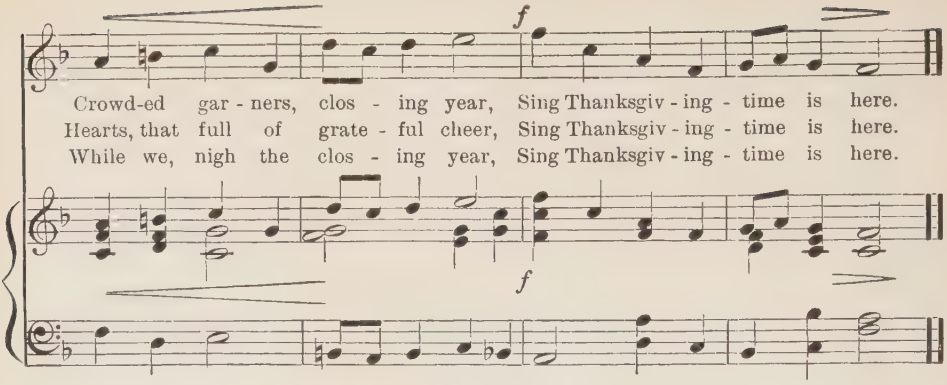
114 Thanksgiving Hymn

Anon.
Allegro moderato

Anna Bancroft


mf
1. Har - vest fields with gold a - glow, La - den branch-es bend - ing low,
2. Lord, we know not how to tell All the thanks our hearts that swell,
3. On each gar - ner, on each home, Let Thy crown-ing bless - ing come;
mf

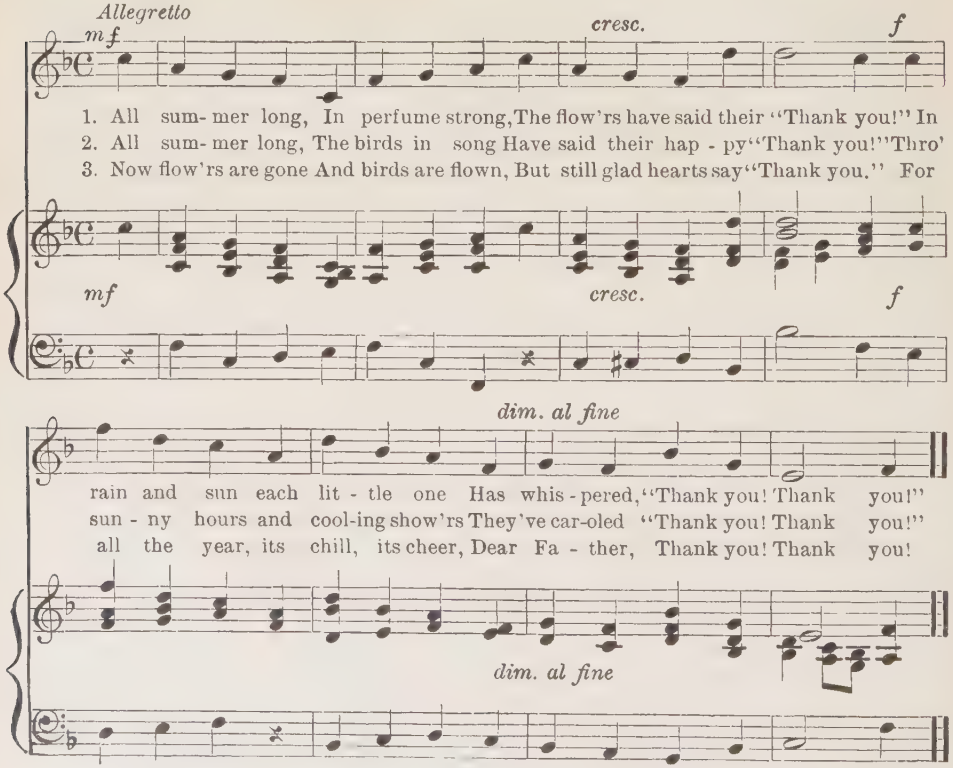
Thanksgiving Hymn


f
Crowd-ed gar - ners, clos - ing year, Sing Thanksgiv - ing - time is here.
Hearts, that full of grate - ful cheer, Sing Thanksgiv - ing - time is here.
While we, nigh the clos - ing year, Sing Thanksgiv - ing - time is here.
f

115 All Summer Long

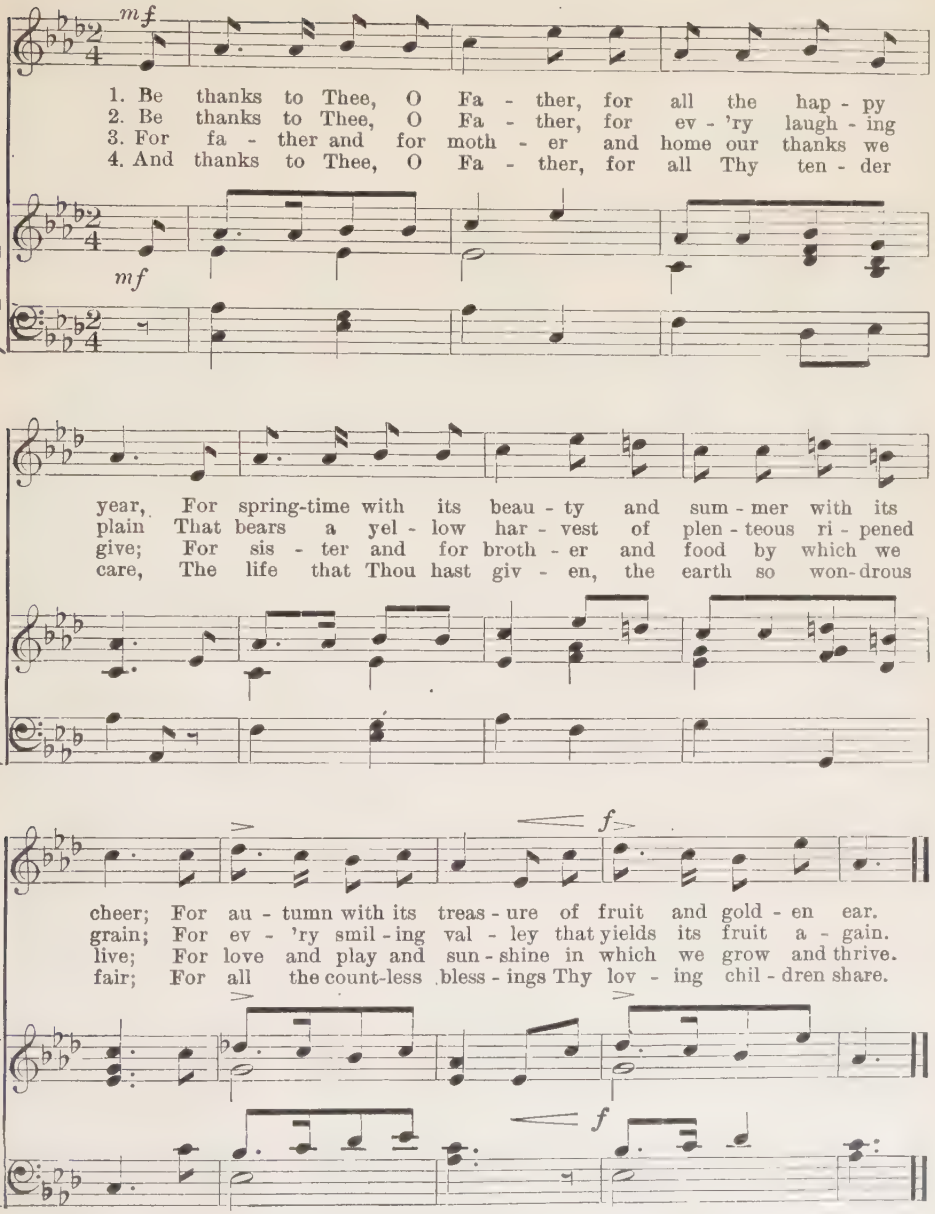
A. W. Wray — Eleanor Smith

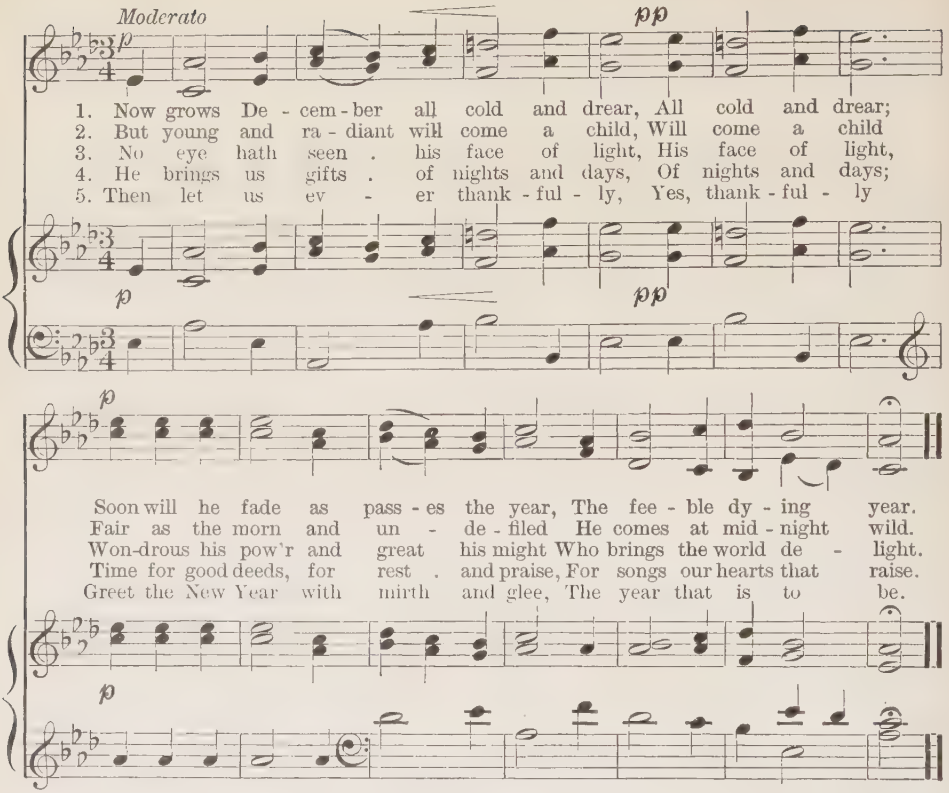
Allegretto


mf
cresc.
f
1. All sum- mer long, In perfume strong, The flow'rs have said their "Thank you!" In
2. All sum- mer long, The birds in song Have said their hap - py "Thank you!" Thro'
3. Now flow'rs are gone And birds are flown, But still glad hearts say "Thank you." For
mf
cresc.
f
dim. al fine
rain and sun each lit - tle one Has whis - pered, "Thank you! Thank you!"
sun - ny hours and cool-ing show'rs They've car-oled "Thank you! Thank you!"
all the year, its chill, its cheer, Dear Fa - ther, Thank you! Thank you!
dim. al fine

116 Be Thanks to Thee, O Father

MARY BLAKE
Con moto

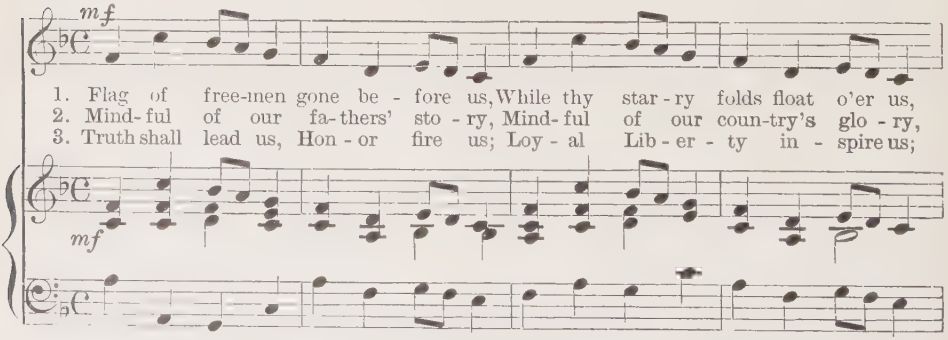
JOHN HEATHCOTE

mf
1. Be thanks to Thee, O Fa - ther, for all the hap - py
2. Be thanks to Thee, O Fa - ther, for ev - 'ry laugh - ing
3. For fa - ther and for moth - er and home our thanks we
4. And thanks to Thee, O Fa - ther, for all Thy ten - der
mf
year, For spring-time with its beau - ty and sum - mer with its
plain That bears a yel - low har - vest of plen - teous ri - pened
give; For sis - ter and for broth - er and food by which we
care, The life that Thou hast giv - en, the earth so won-drous
f
cheer; For au - tumn with its treas - ure of fruit and gold - en ear.
grain; For ev - 'ry smil - ing val - ley that yields its fruit a - gain.
live; For love and play and sun - shine in which we grow and thrive.
fair; For all the count-less bless - ings Thy lov - ing chil - dren share.
f

117 Song for the New Year

Moderato
p
pp
1. Now grows De - cem - ber all cold and drear, All cold and drear;
2. But young and ra - diant will come a child, Will come a child
3. No eye hath seen . his face of light, His face of light,
4. He brings us gifts . of nights and days, Of nights and days;
5. Then let us ev - er thank - ful - ly, Yes, thank - ful - ly
p
pp
p
Soon will he fade as pass - es the year, The fee - ble dy - ing year.
Fair as the morn and un - de - filed He comes at mid - night wild.
Won-drous his pow'r and great his might Who brings the world de - light.
Time for good deeds, for rest . and praise, For songs our hearts that raise.
Greet the New Year with mirth and glee, The year that is to be.
p

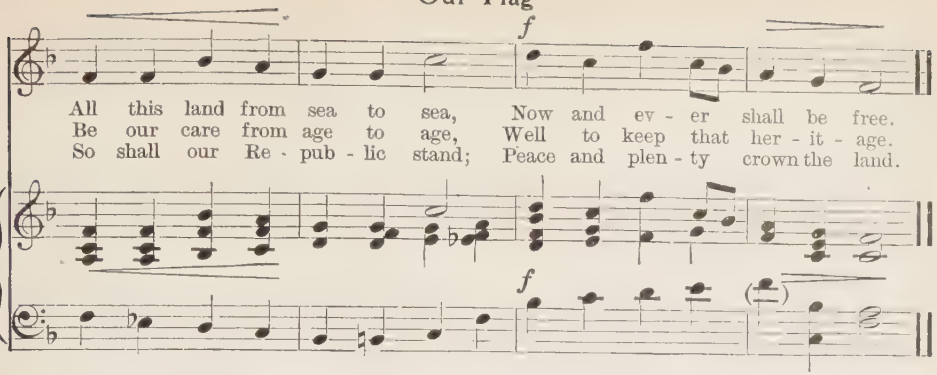
118 Our Flag

MARY SLADE

ELEANOR SMITH


Con moto
mf
1. Flag of free-men gone be - fore us, While thy star - ry folds float o'er us,
2. Mind-ful of our fa-thers' sto - ry, Mind-ful of our coun-try's glo - ry,
3. Truth shall lead us, Hon - or fire us; Loy - al Lib - er - ty in - spire us;
mf

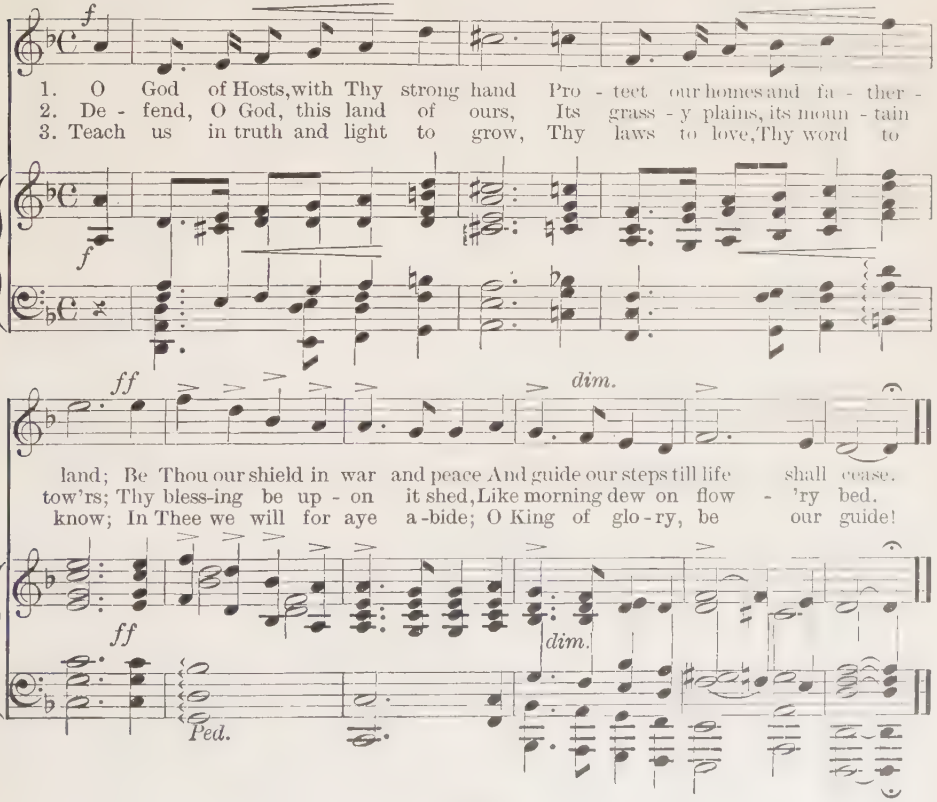
Our Flag


f
All this land from sea to sea, Now and ev - er shall be free.
Be our care from age to age, Well to keep that her - it - age.
So shall our Re - pub - lic stand; Peace and plen - ty crown the land.
f

119 Fatherland's Psalm

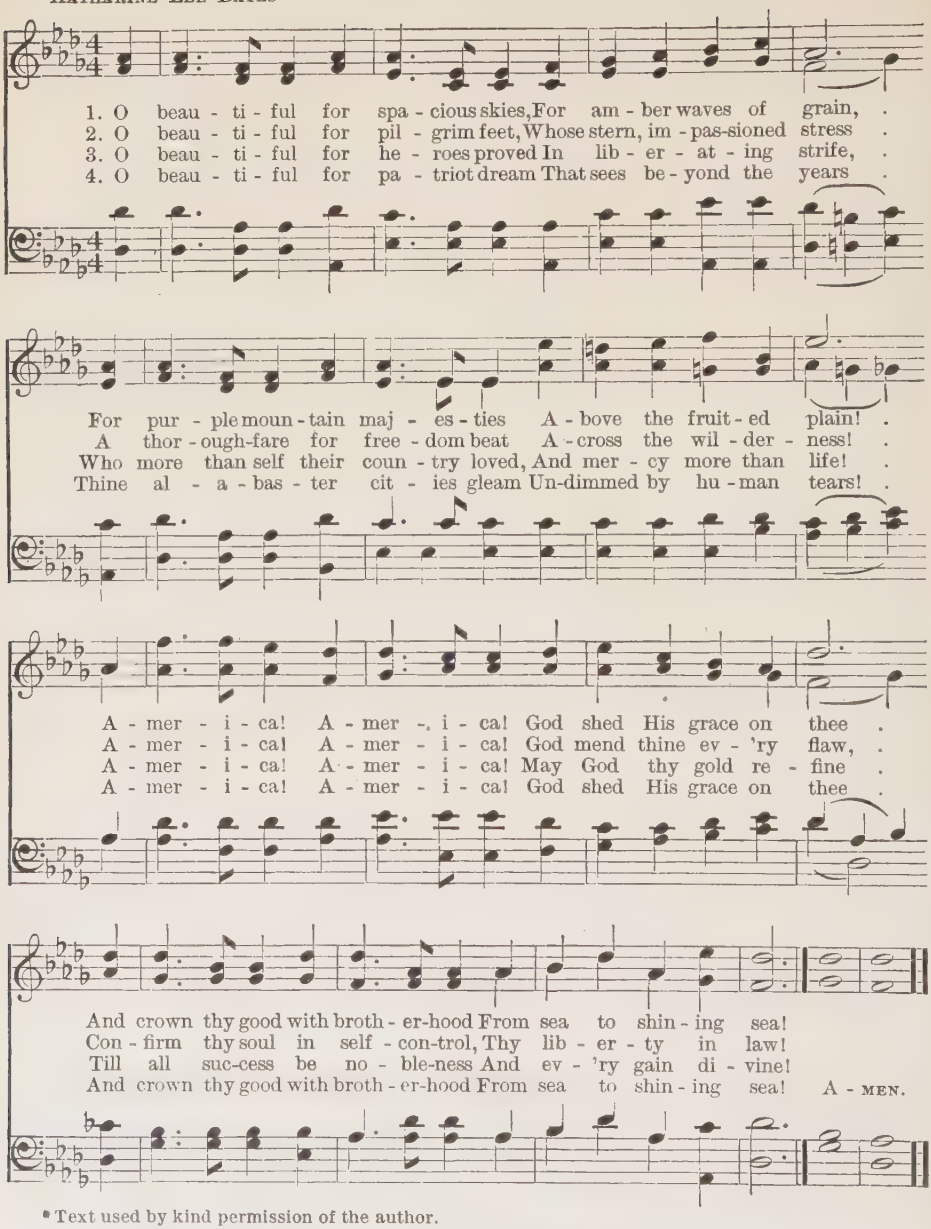
NORDAHL ROLFSEN

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG

Maestoso

f
1. O God of Hosts, with Thy strong hand Pro - tect our homes and fa - ther -
2. De - fend, O God, this land of ours, Its grass - y plains, its moun - tain
3. Teach us in truth and light to grow, Thy laws to love, Thy word to
f
ff
dim.
land; Be Thou our shield in war and peace And guide our steps till life shall cease.
tow'rs; Thy bless-ing be up - on it shed, Like morning dew on flow - 'ry bed.
know; In Thee we will for aye a-bide; O King of glo-ry, be our guide!
ff
dim.
Ped.

America the Beautiful

KATHARINE LEE BATES*

S. A. WARD

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years
For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu - man tears!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea! A - MEN.

* Text used by kind permission of the author.

From the Tucker Hymnal; used by kind permission of the editors.

121 When the Little Children Sleep

Anon.

CARL REINECKE

Andante

p

When the lit - tle chil - dren sleep, Lit - tle stars are wak - ing. An-gels bright from

mf *p* *ritard.*

Heaven come, And till morn is break-ing, They will watch the live-long night, By their beds till

p *ritard.*

mf

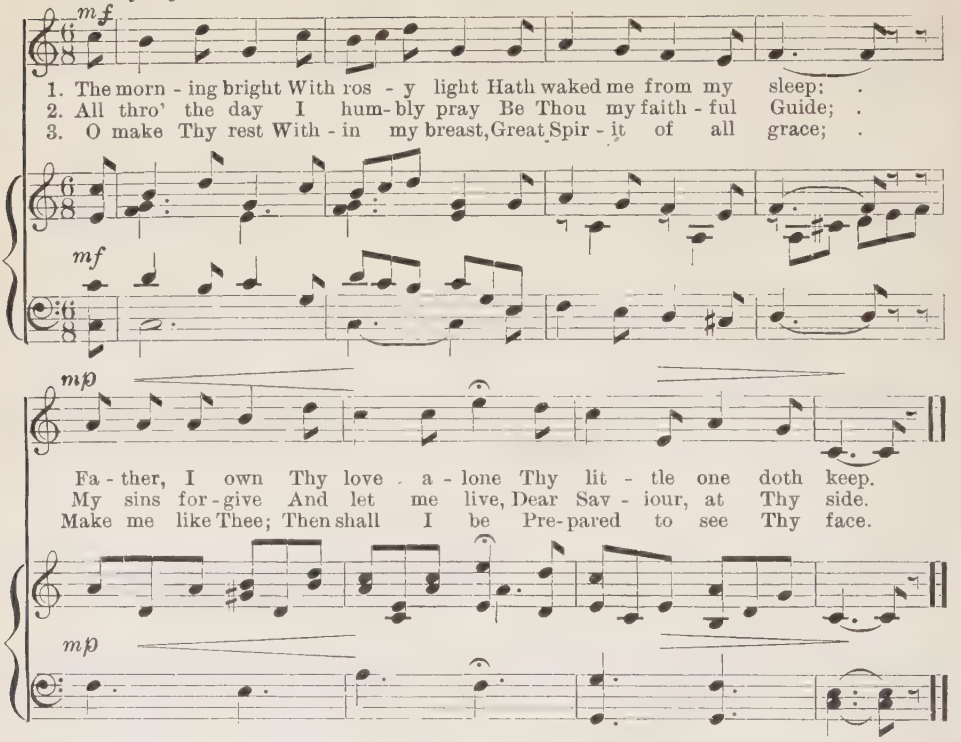
pp a tempo *poco a poco ritardando*

morn-ing light. When the lit - tle chil - dren sleep, stars and an - gels watch do keep.

pp a tempo *poco a poco rit.*

122 The Morning Bright

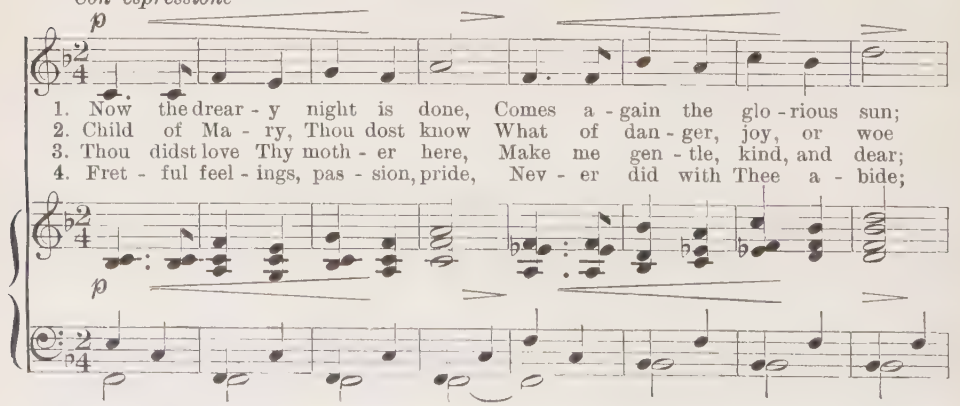
Rev. T. O. Summers — J. M. Courtney

Cheerfully

mf
1. The morn - ing bright With ros - y light Hath waked me from my sleep;
2. All thro' the day I hum - bly pray Be Thou my faith - ful Guide;
3. O make Thy rest With - in my breast, Great Spir - it of all grace;
mf
mp
Fa - ther, I own Thy love - a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.
My sins for - give And let me live, Dear Sav - iour, at Thy side.
Make me like Thee; Then shall I be Pre - pared to see Thy face.
mp

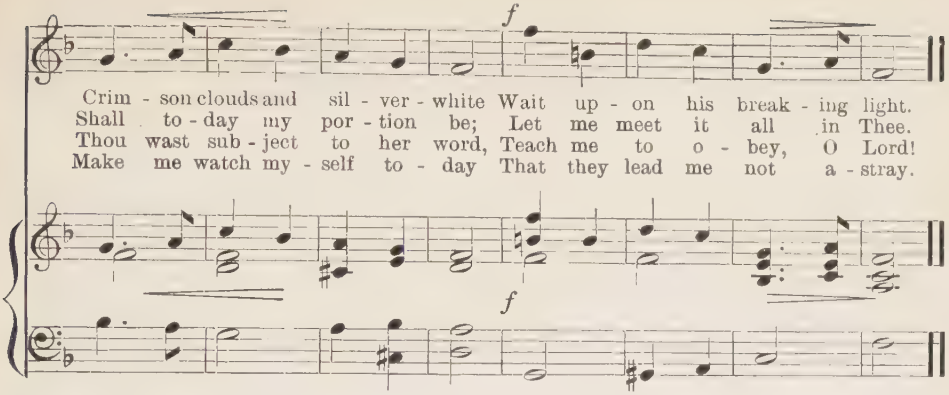
123 Now the Dreary Night is Gone

Anon. — John Martin

Con espressione

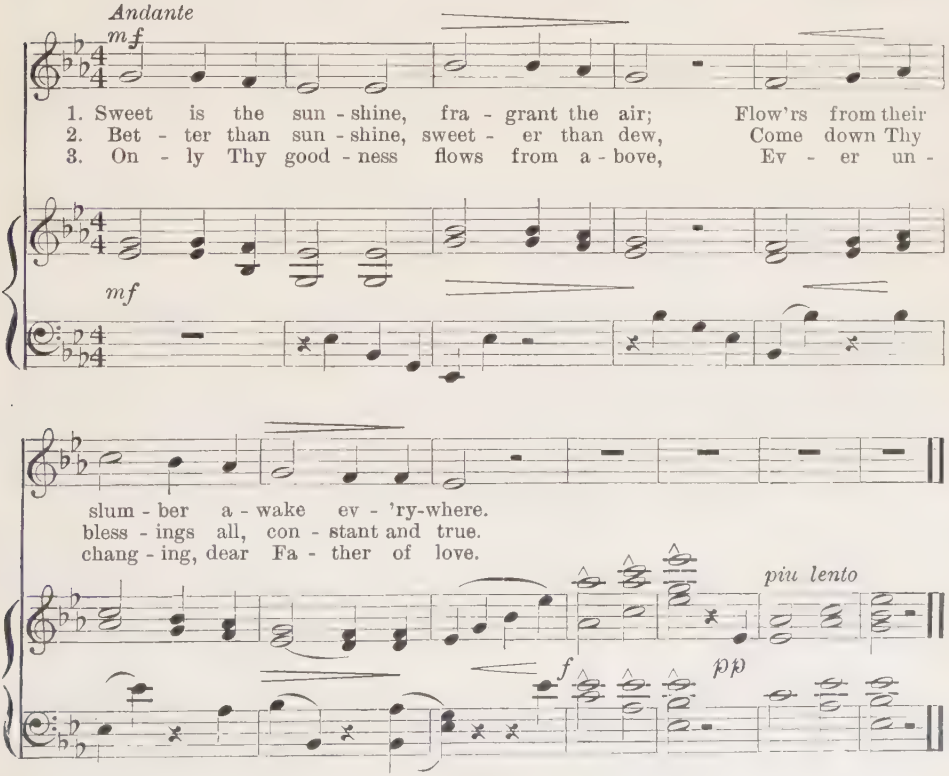

p
1. Now the drear - y night is done, Comes a - gain the glo - rious sun;
2. Child of Ma - ry, Thou dost know What of dan - ger, joy, or woe
3. Thou didst love Thy moth - er here, Make me gen - tle, kind, and dear;
4. Fret - ful feel - ings, pas - sion, pride, Nev - er did with Thee a - bide;
p

Now the Dreary Night is Gone


f
Crim - son clouds and sil - ver - white Wait up - on his break - ing light.
Shall to - day my por - tion be; Let me meet it all in Thee.
Thou wast sub - ject to her word, Teach me to o - bey, O Lord!
Make me watch my - self to - day That they lead me not a - stray.
f

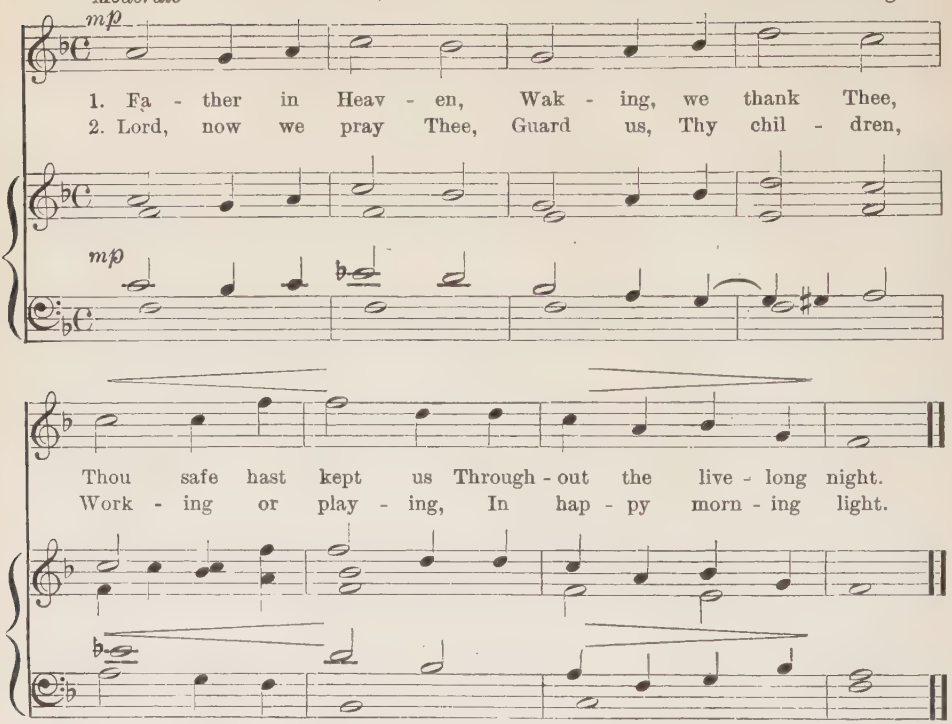
124 Morning Song

CARL WILHELM


Andante
mf
1. Sweet is the sun - shine, fra - grant the air; Flow'rs from their
2. Bet - ter than sun - shine, sweet - er than dew, Come down Thy
3. On - ly Thy good - ness flows from a - bove, Ev - er un -
mf
slum - ber a - wake ev - 'ry-where.
bless - ings all, con - stant and true.
chang - ing, dear Fa - ther of love.
piu lento
f
pp

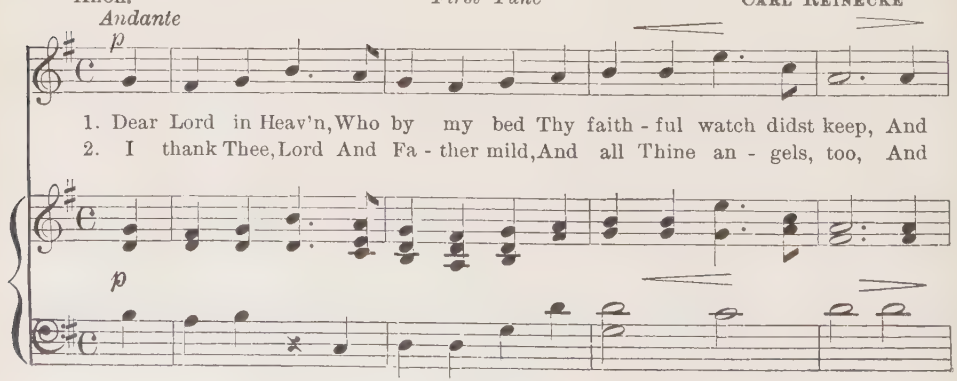
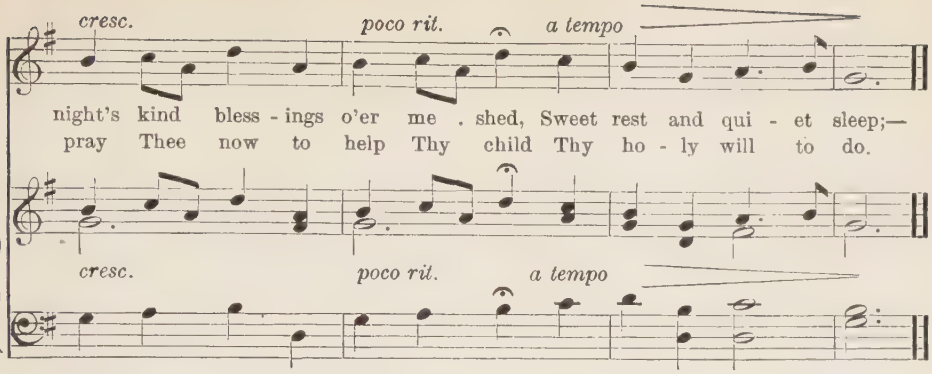
125 Morning Prayer

Moderato Folk Song


mp
1. Fa - ther in Heav - en, Wak - ing, we thank Thee,
2. Lord, now we pray Thee, Guard us, Thy chil - dren,
mp
Thou safe hast kept us Through - out the live - long night.
Work - ing or play - ing, In hap - py morn - ing light.

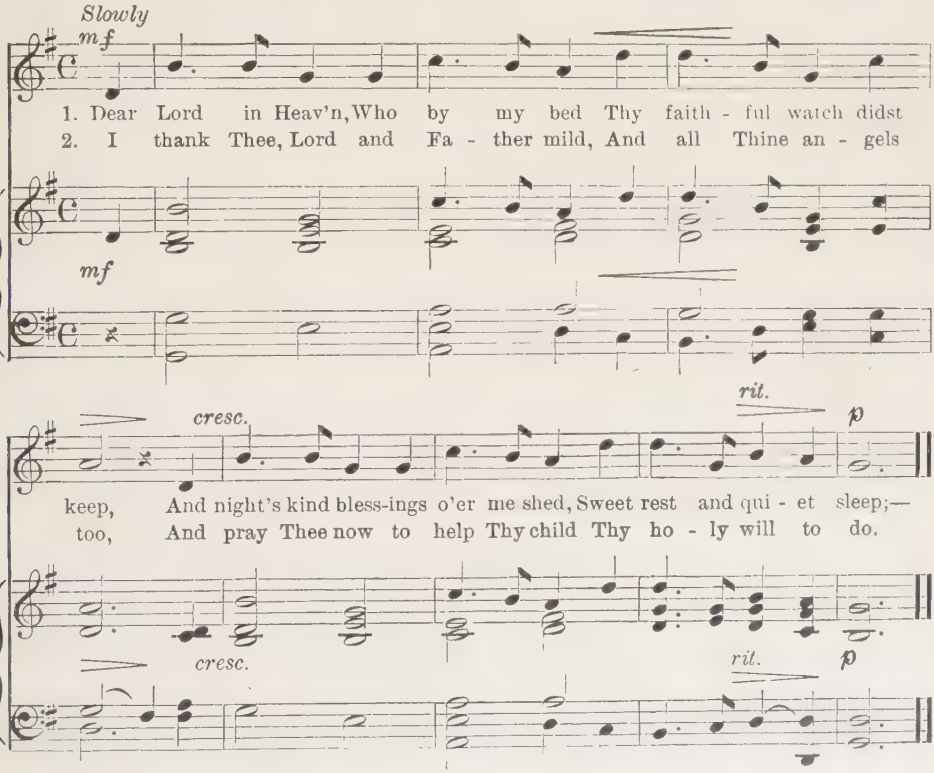
126 Dear Lord in Heaven

Anon. *First Tune* Carl Reinecke

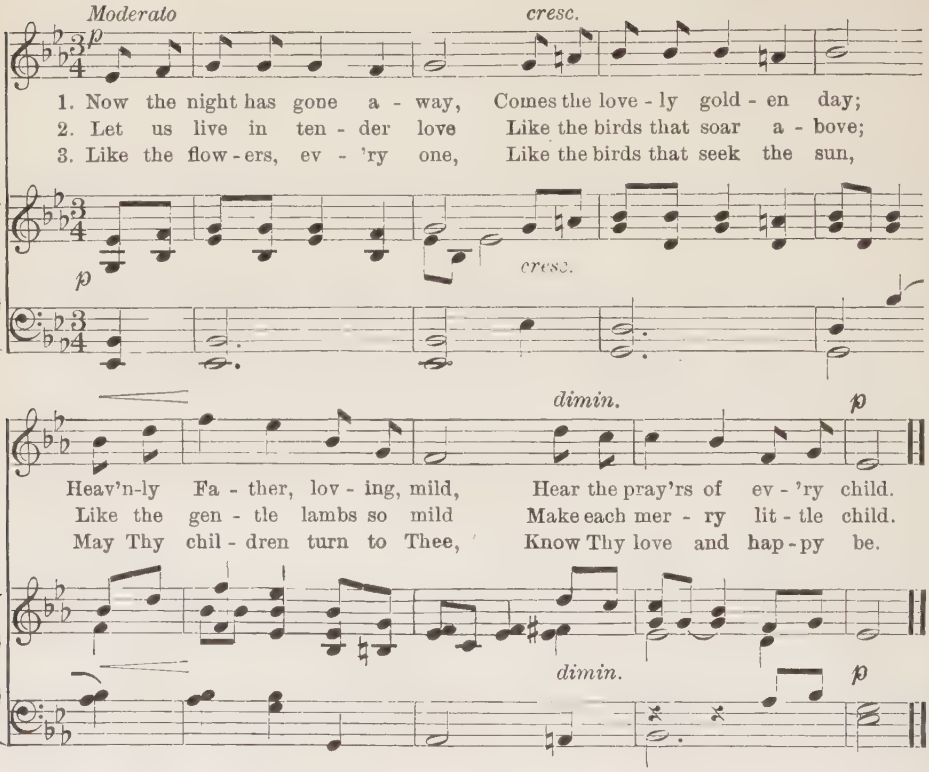

Andante
p
1. Dear Lord in Heav'n, Who by my bed Thy faith - ful watch didst keep, And
2. I thank Thee, Lord And Fa - ther mild, And all Thine an - gels, too, And
p

cresc.
poco rit.
a tempo
night's kind bless - ings o'er me . shed, Sweet rest and qui - et sleep;—
pray Thee now to help Thy child Thy ho - ly will to do.
cresc.
poco rit.
a tempo

127 Dear Lord in Heaven

Anon. *Second Tune* E. Kreuz

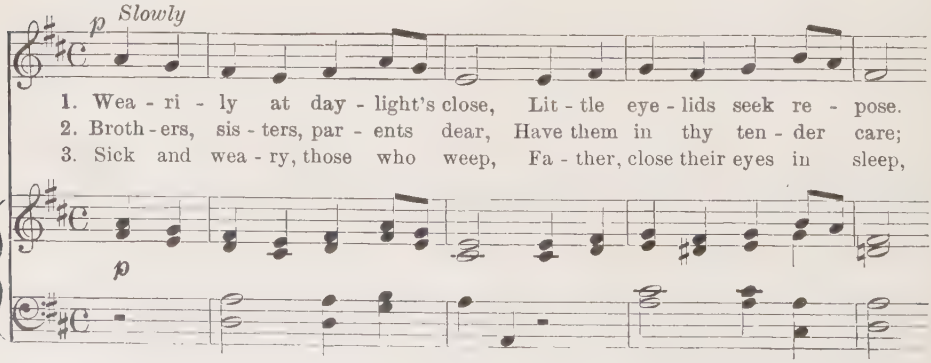

Slowly
mf
1. Dear Lord in Heav'n, Who by my bed Thy faith - ful watch didst
2. I thank Thee, Lord and Fa - ther mild, And all Thine an - gels
mf
cresc.
rit.
p
keep, And night's kind bless-ings o'er me shed, Sweet rest and qui - et sleep;—
too, And pray Thee now to help Thy child Thy ho - ly will to do.
cresc.
rit.
p

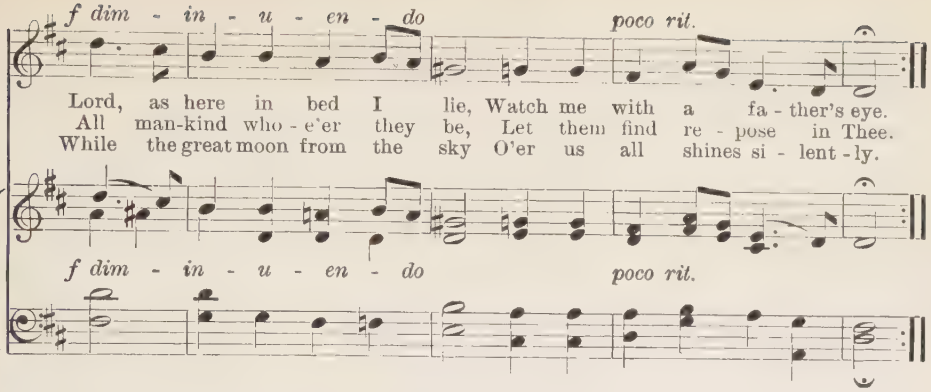
128 Now the Night has Gone Away

MARY BLAKE — ELEANOR SMITH

Moderato
p
cresc.
1. Now the night has gone a - way, Comes the love - ly gold - en day;
2. Let us live in ten - der love Like the birds that soar a - bove;
3. Like the flow - ers, ev - 'ry one, Like the birds that seek the sun,
p
cresc.
dimin.
p
Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, lov - ing, mild, Hear the pray'rs of ev - 'ry child.
Like the gen - tle lambs so mild Make each mer - ry lit - tle child.
May Thy chil - dren turn to Thee, Know Thy love and hap - py be.
dimin.
p

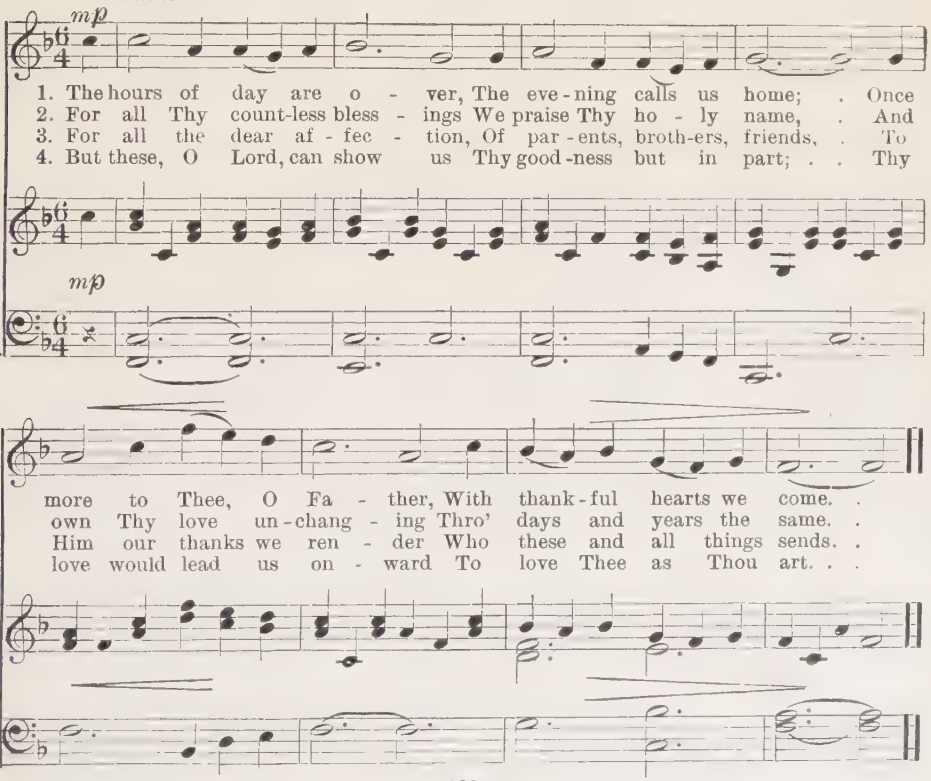
129 Evening Prayer

LUISE HENSEL — CARL REINECKE


p
Slowly
1. Wea - ri - ly at day - light's close, Lit - tle eye - lids seek re - pose.
2. Broth - ers, sis - ters, par - ents dear, Have them in thy ten - der care;
3. Sick and wea - ry, those who weep, Fa - ther, close their eyes in sleep,
p


f dim - in - u - en - do
poco rit.
Lord, as here in bed I lie, Watch me with a fa - ther's eye.
All man-kind who - e'er they be, Let them find re - pose in Thee.
While the great moon from the sky O'er us all shines si - lent - ly.
f dim - in - u - en - do
poco rit.

130 The Hours of Day are Over

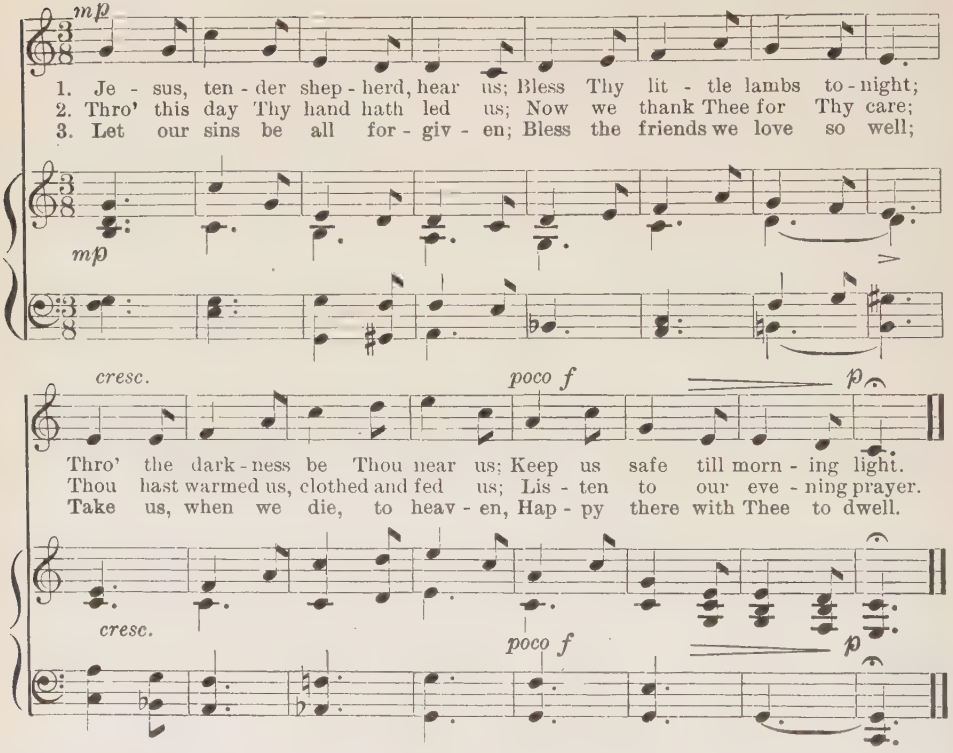
FRANCES HAVERGAL F. A. L. JACOB

Andantino
mp
1. The hours of day are o - ver, The eve - ning calls us home; . Once
2. For all Thy count-less bless - ings We praise Thy ho - ly name, . And
3. For all the dear af - fec - tion, Of par - ents, broth-ers, friends, . To
4. But these, O Lord, can show us Thy good-ness but in part; . . Thy
mp
more to Thee, O Fa - ther, With thank-ful hearts we come. .
own Thy love un-chang - ing Thro' days and years the same. .
Him our thanks we ren - der Who these and all things sends. .
love would lead us on - ward To love Thee as Thou art. . .

131 Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Us

MARY DUNCAN
Text adapted

E. KREUZ

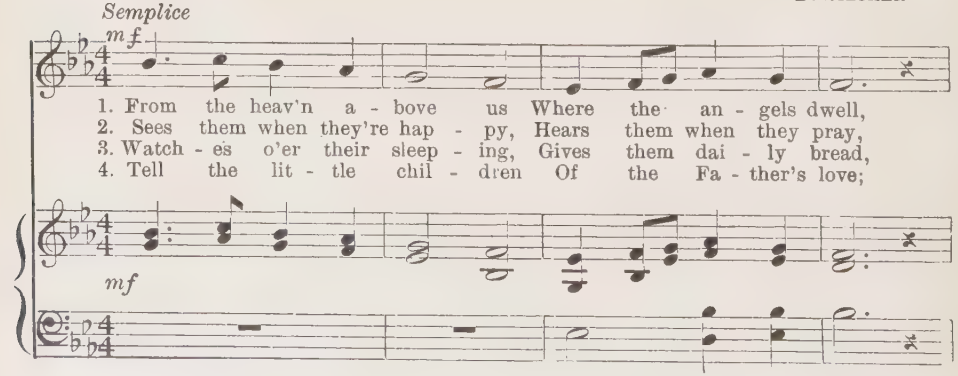
Moderato


mp
1. Je - sus, ten - der shep - herd, hear us; Bless Thy lit - tle lambs to - night;
2. Thro' this day Thy hand hath led us; Now we thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let our sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends we love so well;
mp
cresc.
poco f
p
Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near us; Keep us safe till morn - ing light.
Thou hast warmed us, clothed and fed us; Lis - ten to our eve - ning prayer.
Take us, when we die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.
cresc.
poco f
p

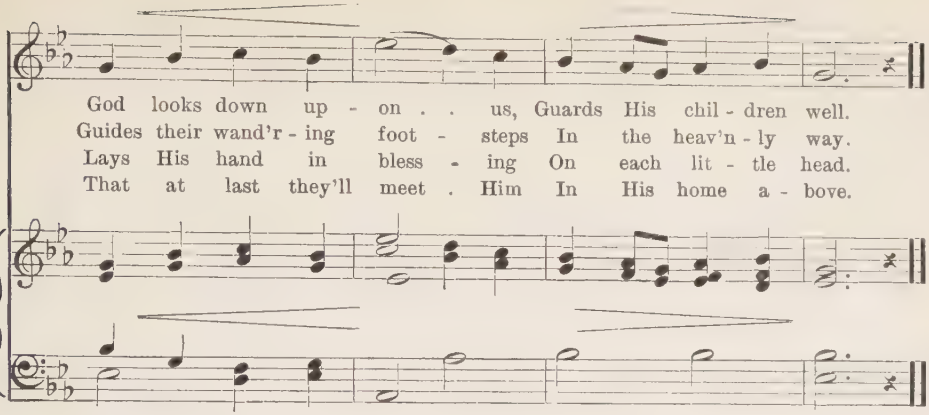
132 From the Heaven Above Us

F. SILCHER

Semplice


mf
1. From the heav'n a - bove us Where the an - gels dwell,
2. Sees them when they're hap - py, Hears them when they pray,
3. Watch - es o'er their sleep - ing, Gives them dai - ly bread,
4. Tell the lit - tle chil - dren Of the Fa - ther's love;
mf

From the Heavens Above Us

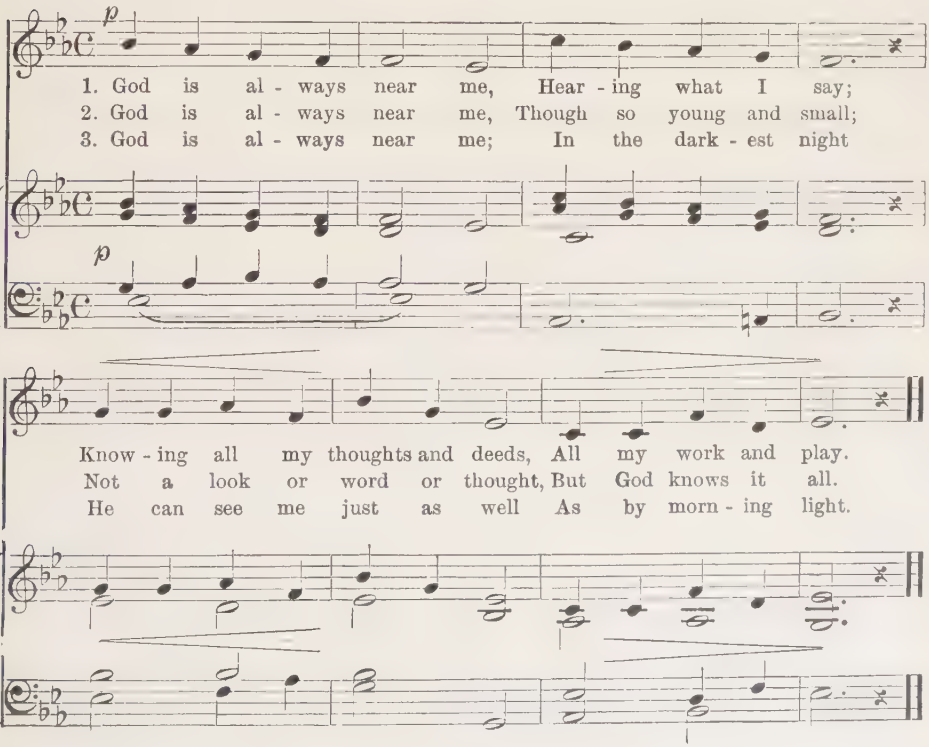

God looks down up - on . . us, Guards His chil - dren well.
Guides their wand'r - ing foot - steps In the heav'n - ly way.
Lays His hand in bless - ing On each lit - tle head.
That at last they'll meet . Him In His home a - bove.

133 God is Always Near Me

CHARLES WESLEY

ELEANOR SMITH

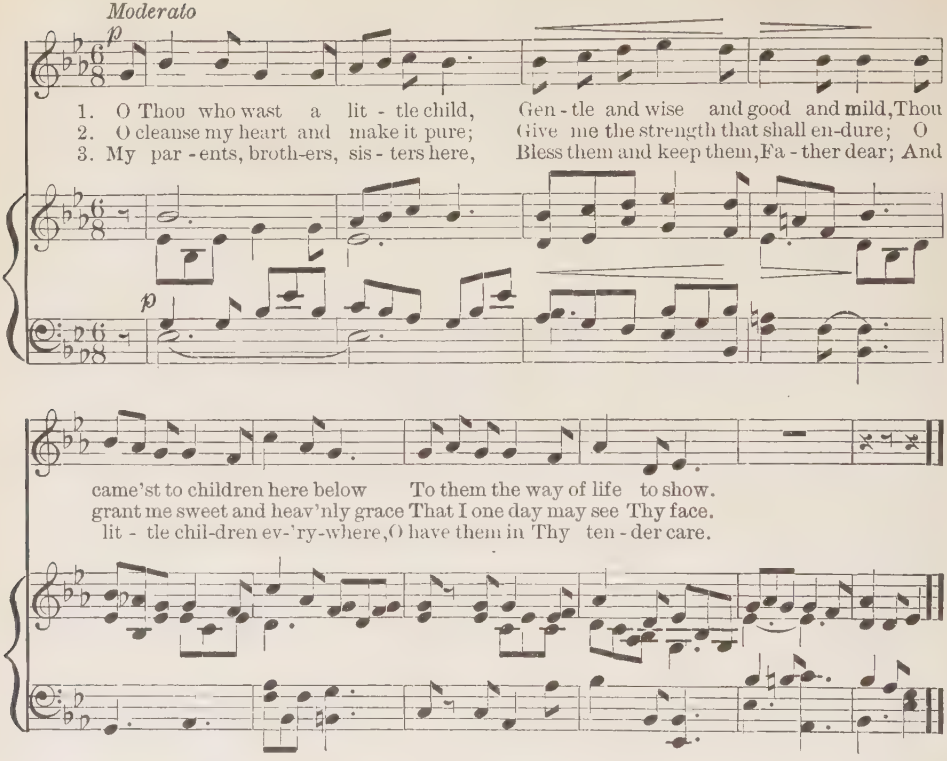
Andante


p
1. God is al - ways near me, Hear - ing what I say;
2. God is al - ways near me, Though so young and small;
3. God is al - ways near me; In the dark - est night
p
Know - ing all my thoughts and deeds, All my work and play.
Not a look or word or thought, But God knows it all.
He can see me just as well As by morn - ing light.

134 O Thou Who Wast a Little Child

Adapted — E. Kruse

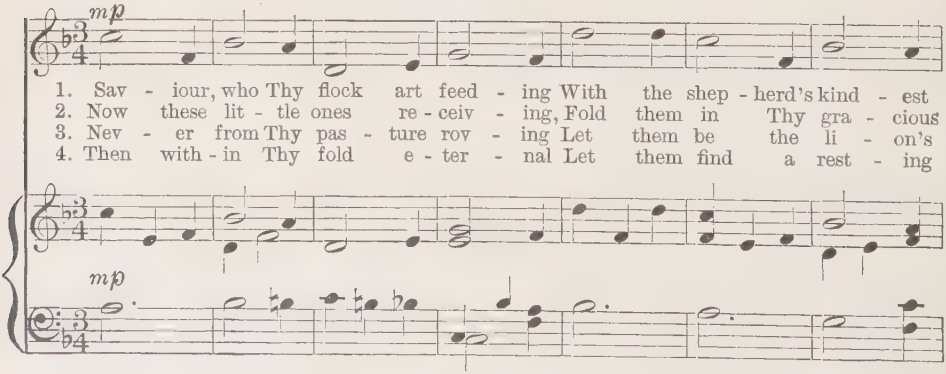
Moderato


p
1. O Thou who wast a lit - tle child, Gen - tle and wise and good and mild, Thou
2. O cleanse my heart and make it pure; Give me the strength that shall en-dure; O
3. My par - ents, broth-ers, sis - ters here, Bless them and keep them, Fa - ther dear; And
p
came'st to children here below To them the way of life to show.
grant me sweet and heav'nly grace That I one day may see Thy face.
lit - tle chil-dren ev-'ry-where, O have them in Thy ten - der care.

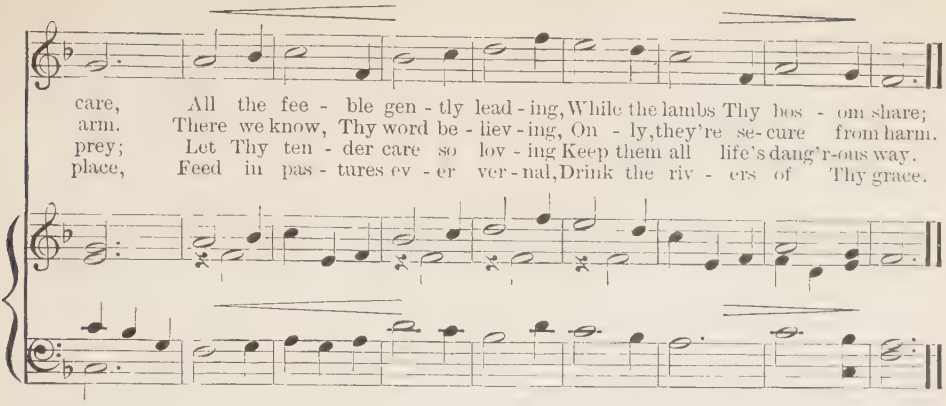
135 Saviour, Who Thy Flock art Feeding

W. A. Mühlenberg — John Heathcote

Moderato


mp
1. Sav - iour, who Thy flock art feed - ing With the shep - herd's kind - est
2. Now these lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing, Fold them in Thy gra - cious
3. Nev - er from Thy pas - ture rov - ing Let them be the li - on's
4. Then with - in Thy fold e - ter - nal Let them find a rest - ing
mp

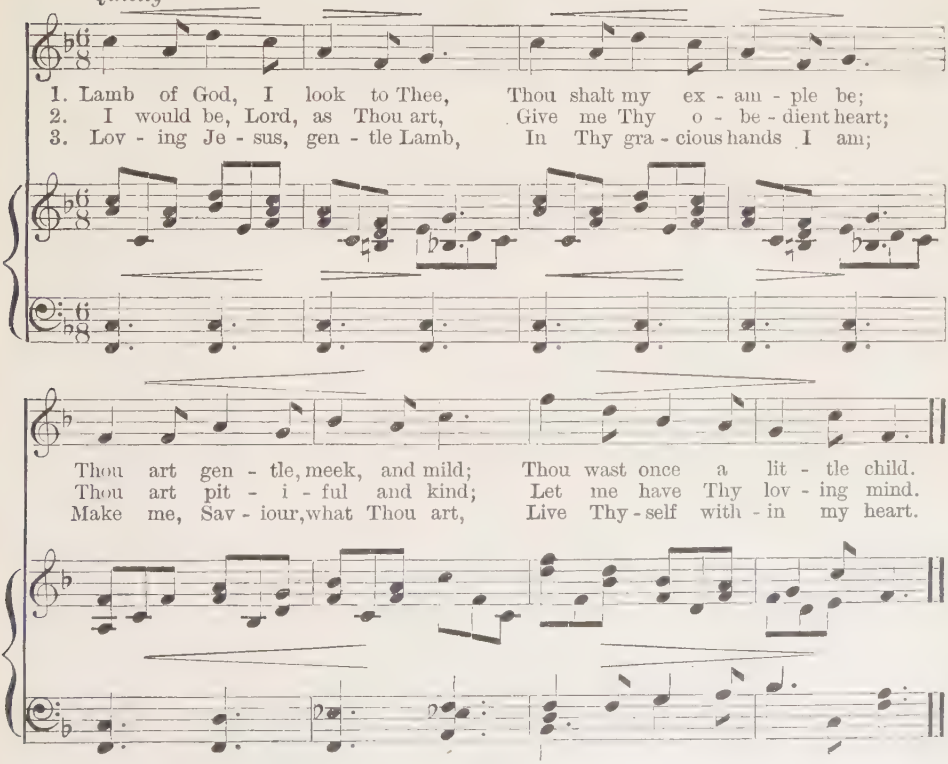
Saviour, Who Thy Flock art Feeding


care, All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bos - om share;
arm. There we know, Thy word be - liev - ing, On - ly, they're se - cure from harm.
prey; Let Thy ten - der care so lov - ing Keep them all life's dang'r-ous way.
place, Feed in pas - tures ev - er ver - nal, Drink the riv - ers of Thy grace.

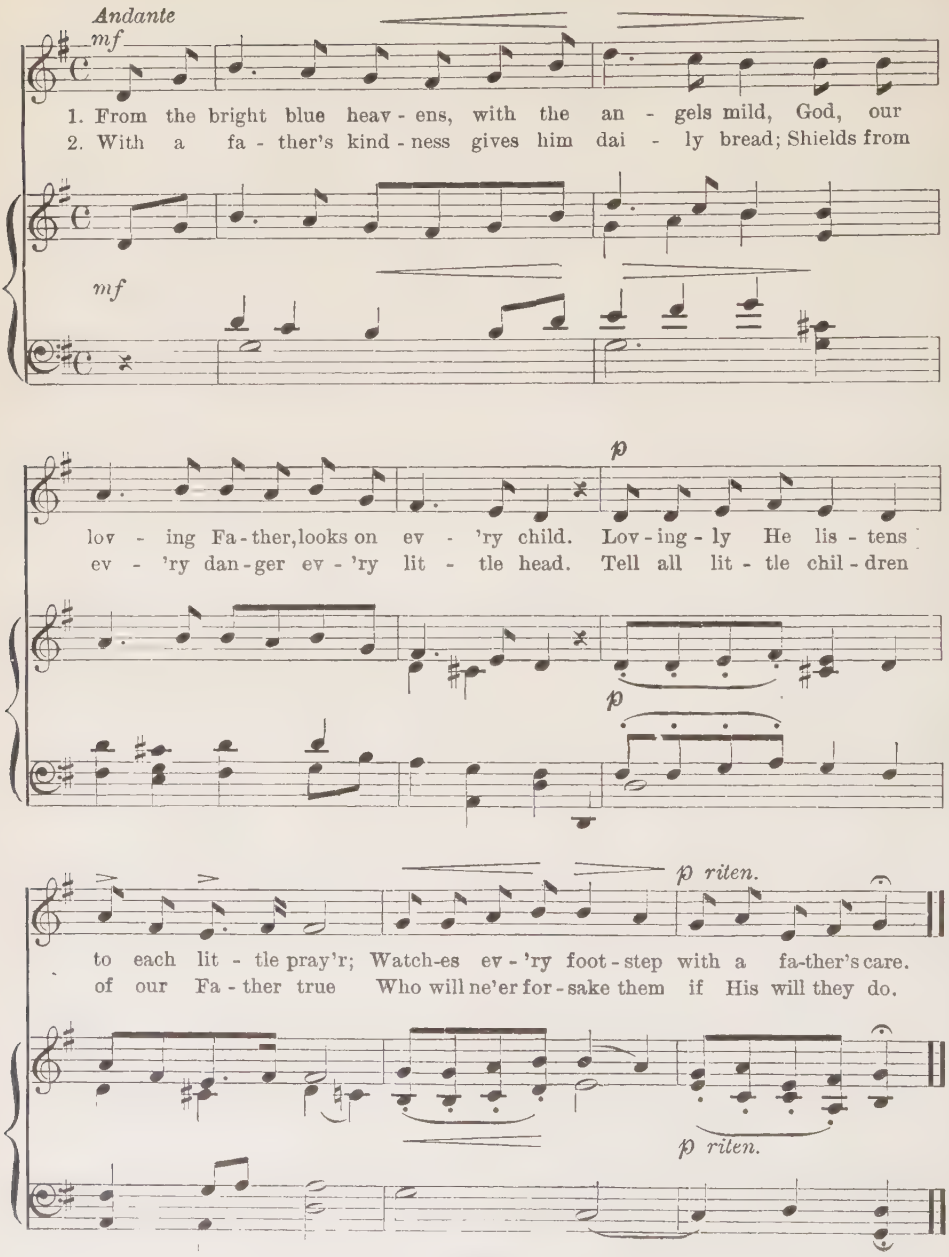
136 Lamb of God, I Look to Thee

CHARLES WESLEY ANNA BANCROFT

Quietly


1. Lamb of God, I look to Thee, Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;
2. I would be, Lord, as Thou art, Give me Thy o - be - dient heart;
3. Lov - ing Je - sus, gen - tle Lamb, In Thy gra - cious hands I am;
Thou art gen - tle, meek, and mild; Thou wast once a lit - tle child.
Thou art pit - i - ful and kind; Let me have Thy lov - ing mind.
Make me, Sav - iour, what Thou art, Live Thy - self with - in my heart.

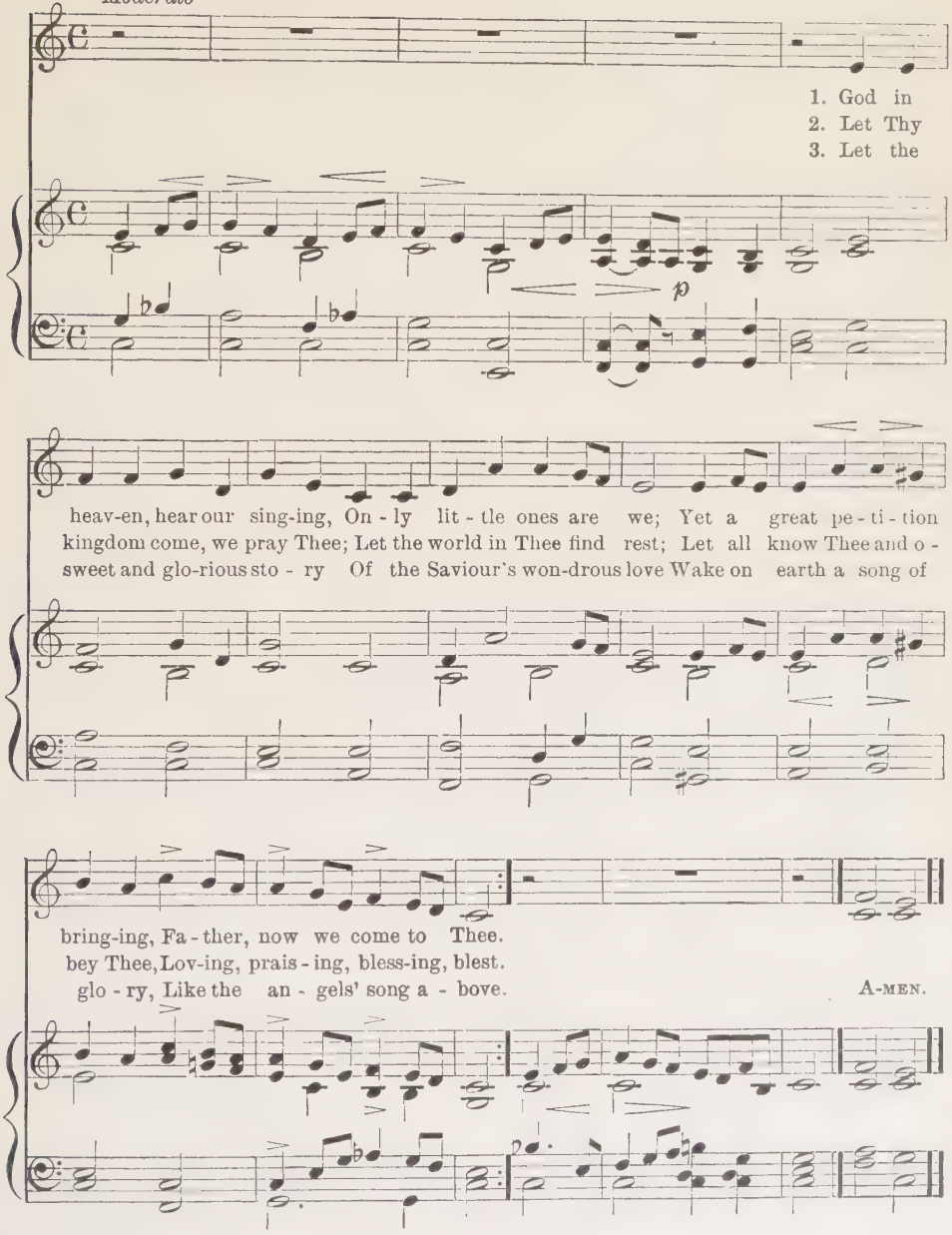
137 God, the Father in Heaven

CARL REINECKE

Andante
mf
1. From the bright blue heav - ens, with the an - gels mild, God, our
2. With a fa - ther's kind - ness gives him dai - ly bread; Shields from
mf
lov - ing Fa - ther, looks on ev - 'ry child. Lov - ing - ly He lis - tens
ev - 'ry dan - ger ev - 'ry lit - tle head. Tell all lit - tle chil - dren
p
p
to each lit - tle pray'r; Watch-es ev - 'ry foot - step with a fa-ther's care.
of our Fa - ther true Who will ne'er for - sake them if His will they do.
p riten.
p riten.

138 God in Heaven, Hear Our Singing

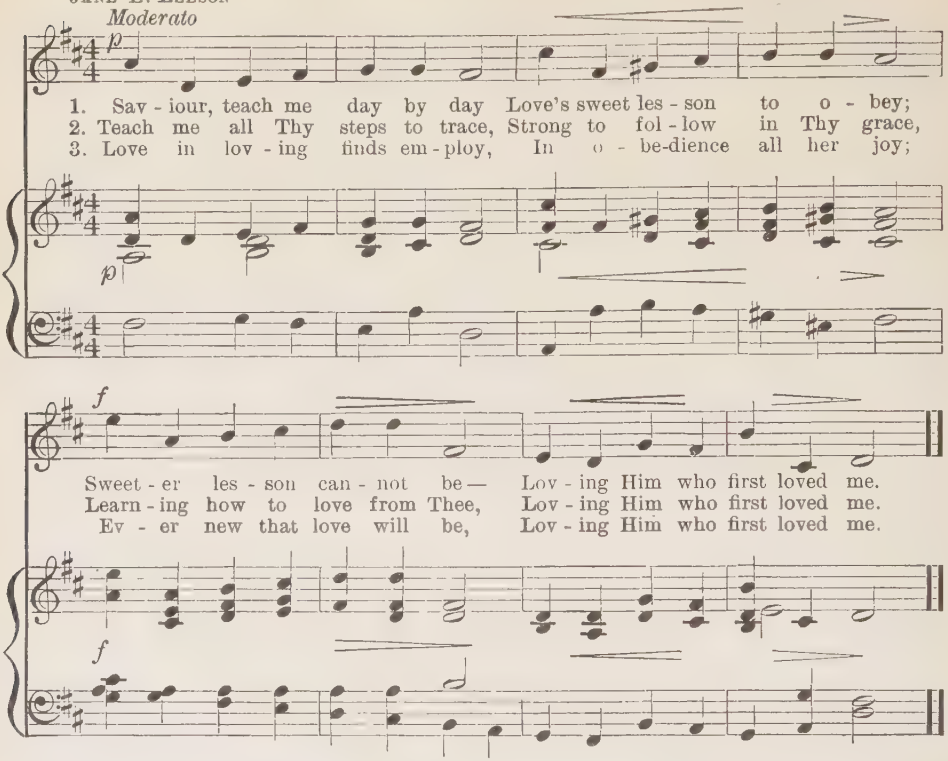
FRANCES HAVERGAL
Moderato

ALBERTO RANDEGGER


1. God in
2. Let Thy
3. Let the
p
heav-en, hear our sing-ing, On - ly lit - tle ones are we; Yet a great pe - ti - tion
kingdom come, we pray Thee; Let the world in Thee find rest; Let all know Thee and o -
sweet and glo-rious sto - ry Of the Saviour's won-drous love Wake on earth a song of
bring-ing, Fa - ther, now we come to Thee.
bey Thee, Lov-ing, prais - ing, bless-ing, blest.
glo - ry, Like the an - gels' song a - bove.
A-MEN.

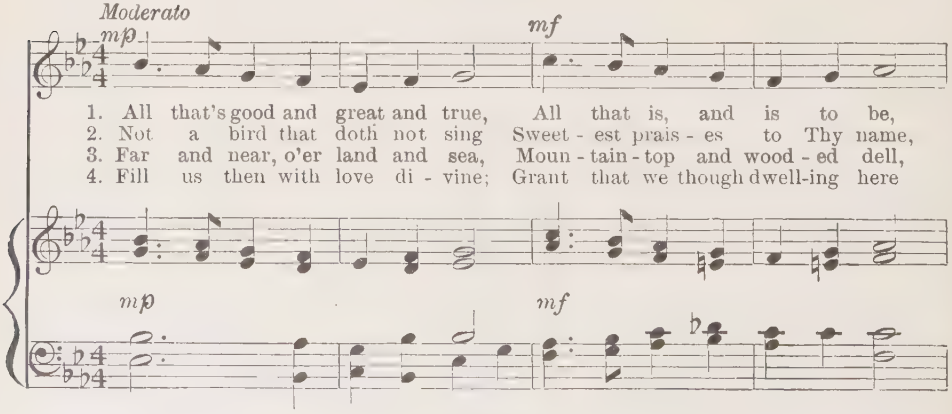
139 Saviour, Teach Me Day by Day

JANE E. LEESON — ELEANOR SMITH

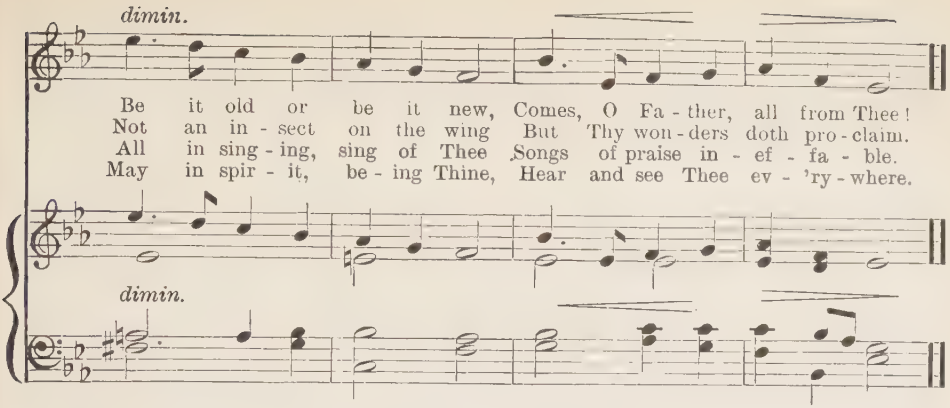

Moderato
p
1. Sav - iour, teach me day by day Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
2. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace,
3. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy, In o - be-dience all her joy;
f
Sweet - er les - son can - not be— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Learn - ing how to love from Thee, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Ev - er new that love will be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.

140 All that's Good and Great and True

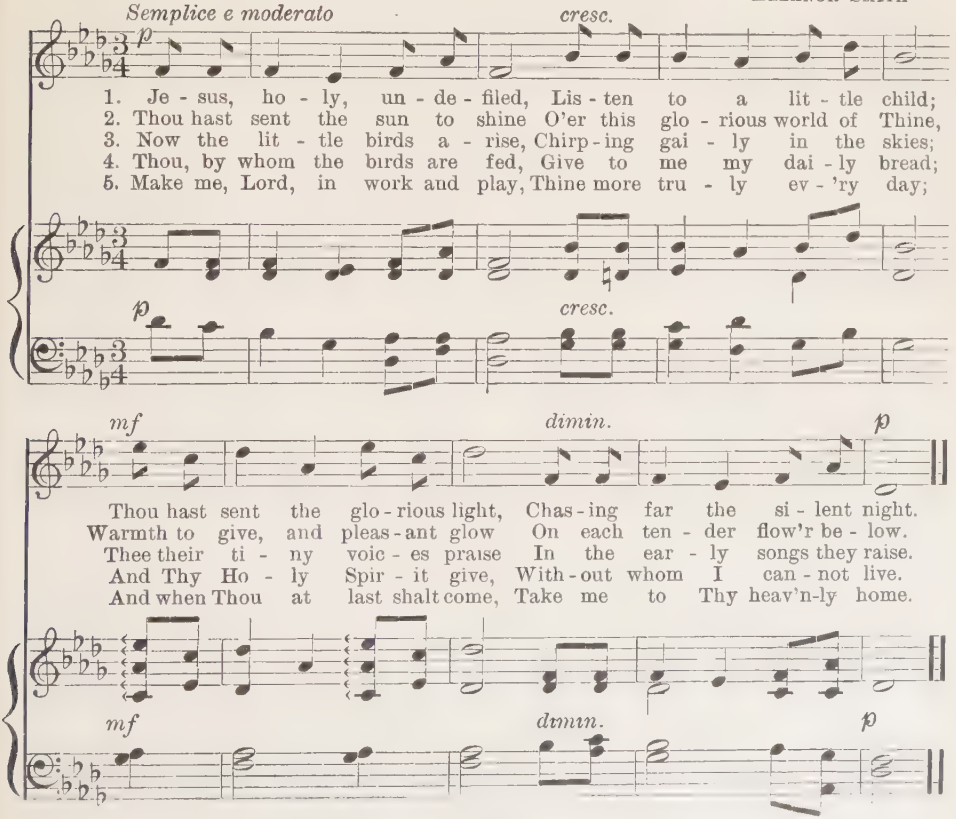
Anon. — ANNA BANCROFT


Moderato
mp
mf
1. All that's good and great and true, All that is, and is to be,
2. Not a bird that doth not sing Sweet - est prais - es to Thy name,
3. Far and near, o'er land and sea, Moun - tain - top and wood - ed dell,
4. Fill us then with love di - vine; Grant that we though dwell-ing here

All that's Good and Great and True


dimin.
Be it old or be it new, Comes, O Fa - ther, all from Thee!
Not an in - sect on the wing But Thy won - ders doth pro - claim.
All in sing - ing, sing of Thee Songs of praise in - ef - fa - ble.
May in spir - it, be - ing Thine, Hear and see Thee ev - 'ry - where.
dimin.

141 Jesus, Holy, Undefiled

Anon. ELEANOR SMITH

Semplice e moderato
p
cresc.
1. Je - sus, ho - ly, un - de - filed, Lis - ten to a lit - tle child;
2. Thou hast sent the sun to shine O'er this glo - rious world of Thine,
3. Now the lit - tle birds a - rise, Chirp - ing gai - ly in the skies;
4. Thou, by whom the birds are fed, Give to me my dai - ly bread;
5. Make me, Lord, in work and play, Thine more tru - ly ev - 'ry day;
p
cresc.
mf
dimin.
p
Thou hast sent the glo - rious light, Chas - ing far the si - lent night.
Warmth to give, and pleas - ant glow On each ten - der flow'r be - low.
Thee their ti - ny voic - es praise In the ear - ly songs they raise.
And Thy Ho - ly Spir - it give, With - out whom I can - not live.
And when Thou at last shalt come, Take me to Thy heav'n-ly home.
mf
dimin.
p

142 Long Ago When Little Children

Anon. JOHN MARTIN

Moderato

mf

1. Long a - go when lit - tle chil - dren Came the lov - ing Lord to see,
2. While He still on earth was liv - ing, If He saw one meek and mild,
3. Though He died, He lives in Heav - en, And His care en - folds us still;

mf

Je - sus blessed them, Je - sus loved them,—Just such lit - tle ones as we.
Truth - ful, gen - tle, kind, for - giv - ing, Well He loved that lit - tle child.
To us all His love is giv - en When we do His ho - ly will.

143 Jesus, Friend of Little Children

WALTER J. MATHAMS ELEANOR SMITH

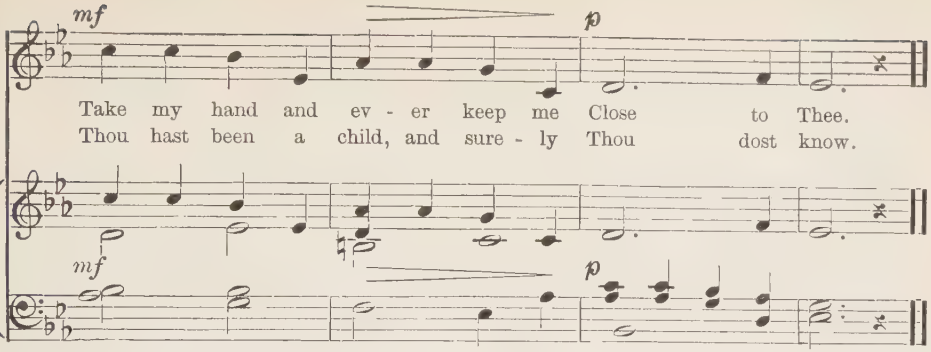
Andantino

mp

1. Je - sus, friend of lit - tle chil - dren, Be a friend to me;
2. Teach me how to grow in good - ness Dai - ly, as I grow;

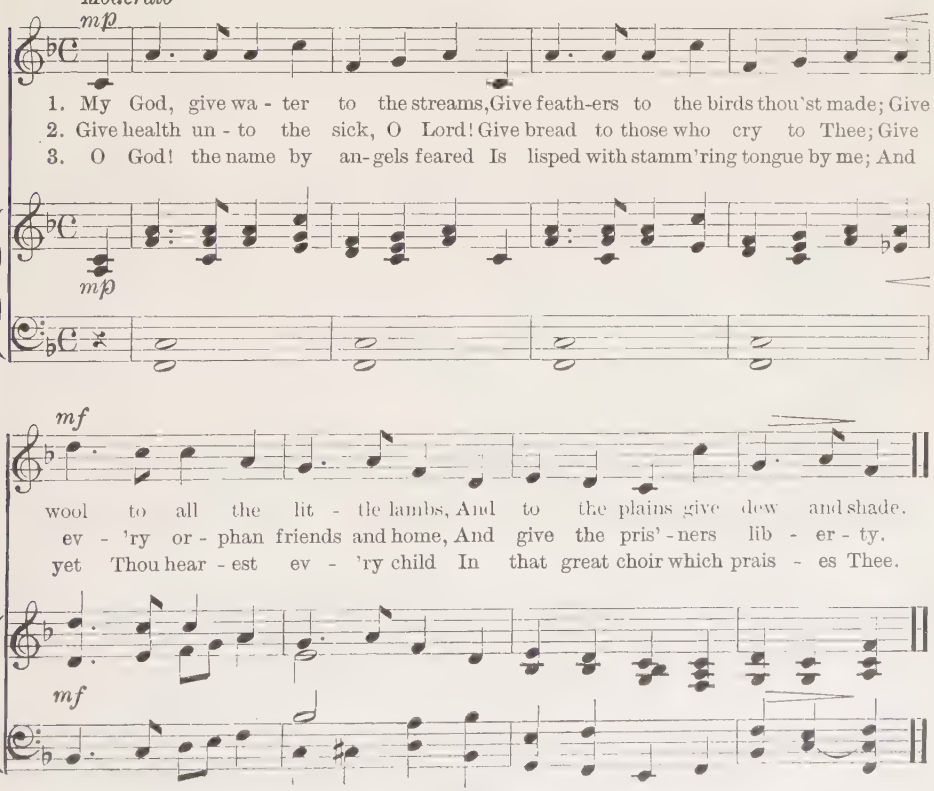
mp

Jesus, Friend of Little Children

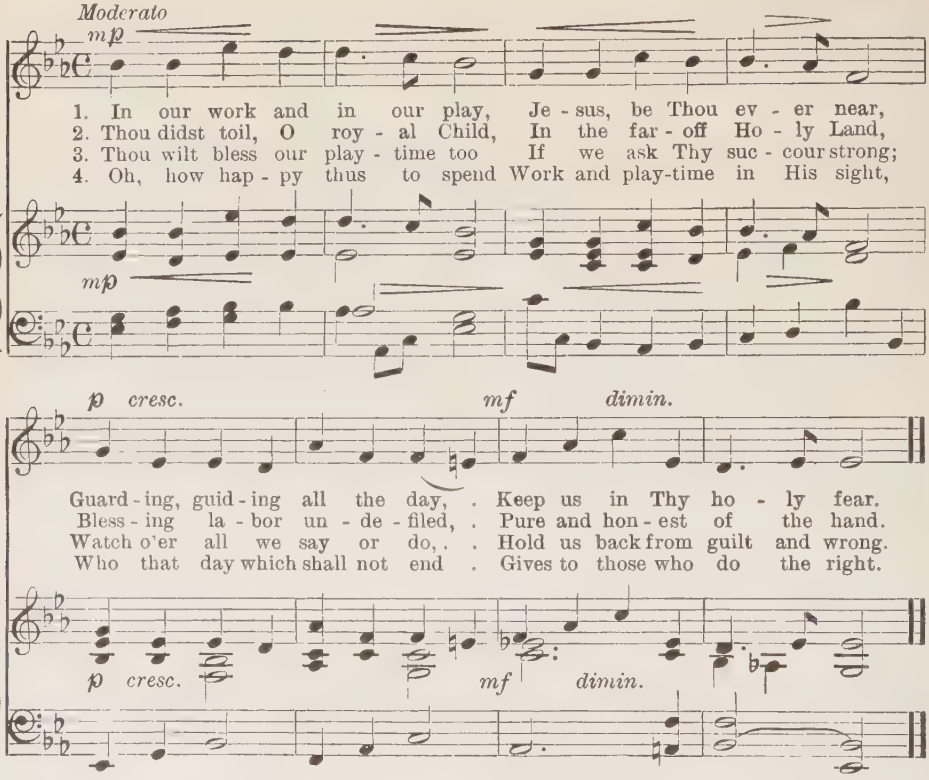


144 My God, Give Water to the Streams

Tr. from LAMARTINE — ANNA BANCROFT

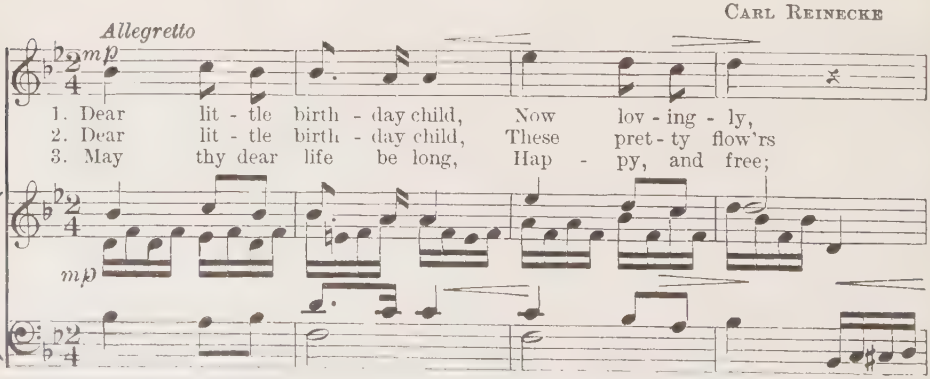

Moderato
mp
1. My God, give wa - ter to the streams, Give feath-ers to the birds thou'st made; Give
2. Give health un - to the sick, O Lord! Give bread to those who cry to Thee; Give
3. O God! the name by an-gels feared Is lisped with stamm'ring tongue by me; And
mp
mf
wool to all the lit - tle lambs, And to the plains give dew and shade.
ev - 'ry or - phan friends and home, And give the pris' - ners lib - er - ty.
yet Thou hear - est ev - 'ry child In that great choir which prais - es Thee.
mf

145 In our Work and in our Play

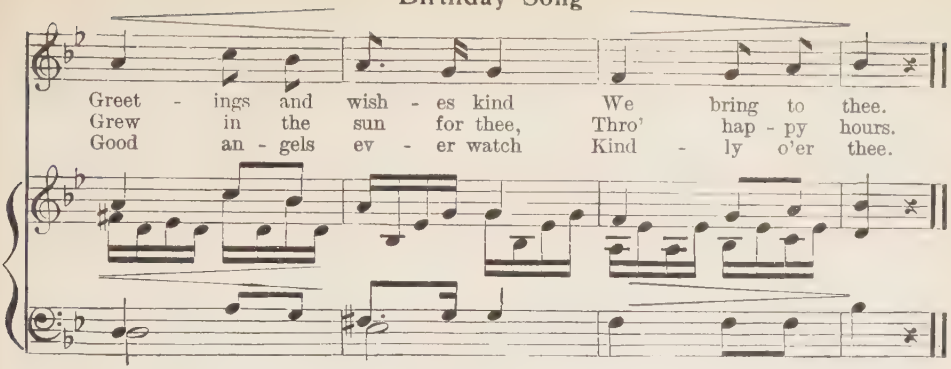
W. C. Dix — John Heathcote

Moderato
mp
1. In our work and in our play, Je - sus, be Thou ev - er near,
2. Thou didst toil, O roy - al Child, In the far - off Ho - ly Land,
3. Thou wilt bless our play - time too If we ask Thy suc - cour strong;
4. Oh, how hap - py thus to spend Work and play-time in His sight,
mp
p cresc.
mf
dimin.
Guard - ing, guid - ing all the day, . Keep us in Thy ho - ly fear.
Bless - ing la - bor un - de - filed, . Pure and hon - est of the hand.
Watch o'er all we say or do, . . Hold us back from guilt and wrong.
Who that day which shall not end . Gives to those who do the right.
p cresc.
mf
dimin.

146 Birthday Song

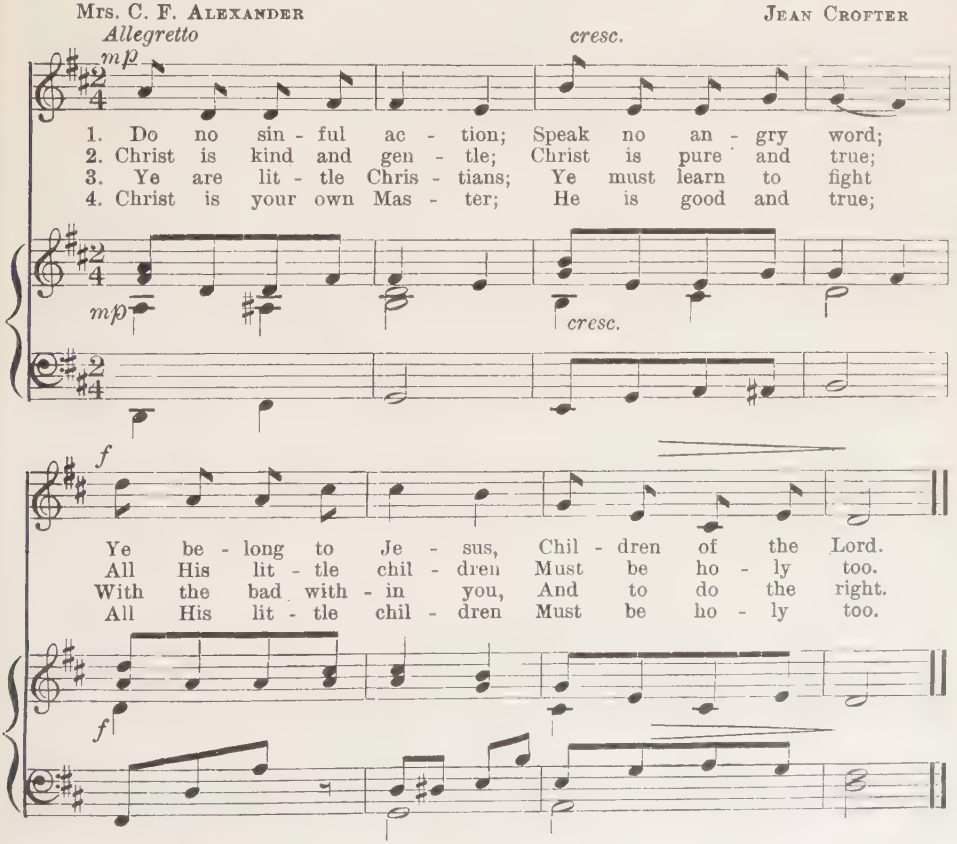
Carl Reinecke


Allegretto
mp
1. Dear lit - tle birth - day child, Now lov - ing - ly,
2. Dear lit - tle birth - day child, These pret - ty flow'rs
3. May thy dear life be long, Hap - py, and free;
mp

Birthday Song


Greet - ings and wish - es kind We bring to thee.
Grew in the sun for thee, Thro' hap - py hours.
Good an - gels ev - er watch Kind - ly o'er thee.

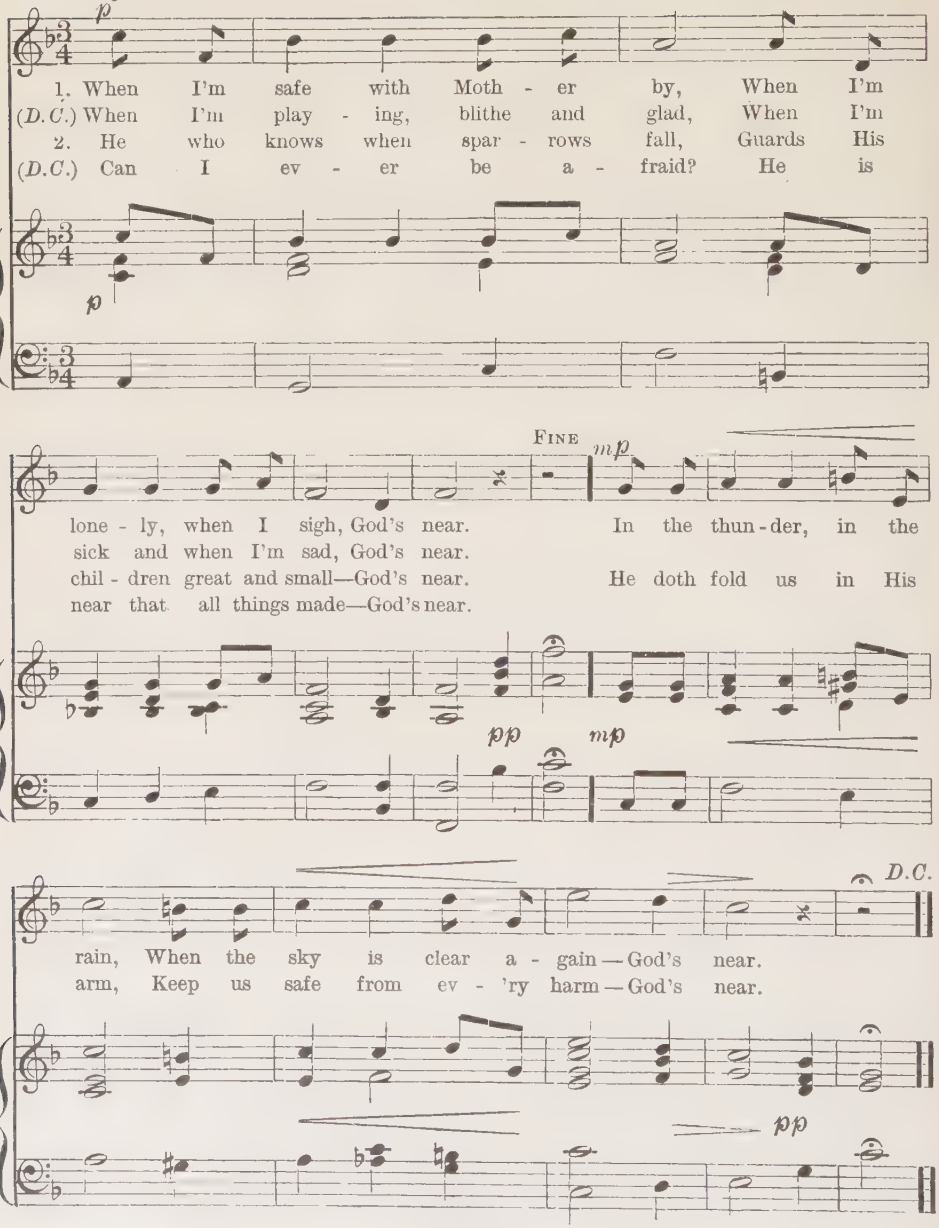
147 Children of the Lord

Mrs. C. F. Alexander — Jean Crofter

Allegretto
mp
cresc.
1. Do no sin - ful ac - tion; Speak no an - gry word;
2. Christ is kind and gen - tle; Christ is pure and true;
3. Ye are lit - tle Chris - tians; Ye must learn to fight
4. Christ is your own Mas - ter; He is good and true;
mp
cresc.
f
Ye be - long to Je - sus, Chil - dren of the Lord.
All His lit - tle chil - dren Must be ho - ly too.
With the bad with - in you, And to do the right.
All His lit - tle chil - dren Must be ho - ly too.
f

God's Near

E. J. Stedman

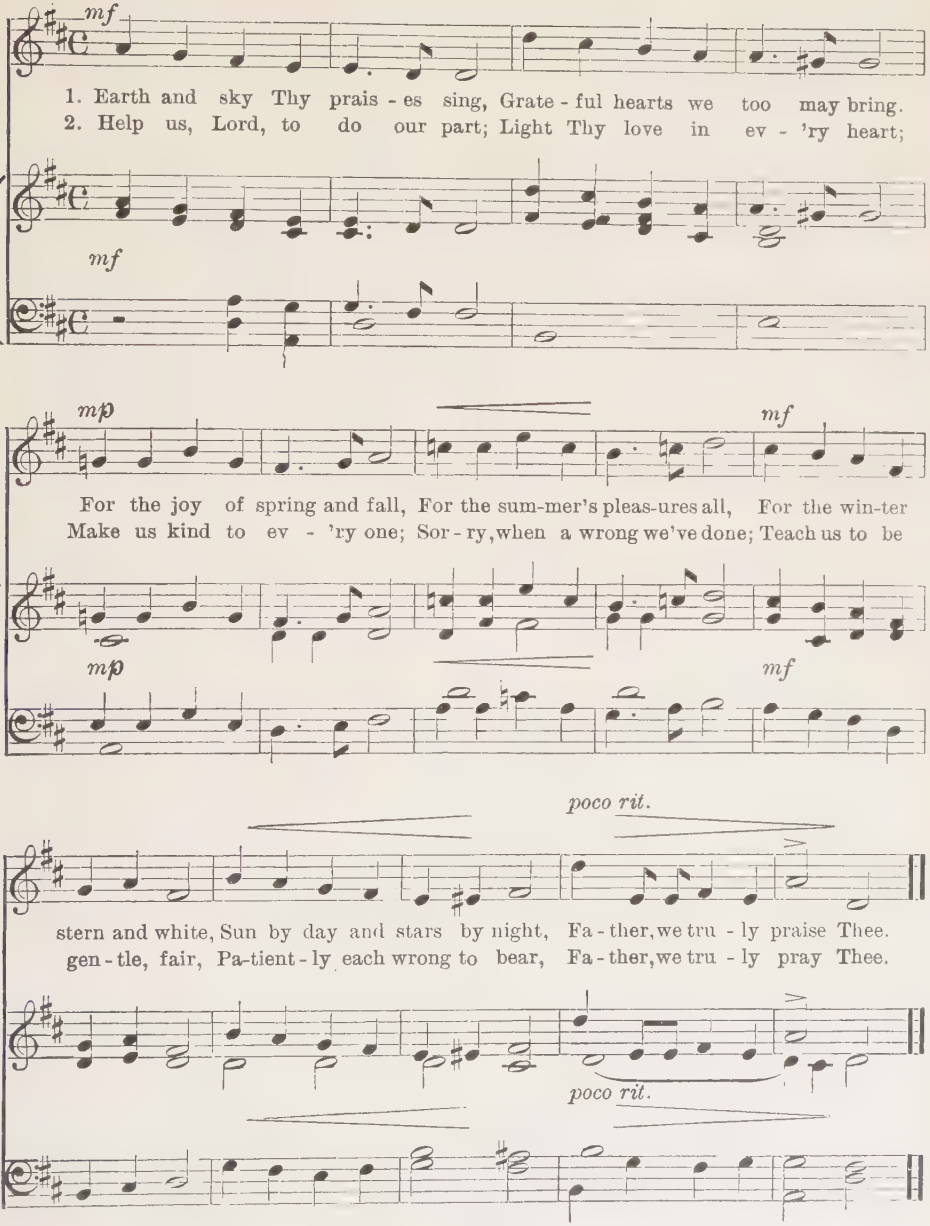
Eleanor Smith

Allegretto

p
1. When I'm safe with Moth - er by, When I'm
(D.C.) When I'm play - ing, blithe and glad, When I'm
2. He who knows when spar - rows fall, Guards His
(D.C.) Can I ev - er be a - fraid? He is
Fine
mp
lone - ly, when I sigh, God's near. In the thun - der, in the
sick and when I'm sad, God's near.
chil - dren great and small—God's near. He doth fold us in His
near that all things made—God's near.
pp
mp
D.C.
rain, When the sky is clear a - gain—God's near.
arm, Keep us safe from ev - 'ry harm—God's near.
pp

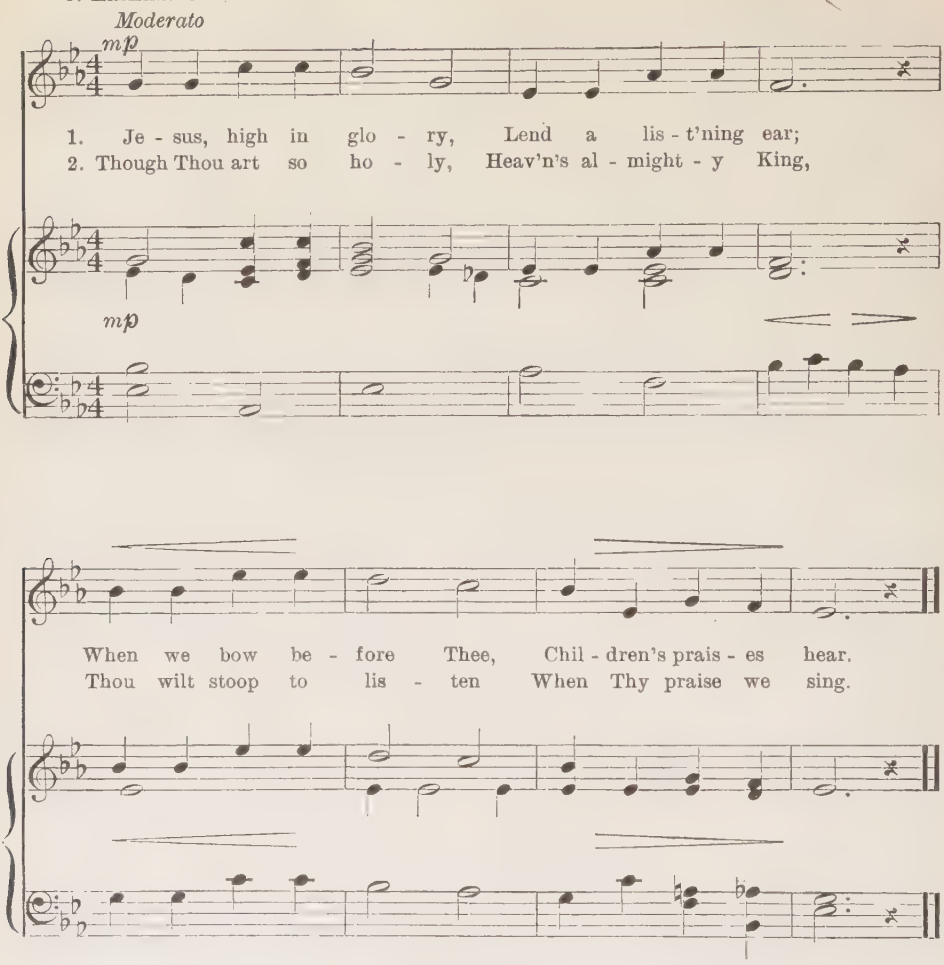
149 Father, We Truly Praise Thee

HELEN GOODRICH

ELEANOR SMITH

Moderato

mf
1. Earth and sky Thy prais - es sing, Grate - ful hearts we too may bring.
2. Help us, Lord, to do our part; Light Thy love in ev - 'ry heart;
mf
mp
mf
For the joy of spring and fall, For the sum-mer's pleas-ures all, For the win-ter
Make us kind to ev - 'ry one; Sor - ry, when a wrong we've done; Teach us to be
mp
mf
poco rit.
stern and white, Sun by day and stars by night, Fa - ther, we tru - ly praise Thee.
gen - tle, fair, Pa-tient - ly each wrong to bear, Fa - ther, we tru - ly pray Thee.
poco rit.

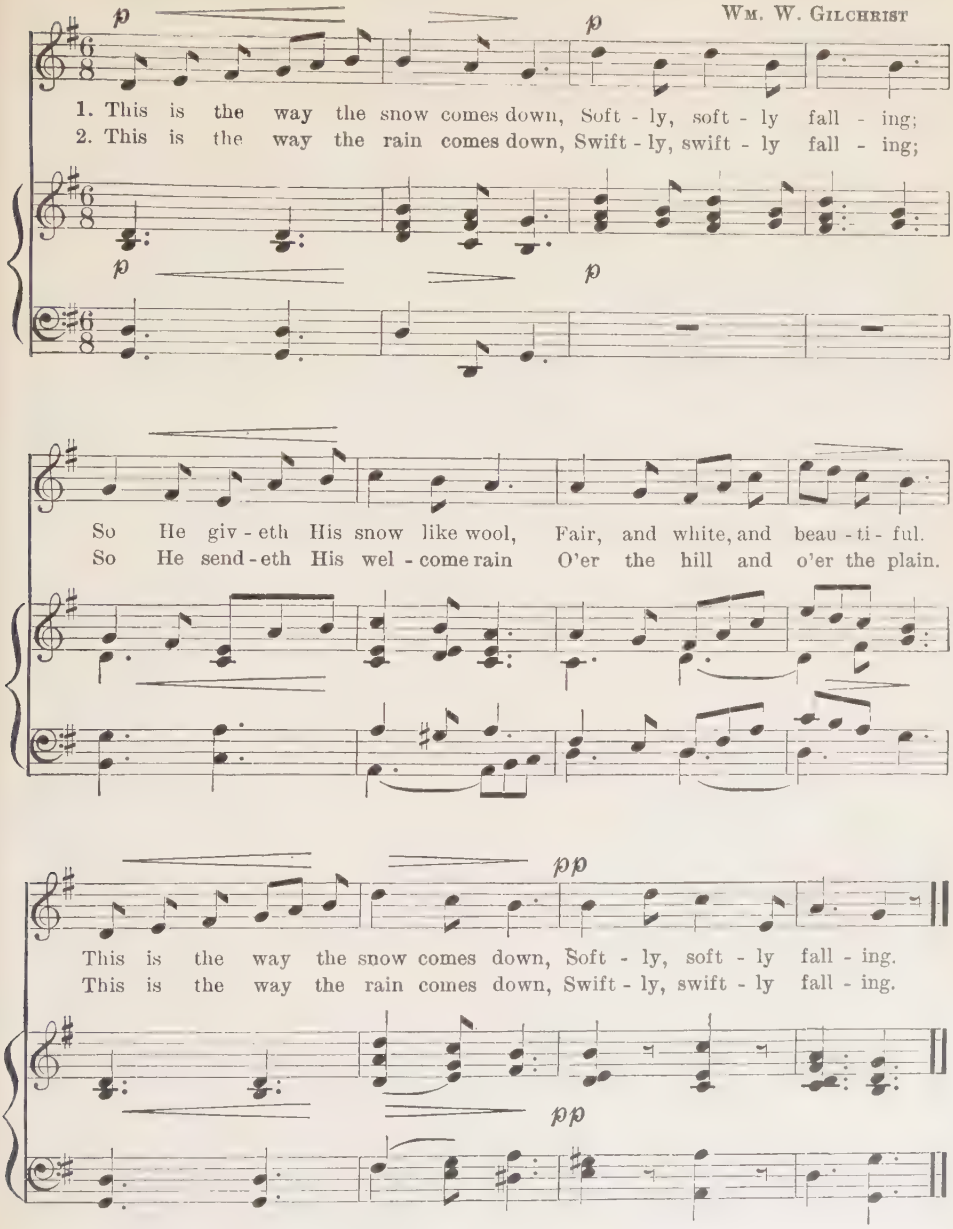
150 Jesus, High in Glory

J. Erskine Clarke — John Martin

Moderato
mp
1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a lis - t'ning ear;
2. Though Thou art so ho - ly, Heav'n's al - might - y King,
mp
When we bow be - fore Thee, Chil - dren's prais - es hear.
Thou wilt stoop to lis - ten When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day,
Help us all to love Thee,
Take our guilt away.

5 Then when Thou dost call us
To our heavenly home,
We shall gladly answer:
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

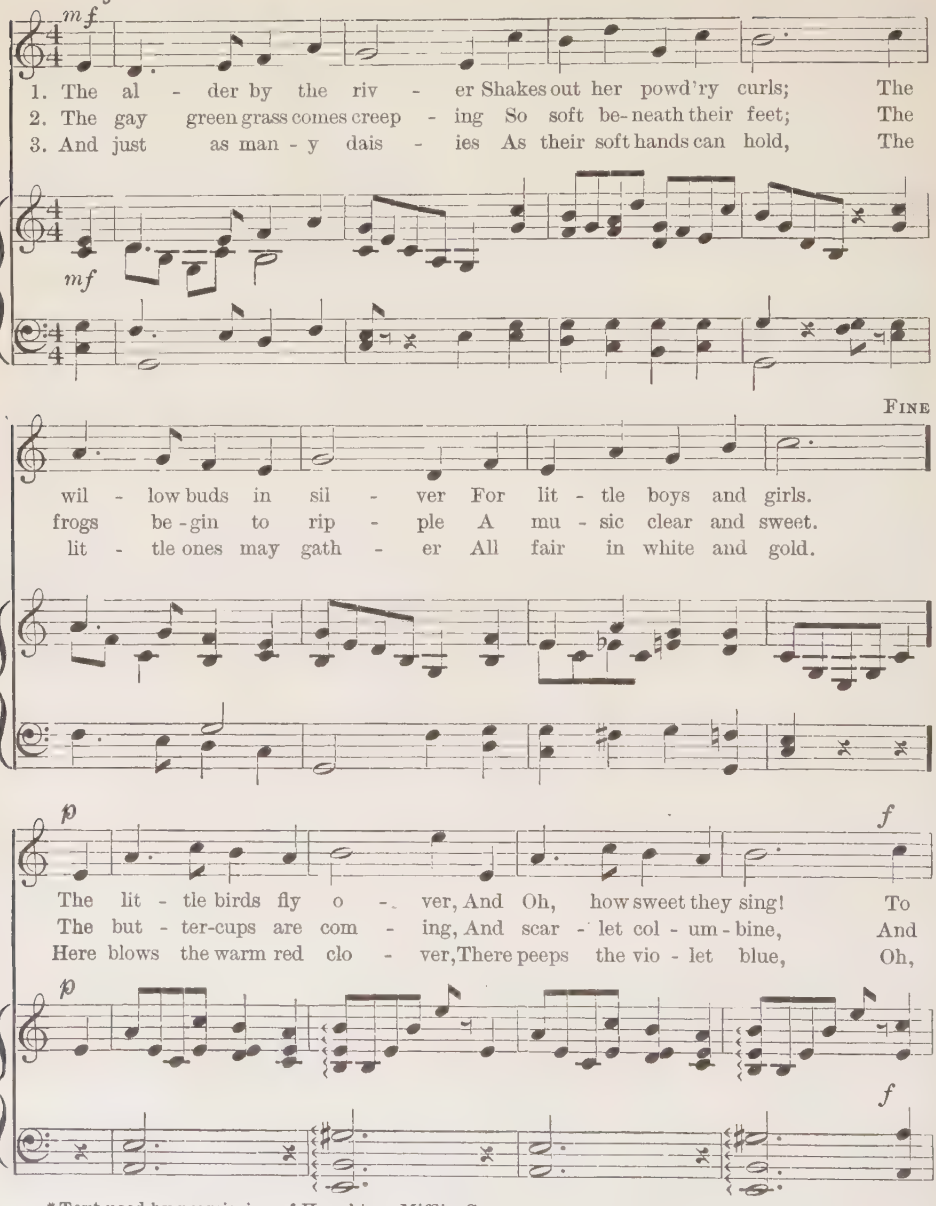
151 This is the Way the Snow Comes Down

Wm. W. Gilchrist
p
p
1. This is the way the snow comes down, Soft - ly, soft - ly fall - ing;
2. This is the way the rain comes down, Swift - ly, swift - ly fall - ing;
p
p
So He giv - eth His snow like wool, Fair, and white, and beau - ti - ful.
So He send - eth His wel - come rain O'er the hill and o'er the plain.
pp
This is the way the snow comes down, Soft - ly, soft - ly fall - ing.
This is the way the rain comes down, Swift - ly, swift - ly fall - ing.
pp

Used by permission of the composer and The Hosanna

152 The Alder by the River

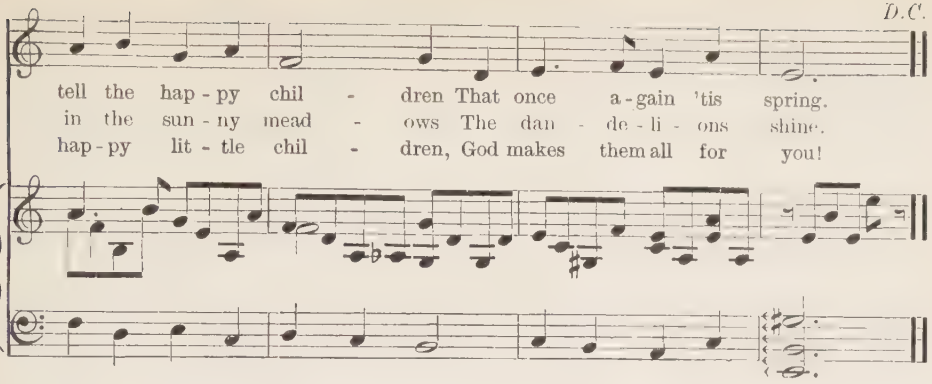
CELIA THAXTER*

JOHN MARTIN

Allegro moderato

mf
1. The al - der by the riv - er Shakes out her powd'ry curls; The
2. The gay green grass comes creep - ing So soft be-neath their feet; The
3. And just as man - y dais - ies As their soft hands can hold, The
mf
FINE
wil - low buds in sil - ver For lit - tle boys and girls.
frogs be-gin to rip - ple A mu - sic clear and sweet.
lit - tle ones may gath - er All fair in white and gold.
p
f
The lit - tle birds fly o - ver, And Oh, how sweet they sing! To
The but - ter-cups are com - ing, And scar - let col - um - bine, And
Here blows the warm red clo - ver, There peeps the vio - let blue, Oh,
p
f

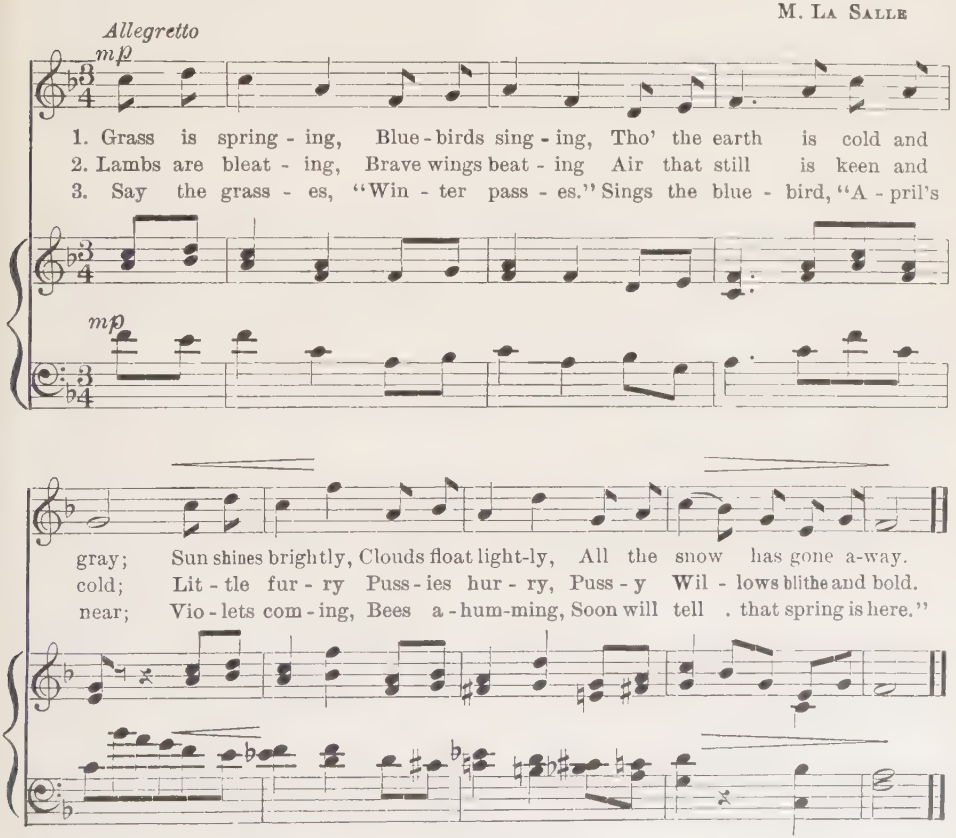
*Text used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company

The Alder by the River

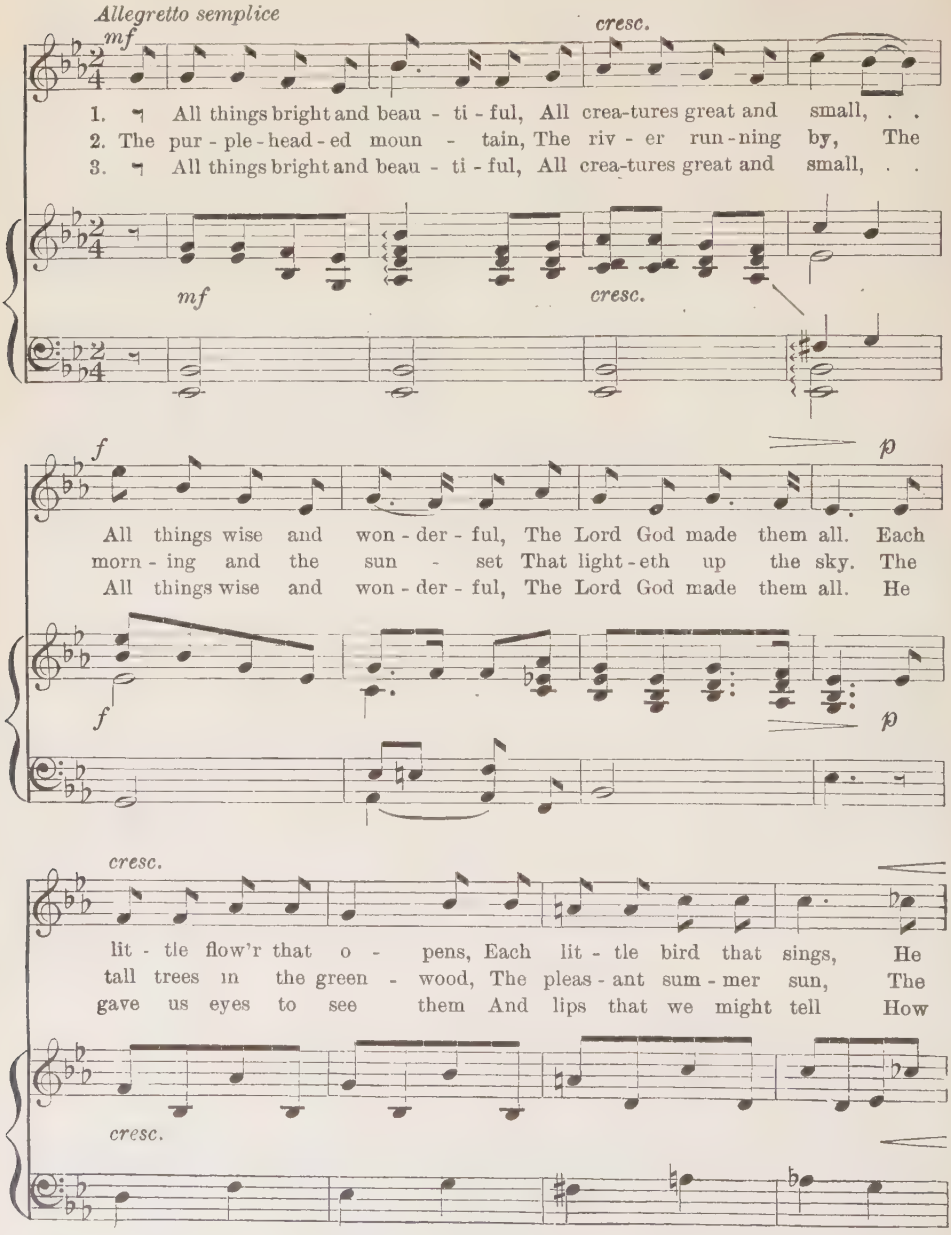

D.C.
tell the hap - py chil - dren That once a - gain 'tis spring.
in the sun - ny mead - ows The dan - de - li - ons shine.
hap - py lit - tle chil - dren, God makes them all for you!

153 Early Spring

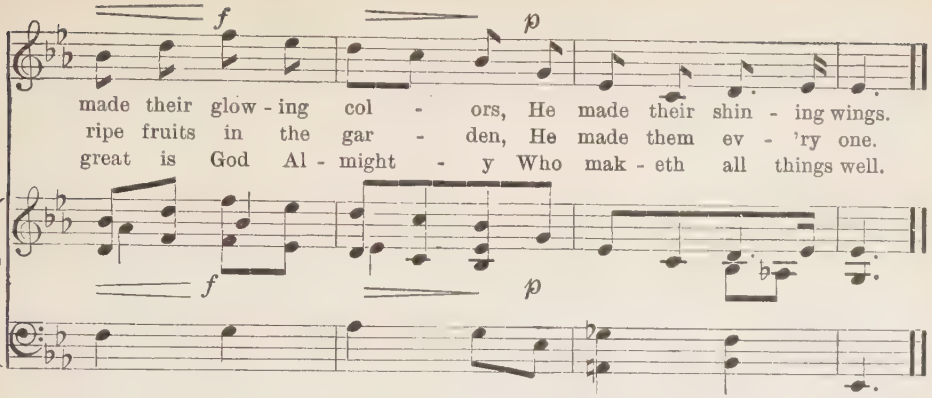
M. La Salle


Allegretto
mp
1. Grass is spring - ing, Blue - birds sing - ing, Tho' the earth is cold and
2. Lambs are bleat - ing, Brave wings beat - ing Air that still is keen and
3. Say the grass - es, "Win - ter pass - es." Sings the blue - bird, "A - pril's
mp
gray; Sun shines brightly, Clouds float light-ly, All the snow has gone a-way.
cold; Lit - tle fur - ry Puss - ies hur - ry, Puss - y Wil - lows blithe and bold.
near; Vio - lets com - ing, Bees a - hum-ming, Soon will tell . that spring is here."

154 All Things Bright and Beautiful

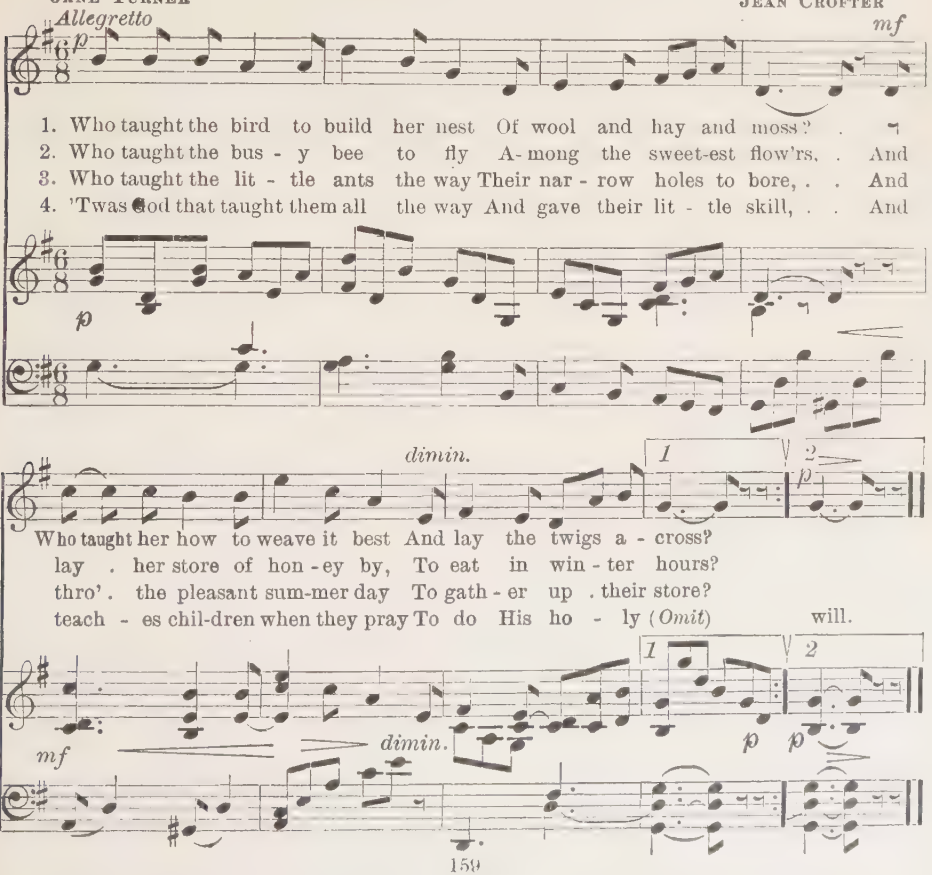
Mrs. C. F. Alexander — Eleanor Smith

Allegretto semplice
mf
cresc.
1. All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea-tures great and small, . .
2. The pur - ple - head - ed moun - tain, The riv - er run - ning by, The
3. All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea-tures great and small, . .
mf
cresc.
f
p
All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all. Each
morn - ing and the sun - set That light - eth up the sky. The
All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all. He
f
p
cresc.
lit - tle flow'r that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings, He
tall trees in the green - wood, The pleas - ant sum - mer sun, The
gave us eyes to see them And lips that we might tell How
cresc.

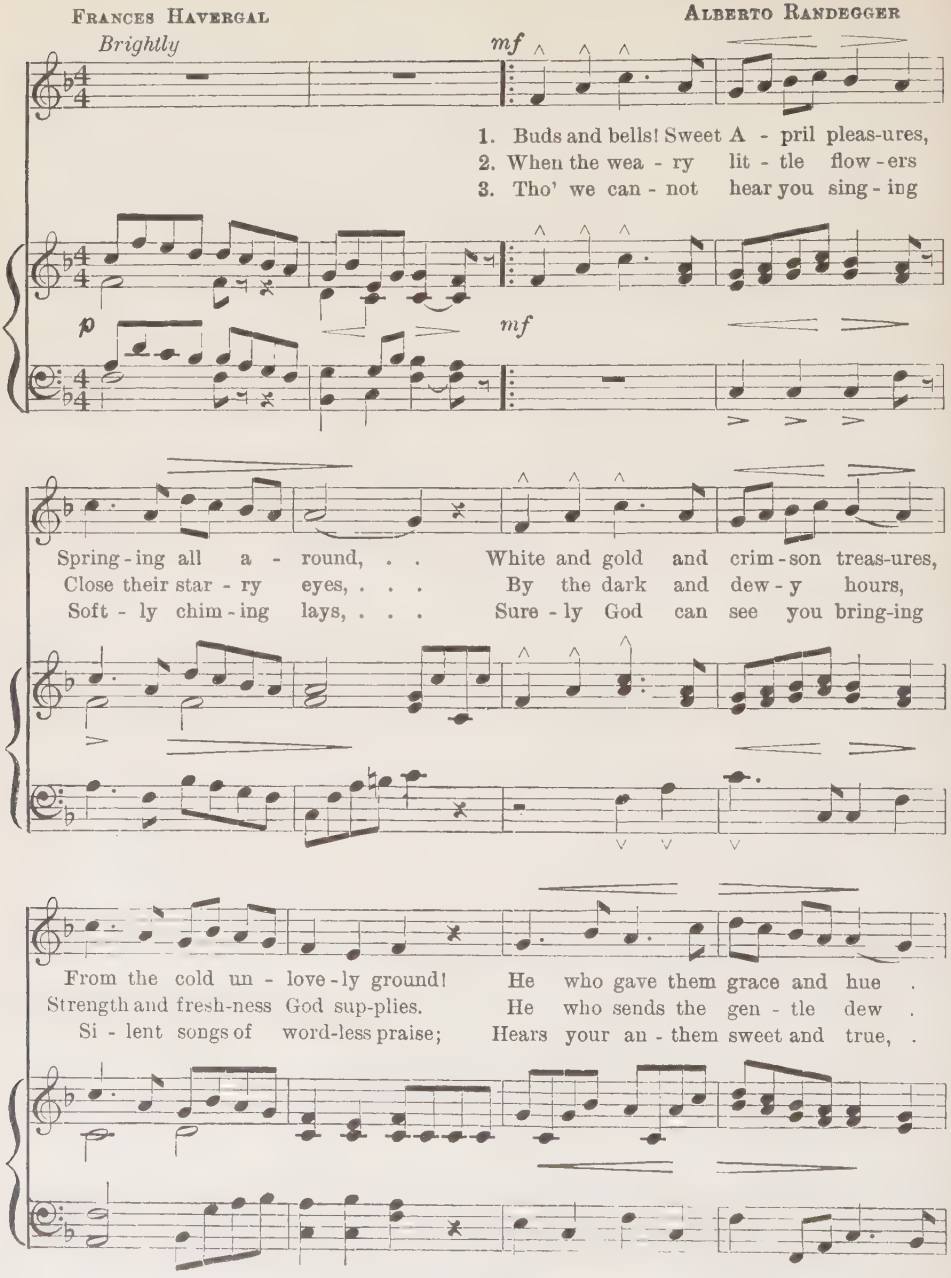
All Things Bright and Beautiful

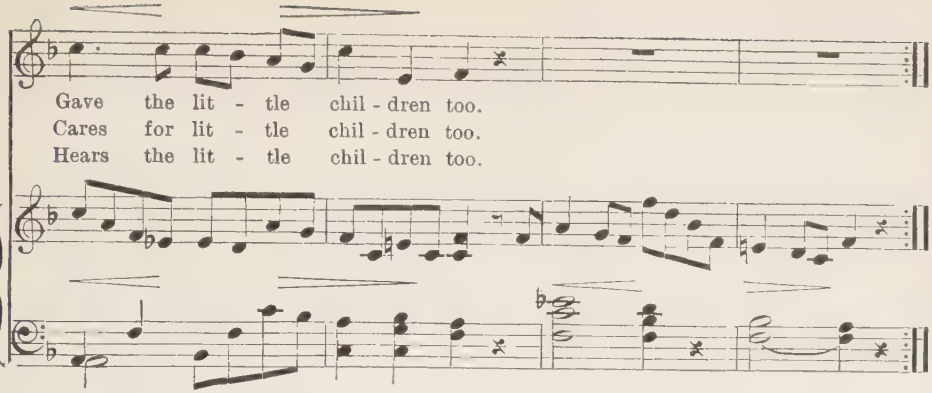

f
p
made their glow - ing col - ors, He made their shin - ing wings.
ripe fruits in the gar - den, He made them ev - 'ry one.
great is God Al - might - y Who mak - eth all things well.
f
p

155 Who Taught the Bird?

JANE TURNER

JEAN CROFTER

Allegretto
p
mf
1. Who taught the bird to build her nest Of wool and hay and moss? .
2. Who taught the bus - y bee to fly A - mong the sweet-est flow'rs, . And
3. Who taught the lit - tle ants the way Their nar - row holes to bore, . . And
4. 'Twas God that taught them all the way And gave their lit - tle skill, . . And
p
dimin.
1
2
p
Who taught her how to weave it best And lay the twigs a - cross?
lay . her store of hon - ey by, To eat in win - ter hours?
thro' . the pleasant sum-mer day To gath - er up . their store?
teach - es chil-dren when they pray To do His ho - ly (Omit) will.
1
2
mf
dimin.
p
p


Frances Havergal
Alberto Randegger
Brightly
mf
1. Buds and bells! Sweet A - pril pleas-ures,
2. When the wea - ry lit - tle flow - ers
3. Tho' we can - not hear you sing - ing
p
mf
Spring - ing all a - round, . . White and gold and crim - son treas-ures,
Close their star - ry eyes, . . . By the dark and dew - y hours,
Soft - ly chim - ing lays, . . . Sure - ly God can see you bring-ing
From the cold un - love - ly ground! He who gave them grace and hue .
Strength and fresh-ness God sup-plies. He who sends the gen - tle dew .
Si - lent songs of word-less praise; Hears your an - them sweet and true, .

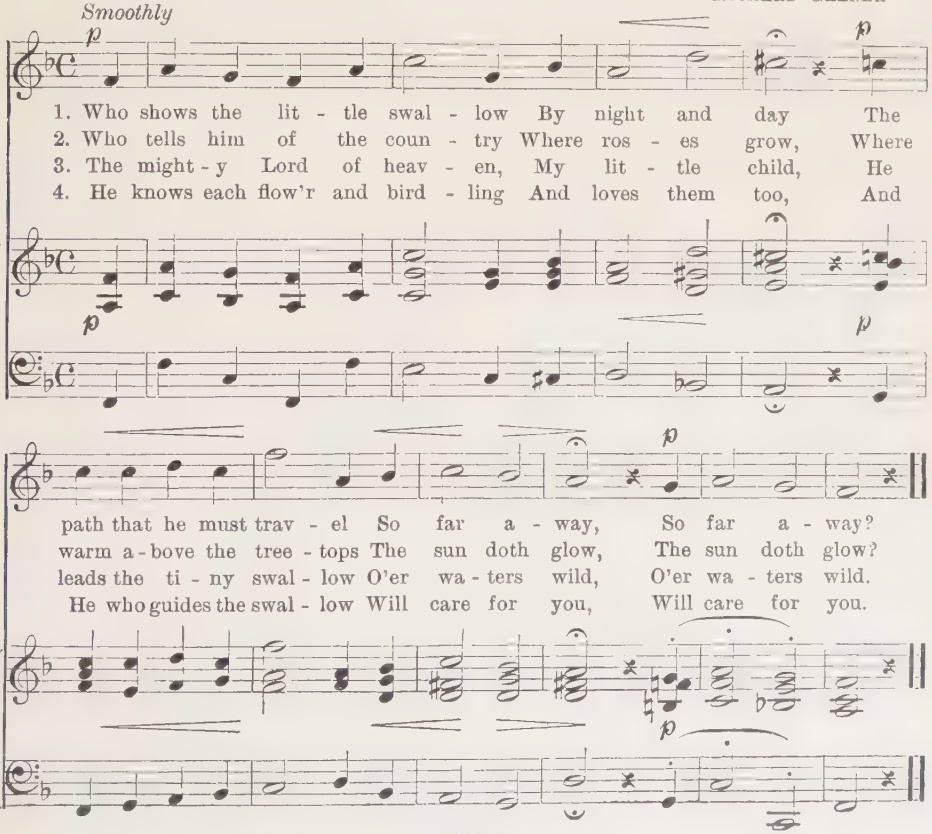


157 Who Shows the Swallow?

MARY BLAKE

RICHARD GRAMER

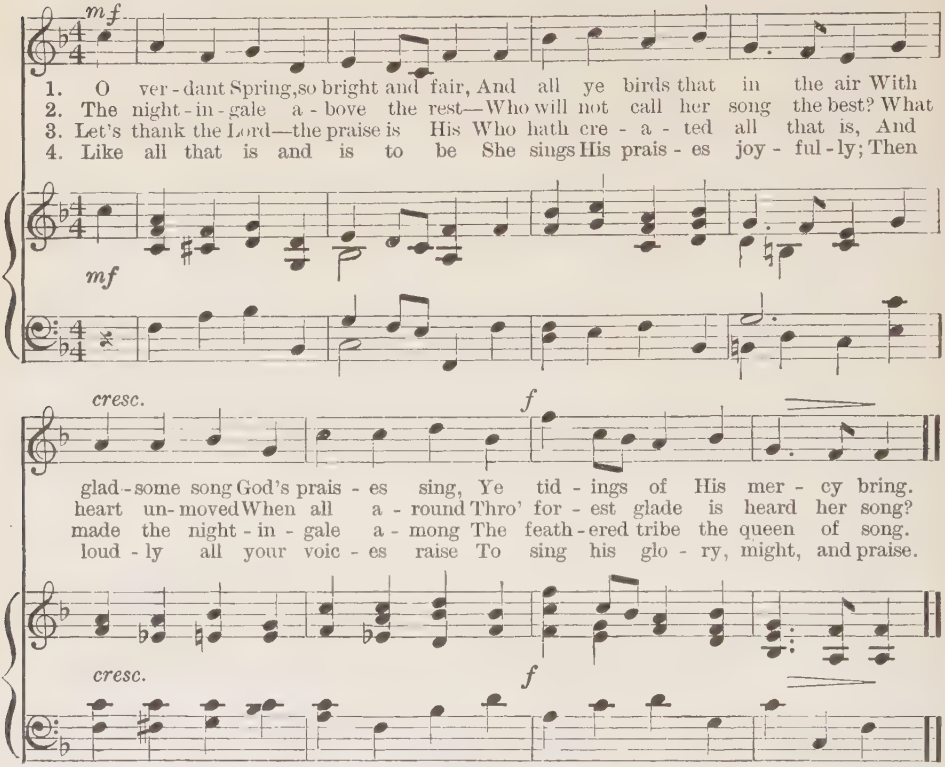
Smoothly


1. Who shows the lit - tle swal - low By night and day The
2. Who tells him of the coun - try Where ros - es grow, Where
3. The might - y Lord of heav - en, My lit - tle child, He
4. He knows each flow'r and bird - ling And loves them too, And
path that he must trav - el So far a - way, So far a - way?
warm a - bove the tree - tops The sun doth glow, The sun doth glow?
leads the ti - ny swal - low O'er wa - ters wild, O'er wa - ters wild.
He who guides the swal - low Will care for you, Will care for you.

158 O Verdant Spring

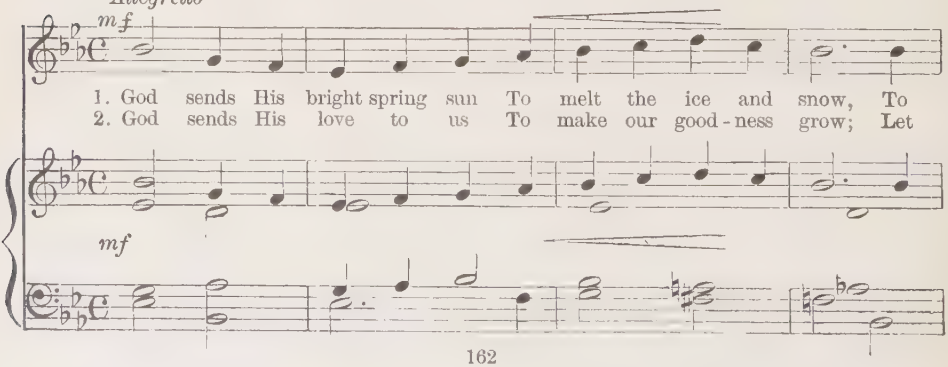
Translation from MARTIN LUTHER — ANNA BANCROFT

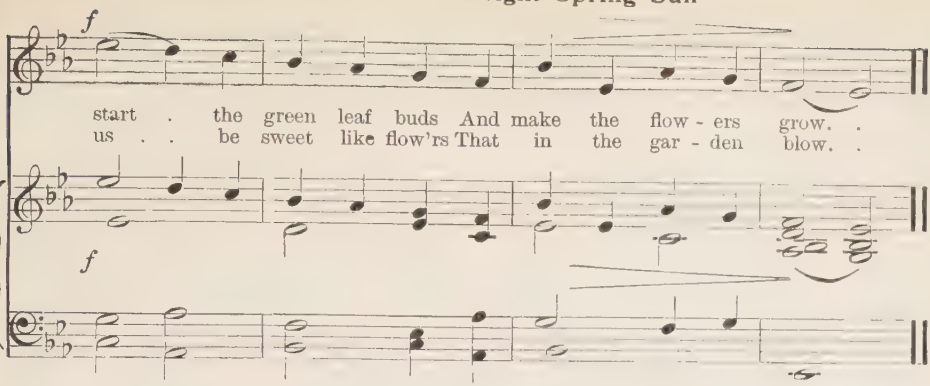
Moderato


mf
1. O ver - dant Spring, so bright and fair, And all ye birds that in the air With
2. The night - in - gale a - bove the rest—Who will not call her song the best? What
3. Let's thank the Lord—the praise is His Who hath cre - a - ted all that is, And
4. Like all that is and is to be She sings His prais - es joy - ful - ly; Then
mf
cresc.
f
glad - some song God's prais - es sing, Ye tid - ings of His mer - cy bring.
heart un - moved When all a - round Thro' for - est glade is heard her song?
made the night - in - gale a - mong The feath - ered tribe the queen of song.
loud - ly all your voic - es raise To sing his glo - ry, might, and praise.
cresc.
f

159 God Sends His Bright Spring Sun

ELIZABETH PEABODY — ELEANOR SMITH

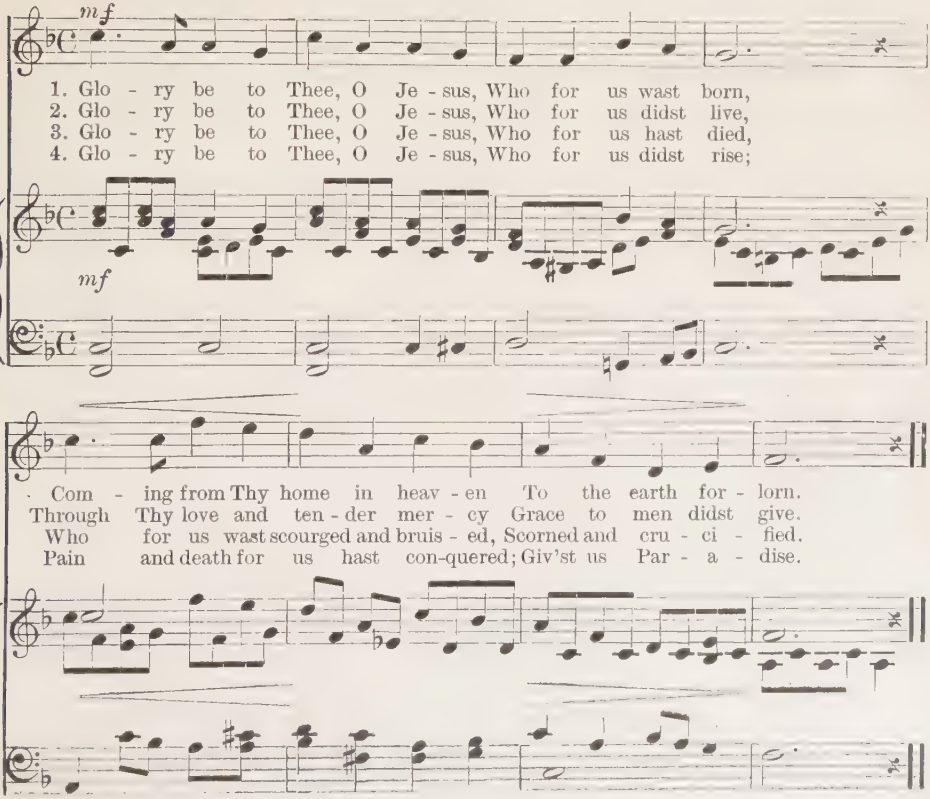
Allegretto

God Sends His Bright Spring Sun



160 Glory be to Thee, O Jesus

THERESA SEEFORD

Melody by Rev. J. NAPLETON *

Moderato

mf
1. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Je - sus, Who for us wast born,
2. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Je - sus, Who for us didst live,
3. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Je - sus, Who for us hast died,
4. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Je - sus, Who for us didst rise;
mf
Com - ing from Thy home in heav - en To the earth for - lorn.
Through Thy love and ten - der mer - cy Grace to men didst give.
Who for us wast scourged and bruis - ed, Scorned and cru - ci - fied.
Pain and death for us hast con-quered; Giv'st us Par - a - dise.

* By kind permission of The Century Co.

161 We Journey on to the Land of Love

ELLEN BERT

ELEANOR SMITH

Joyfully

mf

1. We jour- ney on to the land of love, Where hap - py chil - dren stay,
2. There kind - ly thoughts, like flow - ers, spring And blos- som ev - 'ry-where,

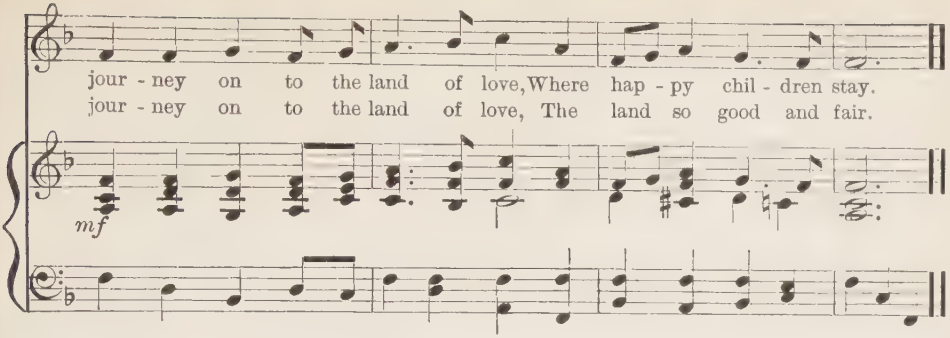
mf

As glad as birds that soar a - bove And sport and sing all
And gen - tle deeds a fra - grance bring To gar - dens fresh and

f

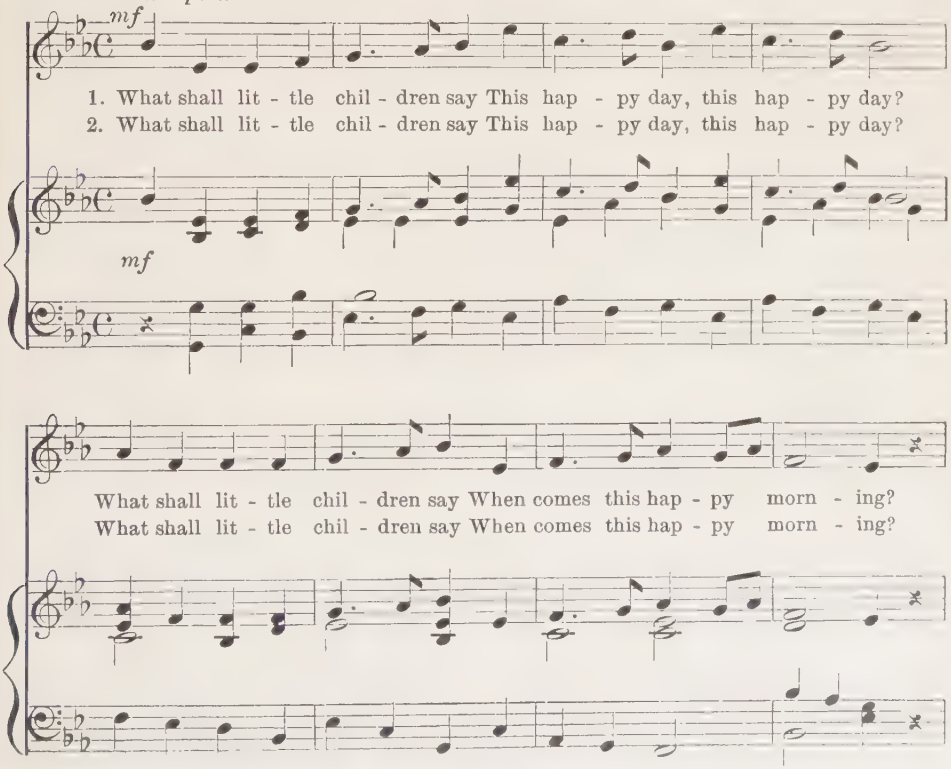
day. For there no an - gry word is heard And all is sweet and gay; We
rare. Where all is love - ly, all is bright; No e - vil en - ters there. We

f

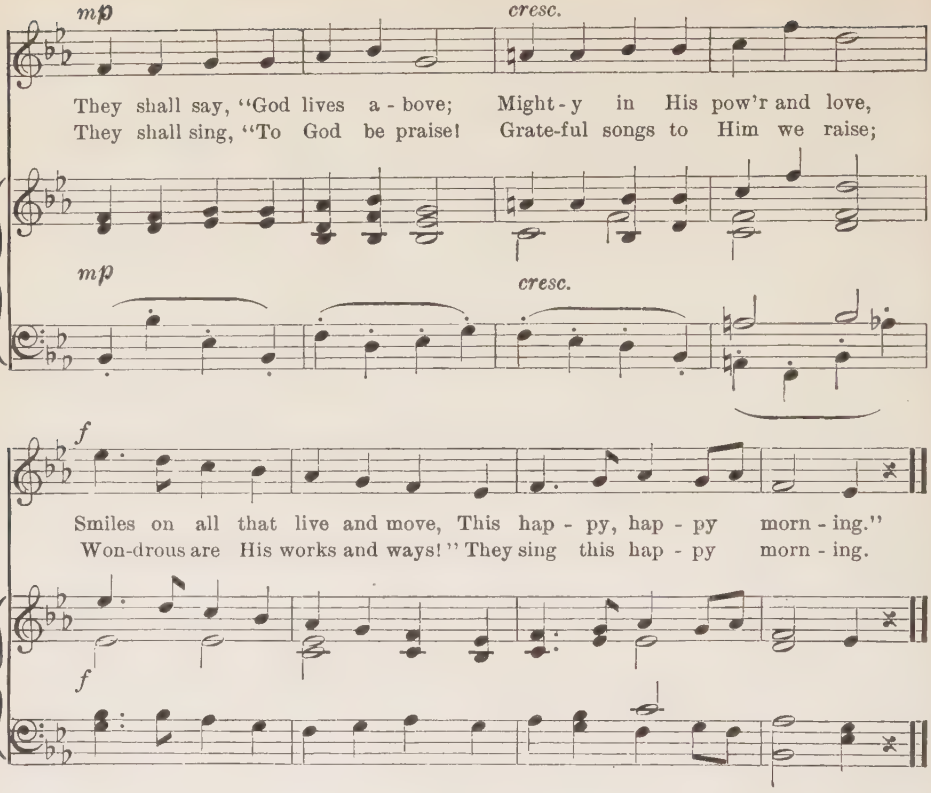
We Journey on to the Land of Love

162 What Shall Little Children Say?

MARY BLAKE JOHN HEATHCOTE

With spirit


mf
1. What shall lit - tle chil - dren say This hap - py day, this hap - py day?
2. What shall lit - tle chil - dren say This hap - py day, this hap - py day?
mf
What shall lit - tle chil - dren say When comes this hap - py morn - ing?
What shall lit - tle chil - dren say When comes this hap - py morn - ing?

What Shall Little Children Say?

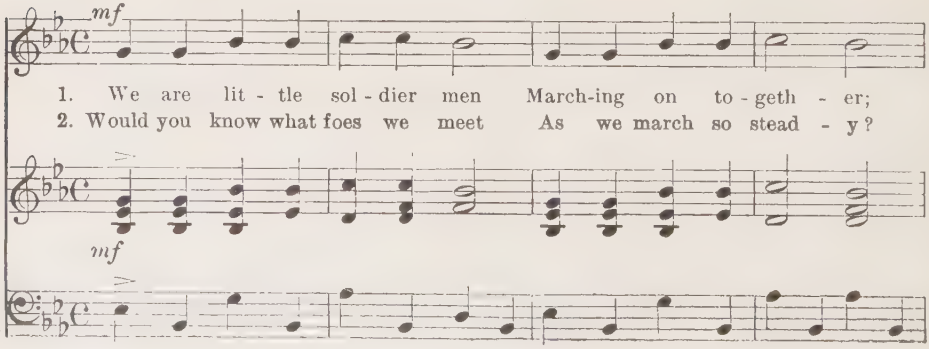

mp
cresc.
They shall say, "God lives a - bove; Might - y in His pow'r and love,
They shall sing, "To God be praise! Grate-ful songs to Him we raise;
mp
cresc.
f
Smiles on all that live and move, This hap - py, hap - py morn - ing."
Won-drous are His works and ways!" They sing this hap - py morn - ing.
f

163 We are Little Soldier Men

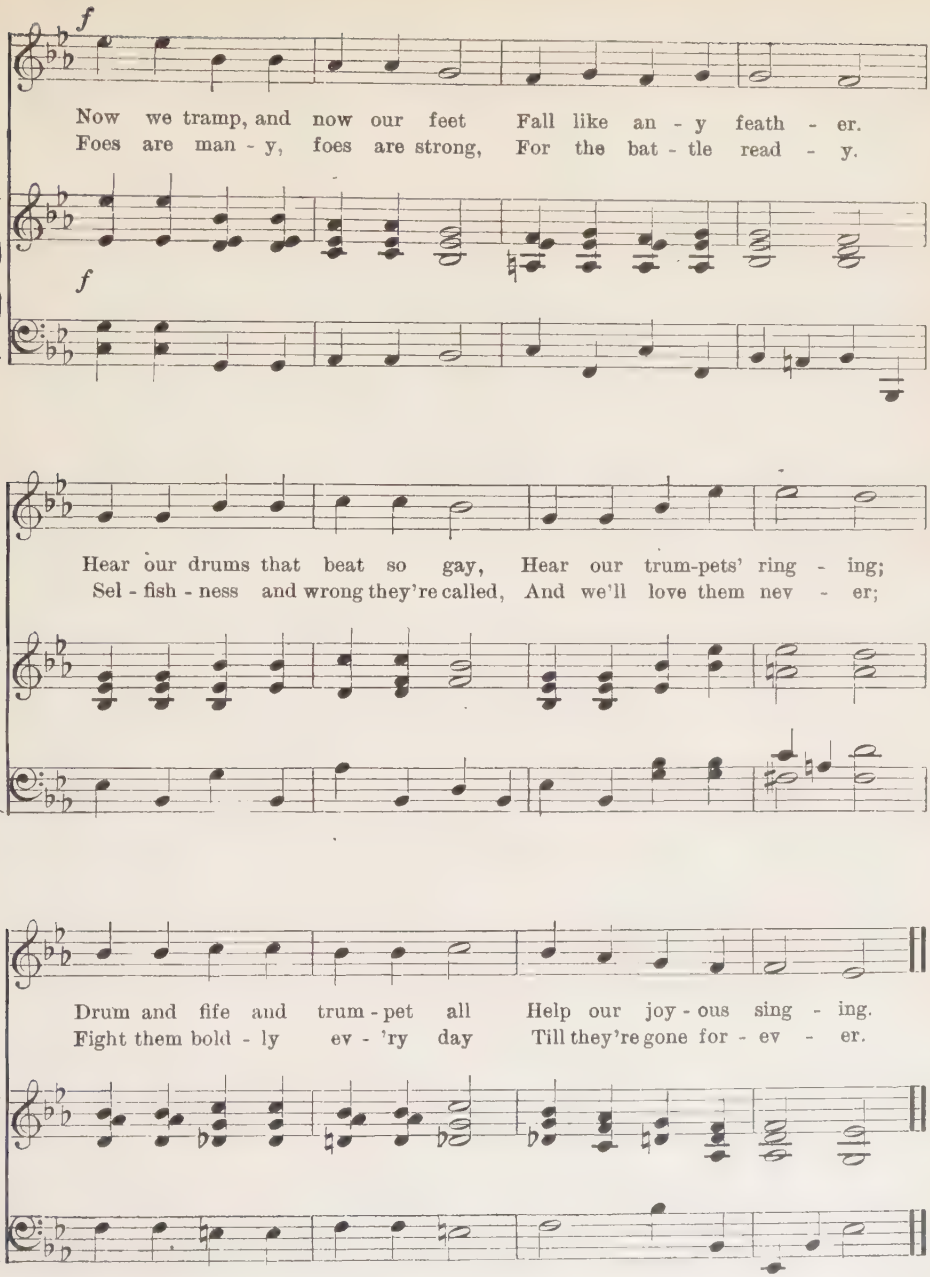
MARY SLADE

ELEANOR SMITH

Tempo di marcia

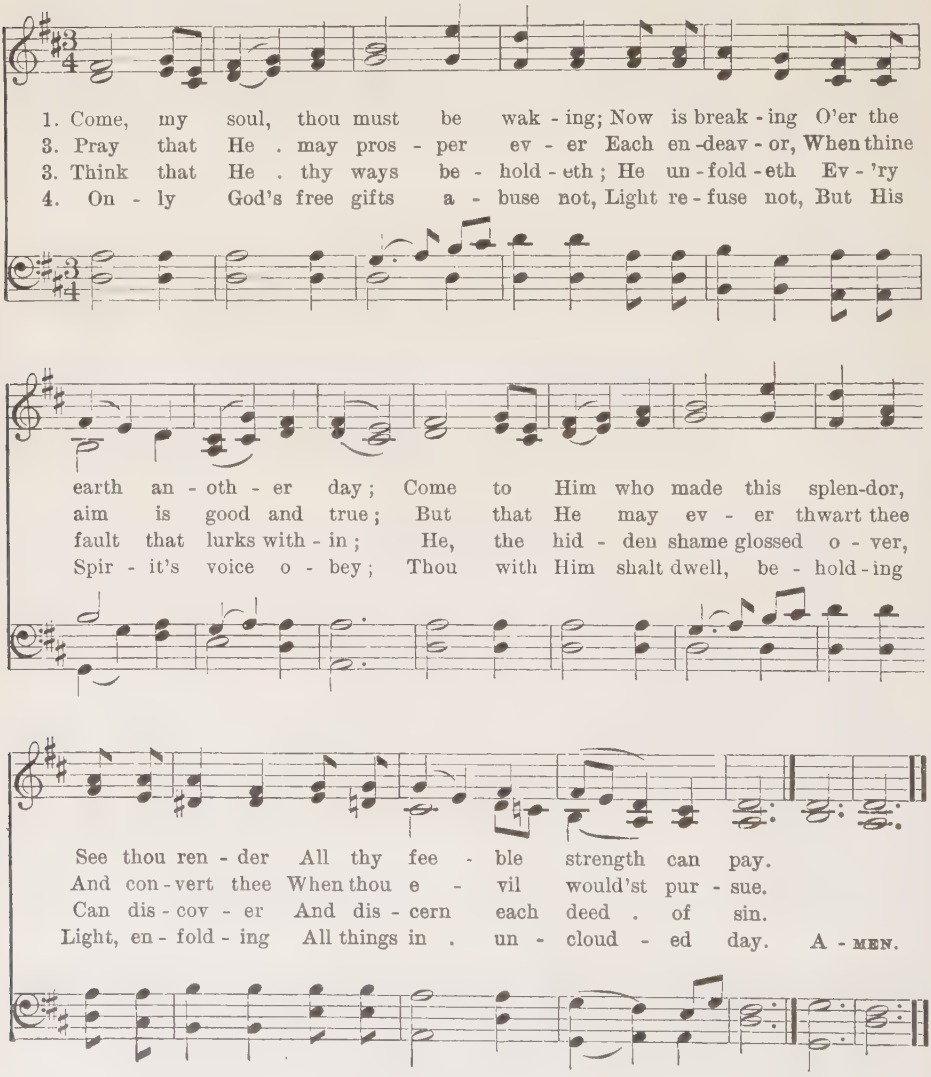


We are Little Soldier Men


f
Now we tramp, and now our feet Fall like an - y feath - er.
Foes are man - y, foes are strong, For the bat - tle read - y.
f
Hear our drums that beat so gay, Hear our trum-pets' ring - ing;
Sel - fish - ness and wrong they're called, And we'll love them nev - er;
Drum and fife and trum - pet all Help our joy - ous sing - ing.
Fight them bold - ly ev - 'ry day Till they're gone for - ev - er.

164 Come, My Soul, Thou Must be Waking

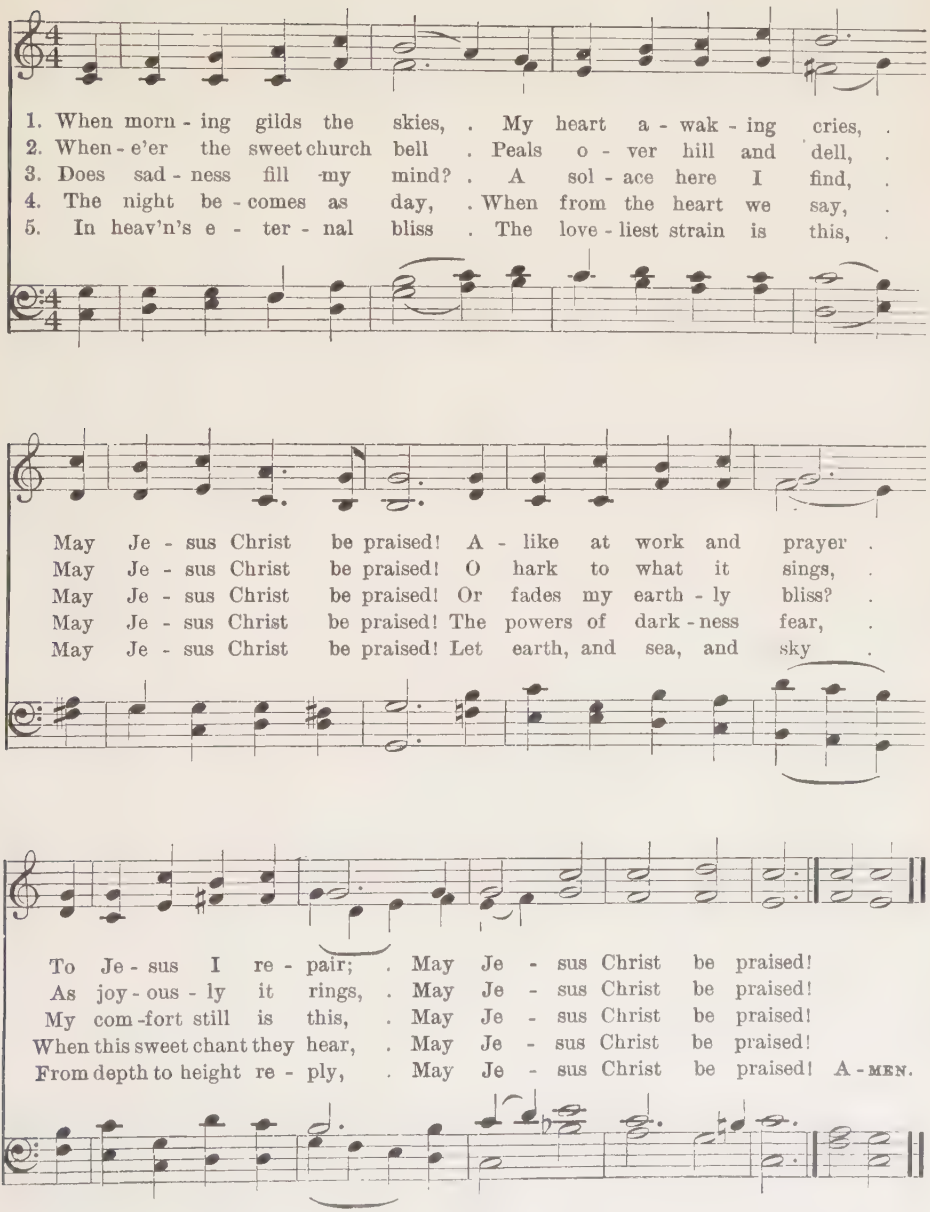
F. R. L. von Canitz
Tr. by H. J. Buckoll

Arr. fr. Joseph Haydn

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing; Now is break - ing O'er the
3. Pray that He . may pros - per ev - er Each en - deav - or, When thine
3. Think that He . thy ways be - hold - eth; He un - fold - eth Ev - 'ry
4. On - ly God's free gifts a - buse not, Light re - fuse not, But His
earth an - oth - er day; Come to Him who made this splen-dor,
aim is good and true; But that He may ev - er thwart thee
fault that lurks with - in; He, the hid - den shame glossed o - ver,
Spir - it's voice o - bey; Thou with Him shalt dwell, be - hold - ing
See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.
And con - vert thee When thou e - vil would'st pur - sue.
Can dis - cov - er And dis - cern each deed . of sin.
Light, en - fold - ing All things in . un - cloud - ed day. A - MEN.

165 When Morning Gilds the Skies

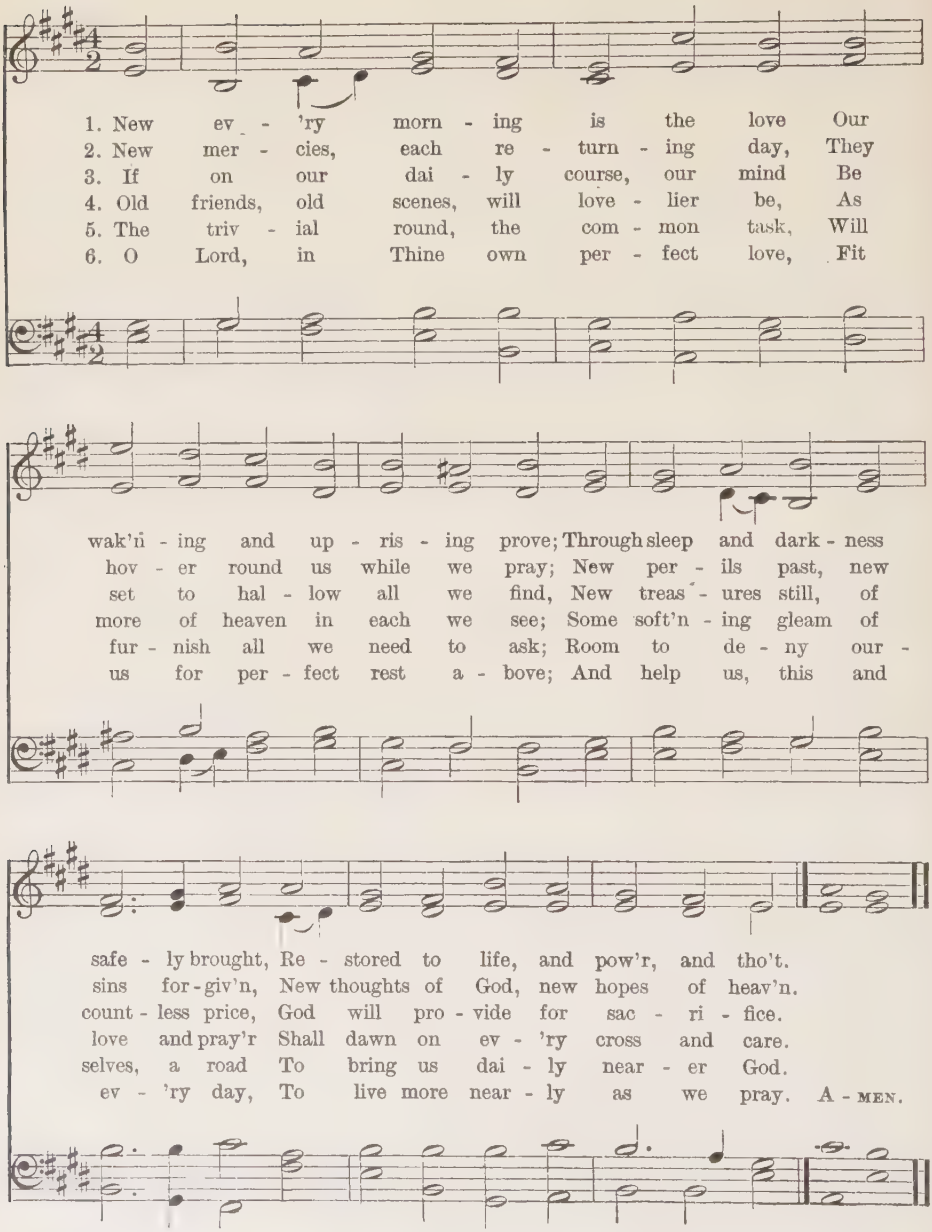
Tr. by E. Caswall

J. Barnby


1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, . My heart a - wak - ing cries, .
2. When - e'er the sweet church bell . Peals o - ver hill and dell, .
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind? . A sol - ace here I find, .
4. The night be - comes as day, . When from the heart we say, .
5. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss . The love - liest strain is this, .
May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer .
May Je - sus Christ be praised! O hark to what it sings, .
May Je - sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earth - ly bliss? .
May Je - sus Christ be praised! The powers of dark - ness fear, .
May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and sky .
To Je - sus I re - pair; . May Je - sus Christ be praised!
As joy - ous - ly it rings, . May Je - sus Christ be praised!
My com - fort still is this, . May Je - sus Christ be praised!
When this sweet chant they hear, . May Je - sus Christ be praised!
From depth to height re - ply, . May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - men.

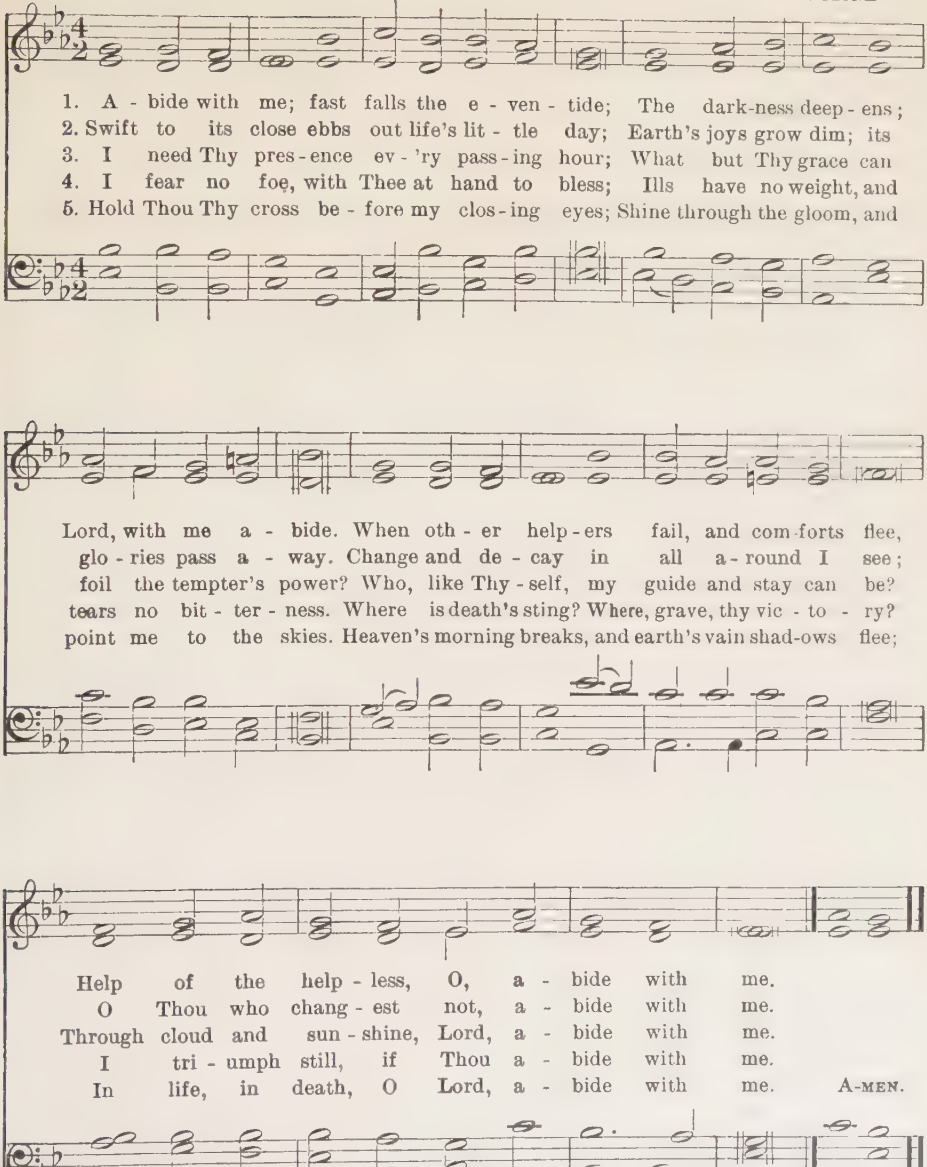
166 New Every Morning is the Love

JOHN KEBLE — SAMUEL WEBBE


1. New ev - 'ry morn - ing is the love Our
2. New mer - cies, each re - turn - ing day, They
3. If on our dai - ly course, our mind Be
4. Old friends, old scenes, will love - lier be, As
5. The triv - ial round, the com - mon task, Will
6. O Lord, in Thine own per - fect love, Fit
wak'n - ing and up - ris - ing prove; Through sleep and dark - ness
hov - er round us while we pray; New per - ils past, new
set to hal - low all we find, New treas - ures still, of
more of heaven in each we see; Some soft'n - ing gleam of
fur - nish all we need to ask; Room to de - ny our -
us for per - fect rest a - bove; And help us, this and
safe - ly brought, Re - stored to life, and pow'r, and tho't.
sins for - giv'n, New thoughts of God, new hopes of heav'n.
count - less price, God will pro - vide for sac - ri - fice.
love and pray'r Shall dawn on ev - 'ry cross and care.
selves, a road To bring us dai - ly near - er God.
ev - 'ry day, To live more near - ly as we pray. A - MEN.

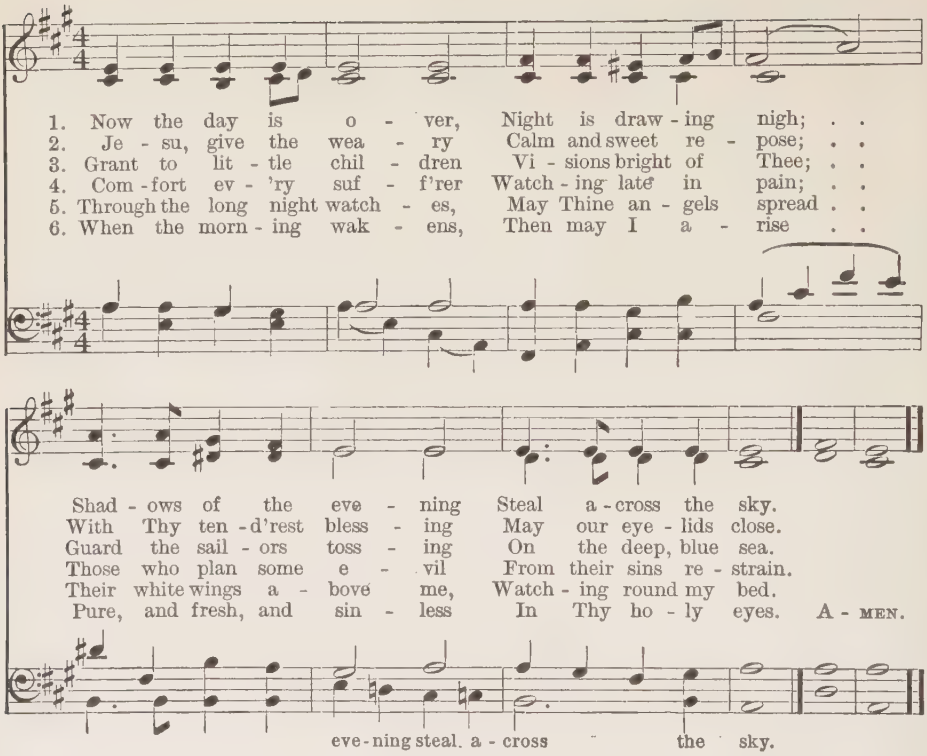
167 Abide with Me

H. F. Lyte W. H. Monk


1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim; its
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy grace can
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and
Lord, with me a - bide. When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
glo - ries pass a - way. Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
foil the tempter's power? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be?
tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
point me to the skies. Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;
Help of the help - less, O, a - bide with me.
O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.
I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.
In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me. A-men.

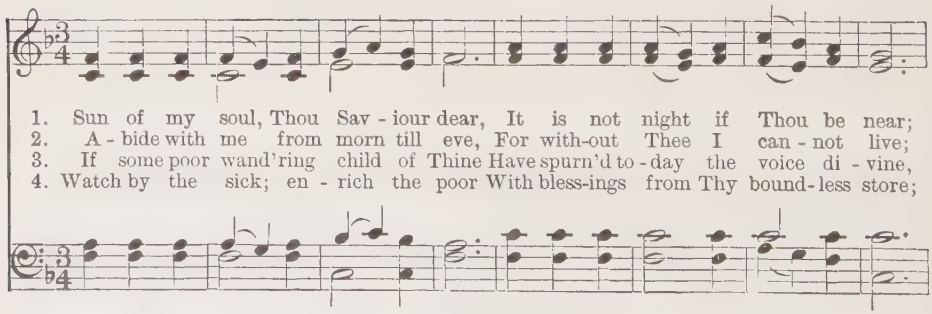
168 Now the Day is Over

S. Baring-Gould — J. Barnby

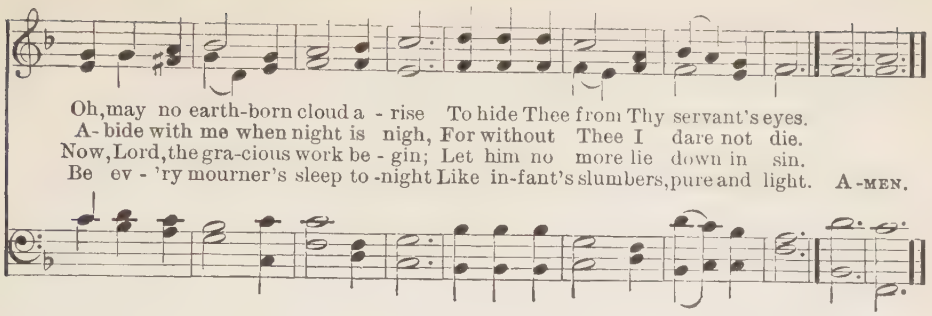

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh; . .
2. Je - su, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; . .
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee; . .
4. Com - fort ev - 'ry suf - f'rer Watch - ing late in pain; . .
5. Through the long night watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread . .
6. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise . .
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep, blue sea.
Those who plan some e - vil From their sins re - strain.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - men.
eve - ning steal. a - cross the sky.

169 Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear

John Keble — P. Ritter, Arr. by W. H. Monk

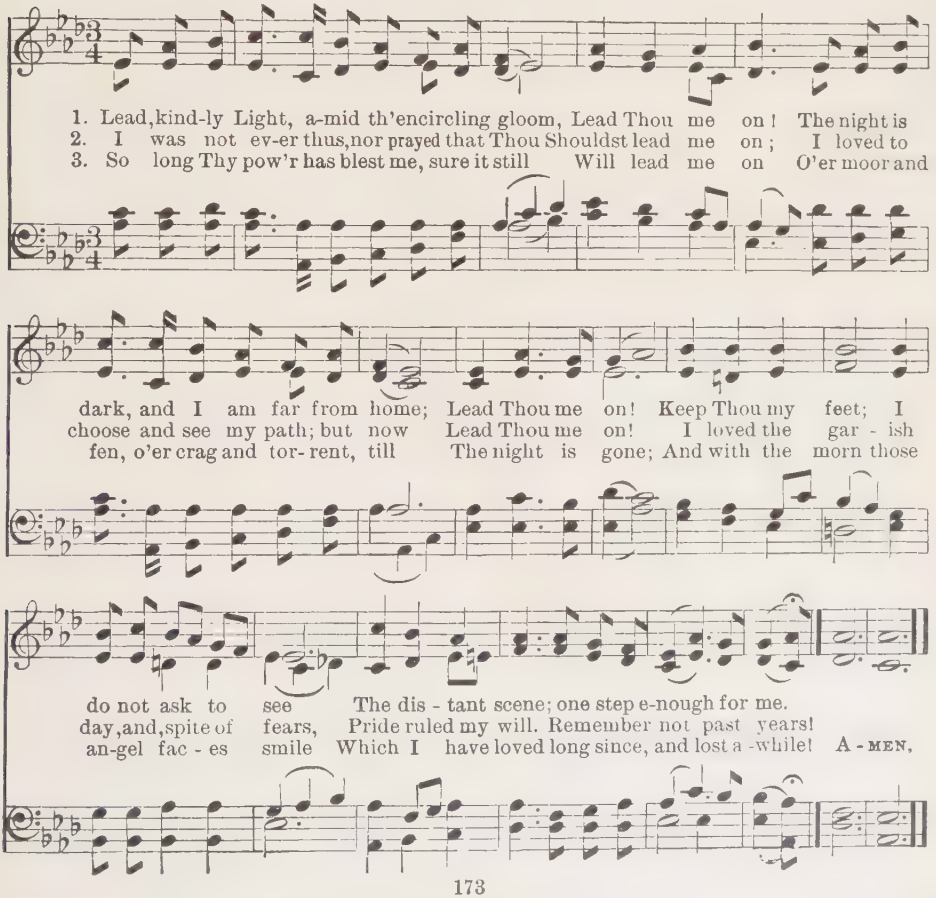

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
3. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine Have spurn'd to - day the voice di - vine,
4. Watch by the sick; en - rich the poor With bless-ings from Thy bound - less store;

Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear


Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
A- bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gra-cious work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
Be ev - 'ry mourner's sleep to -night Like in-fant's slumbers, pure and light. A-MEN.

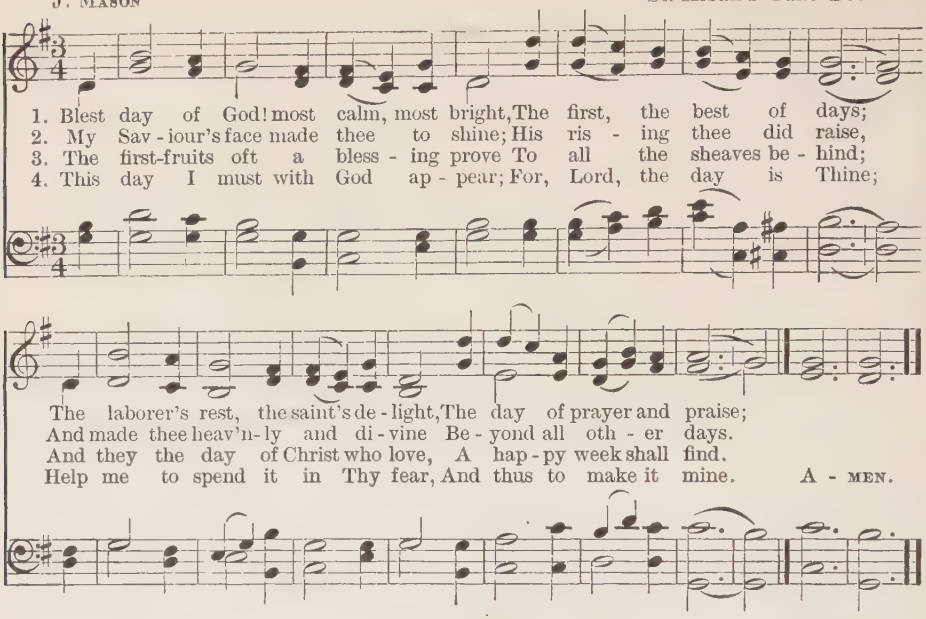
170 Lead, Kindly Light

JOHN H. NEWMAN J. B. DYKES


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor- rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!
an-gel fac - es smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a -while! A-MEN.

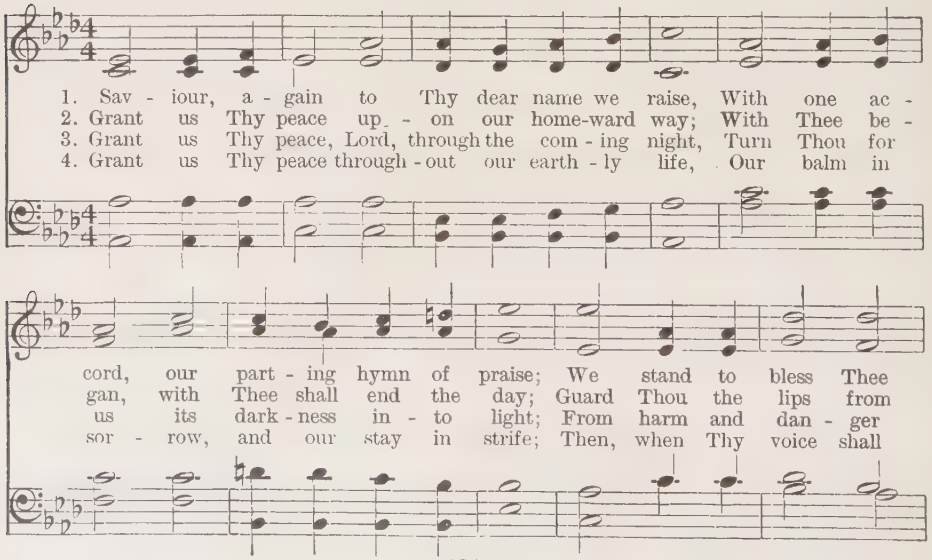
171 Blest Day of God! Most Calm, Most Bright

J. Mason — St. Alban's Tune Book

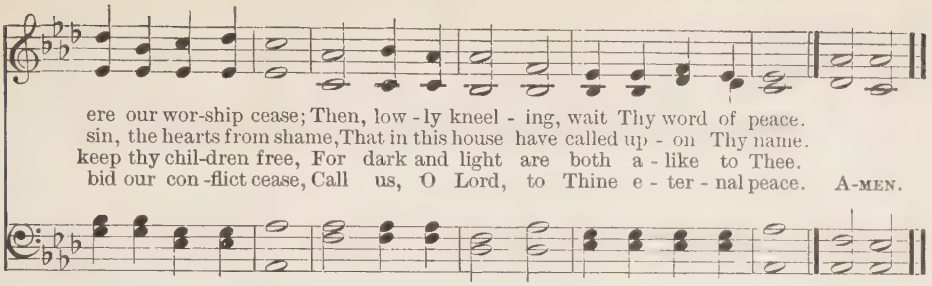

1. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days;
2. My Sav - iour's face made thee to shine; His ris - ing thee did raise,
3. The first-fruits oft a bless - ing prove To all the sheaves be - hind;
4. This day I must with God ap - pear; For, Lord, the day is Thine;
The laborer's rest, the saint's de - light, The day of prayer and praise;
And made thee heav'n-ly and di - vine Be - yond all oth - er days.
And they the day of Christ who love, A hap - py week shall find.
Help me to spend it in Thy fear, And thus to make it mine. A - men.

172 Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name

John Ellerton — E. J. Hopkins

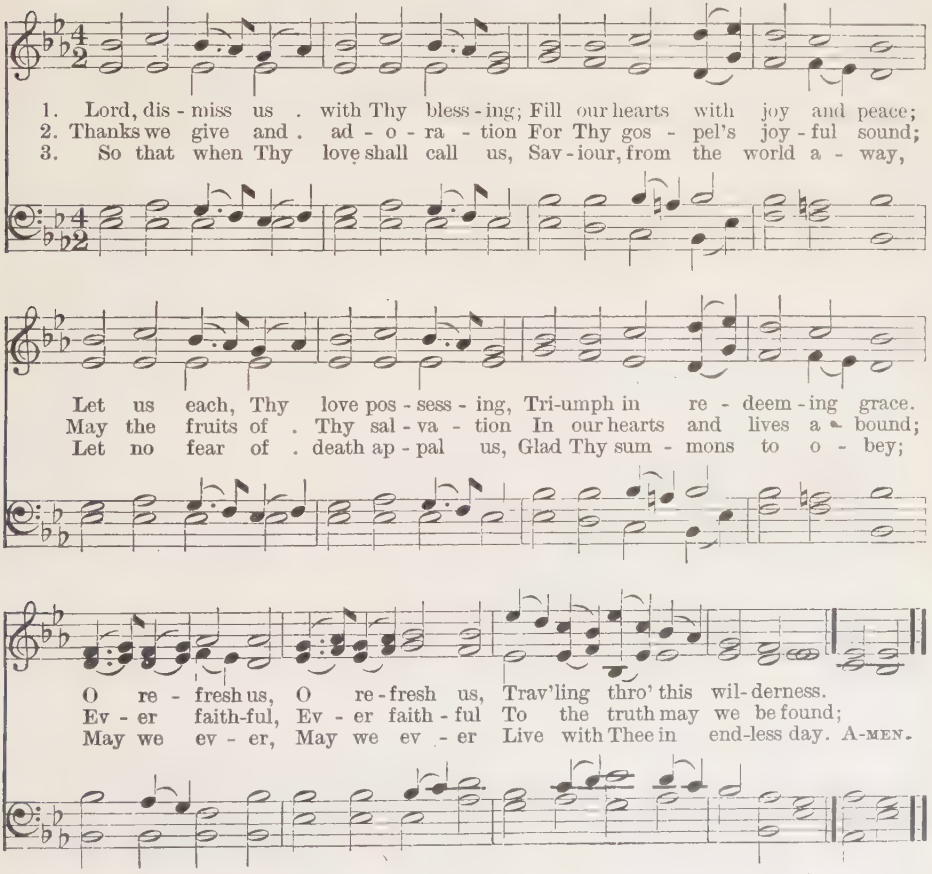

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise, With one ac -
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be -
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com - ing night, Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth - ly life, Our balm in
cord, our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee
gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from
us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name

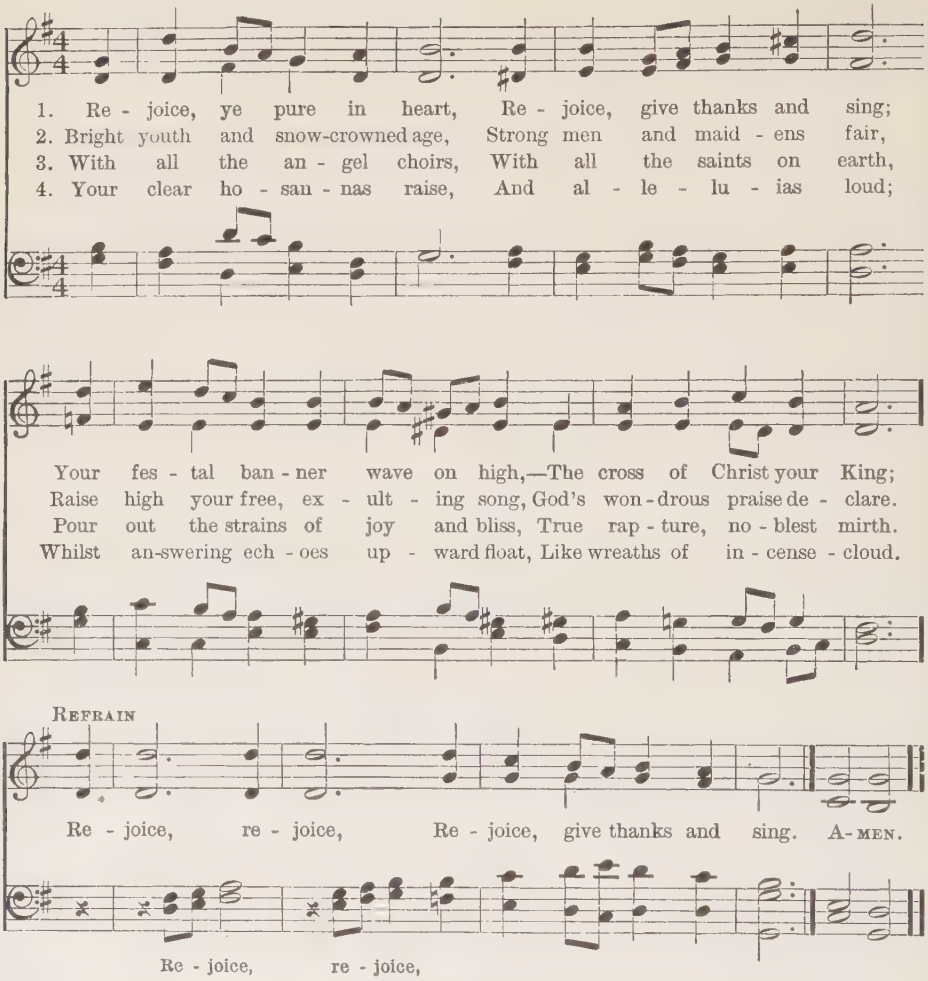

ere our wor-ship cease; Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy name.
keep thy chil-dren free, For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.
bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e-ter-nal peace. A-MEN.

173 Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing

JOHN FAWCETT — Sicilian Melody


1. Lord, dis-miss us . with Thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give and . ad-o-ra-tion For Thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound;
3. So that when Thy love shall call us, Sav-iour, from the world a-way,
Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace.
May the fruits of . Thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound;
Let no fear of . death ap-pal us, Glad Thy sum-mons to o-bey;
O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-derness.
Ev-er faith-ful, Ev-er faith-ful To the truth may we be found;
May we ev-er, May we ev-er Live with Thee in end-less day. A-MEN.

174 Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart

EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE — A. H. MESSITER *

1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing;
2. Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maid - ens fair,
3. With all the an - gel choirs, With all the saints on earth,
4. Your clear ho - san - nas raise, And al - le - lu - ias loud;
Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high,—The cross of Christ your King;
Raise high your free, ex - ult - ing song, God's won - drous praise de - clare.
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss, True rap - ture, no - blest mirth.
Whilst an-swering ech - oes up - ward float, Like wreaths of in - cense - cloud.
REFRAIN
Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing. A-MEN.
Re - joice, re - joice,

5 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

6 Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

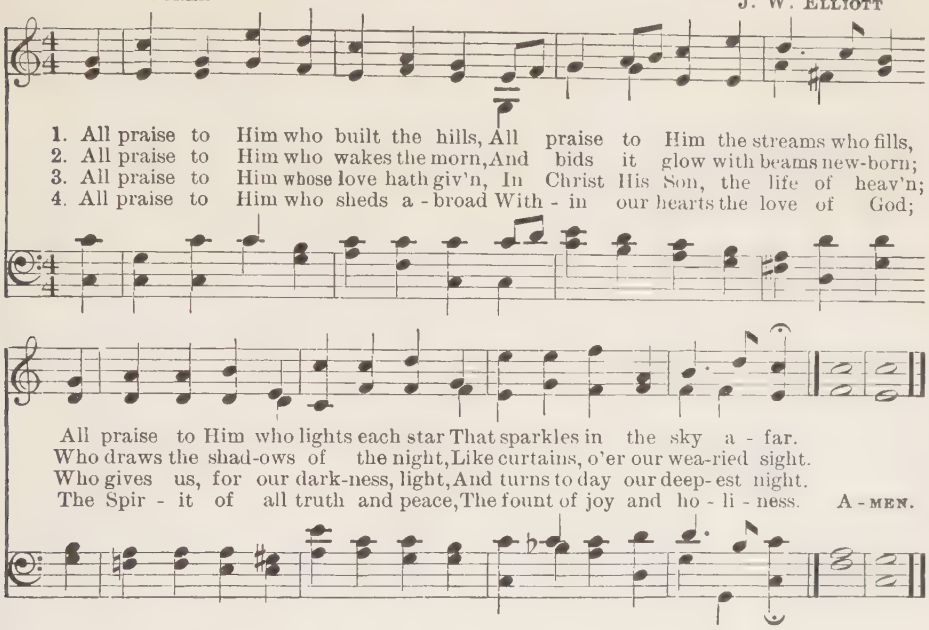
7 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

8 Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ, your King.

* Tune "Marion," used by kind permission of the composer

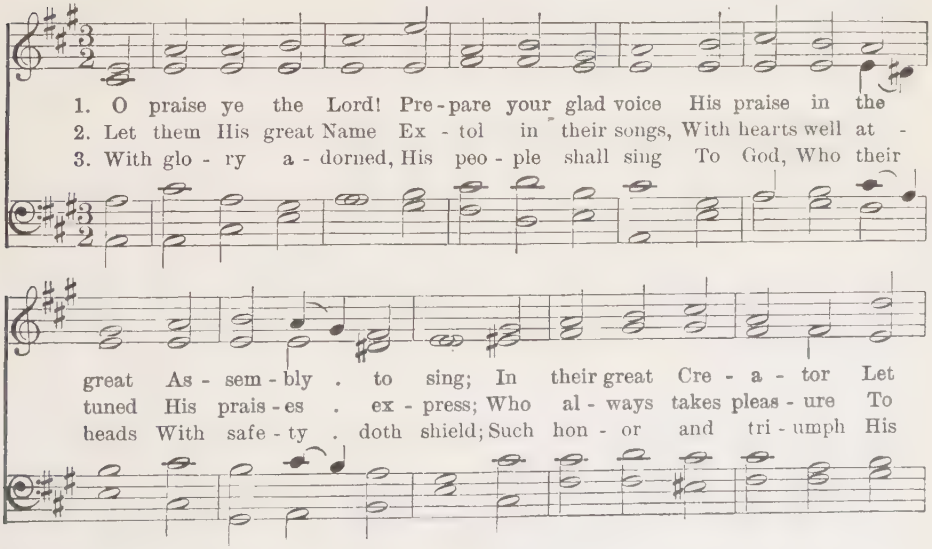
175 All Praise to Him Who Built the Hills

HORATIO BONAR — J. W. ELLIOTT

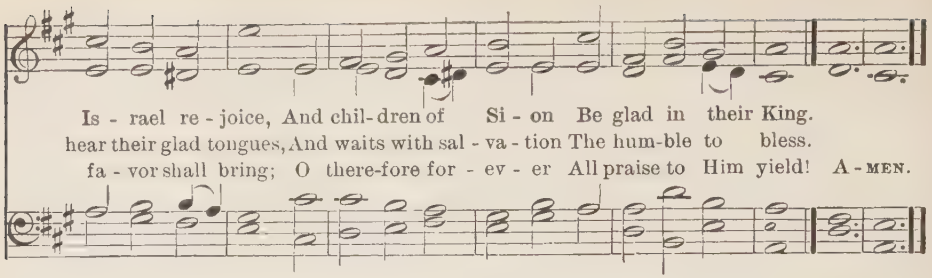

1. All praise to Him who built the hills, All praise to Him the streams who fills,
2. All praise to Him who wakes the morn, And bids it glow with beams new-born;
3. All praise to Him whose love hath giv'n, In Christ His Son, the life of heav'n;
4. All praise to Him who sheds a-broad With-in our hearts the love of God;
All praise to Him who lights each star That sparkles in the sky a-far.
Who draws the shad-ows of the night, Like curtains, o'er our wea-ried sight.
Who gives us, for our dark-ness, light, And turns to day our deep-est night.
The Spir-it of all truth and peace, The fount of joy and ho-li-ness. A-MEN.

176 O Praise Ye the Lord!

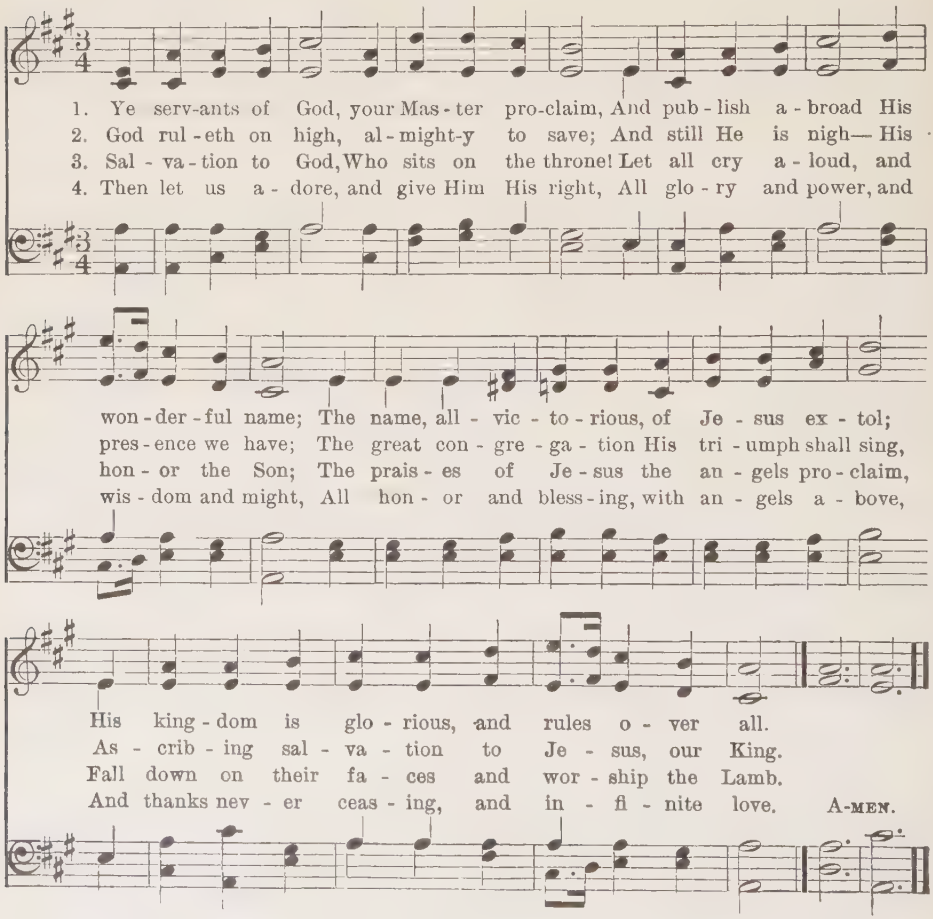
TATE and BRADY — G. F. HANDEL


1. O praise ye the Lord! Pre-pare your glad voice His praise in the
2. Let them His great Name Ex-tol in their songs, With hearts well at-
3. With glo-ry a-dorned, His peo-ple shall sing To God, Who their
great As-sem-bly . to sing; In their great Cre-a-tor Let
tuned His prais-es . ex-press; Who al-ways takes pleas-ure To
heads With safe-ty . doth shield; Such hon-or and tri-umph His

O Praise Ye the Lord!

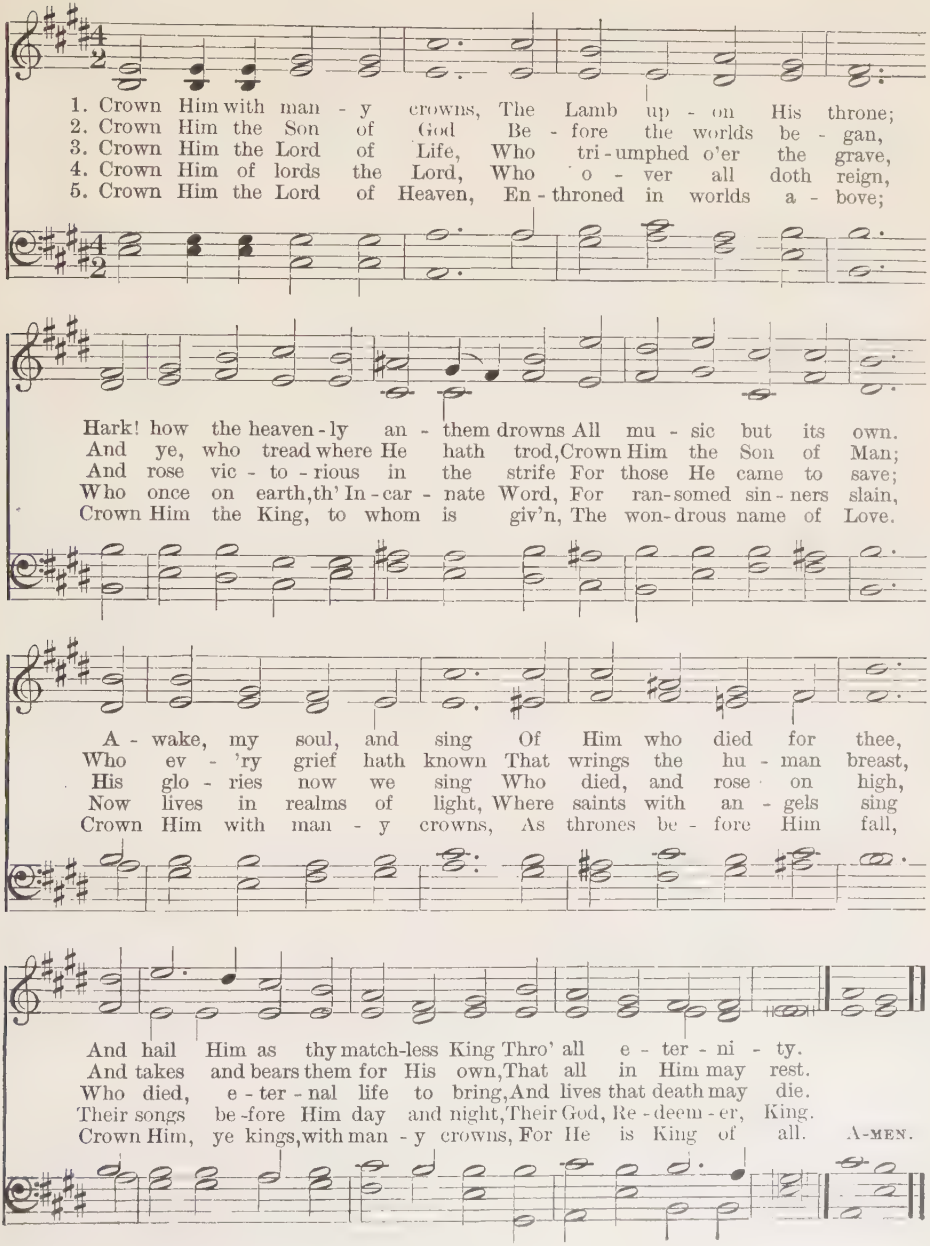

Is - rael re - joice, And chil-dren of Si - on Be glad in their King.
hear their glad tongues, And waits with sal - va - tion The hum-ble to bless.
fa - vor shall bring; O there-fore for - ev - er All praise to Him yield! A - MEN.

177 Ye Servants of God

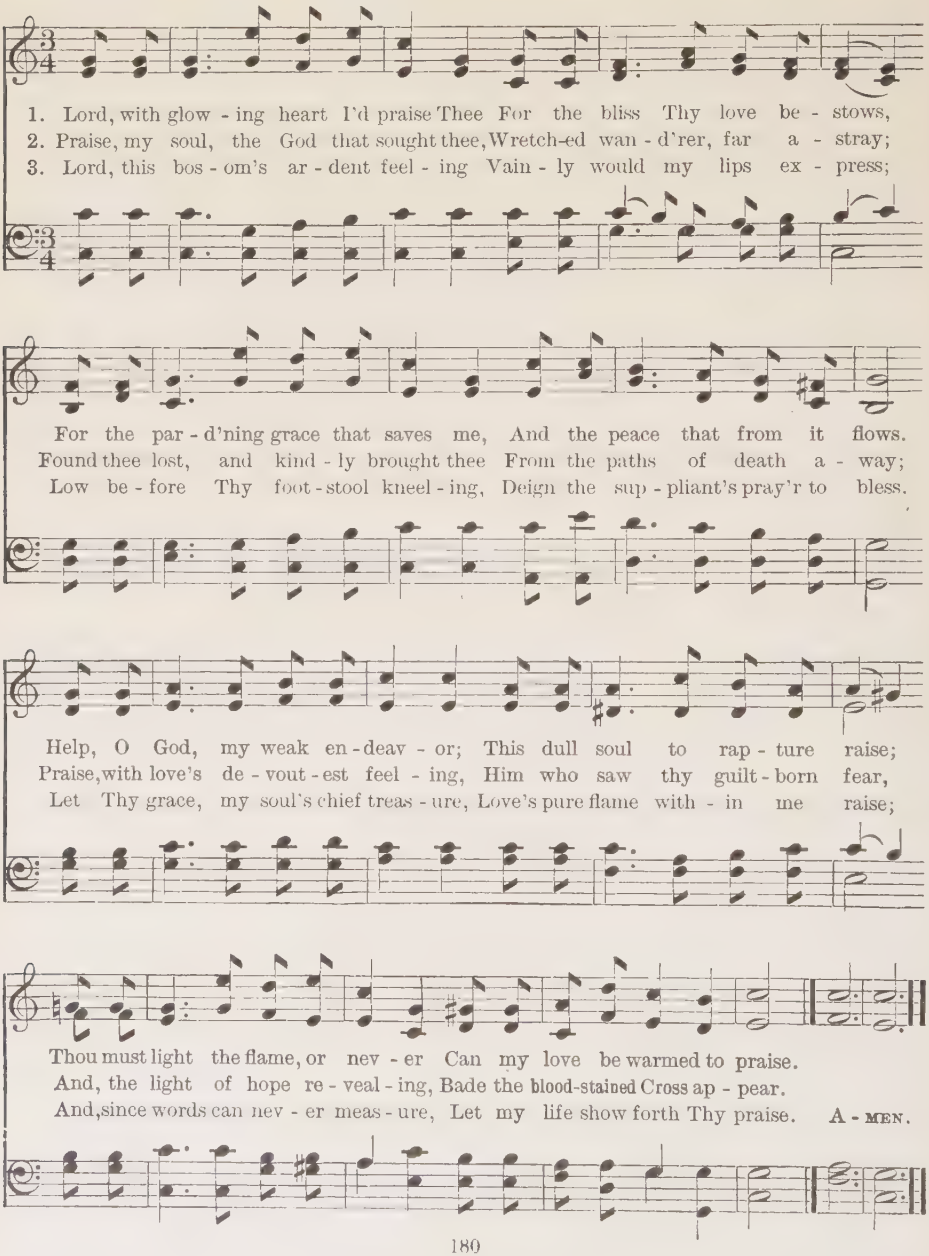
CHARLES WESLEY — ARR. from MICHAEL HAYDN

1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas - ter pro-claim, And pub - lish a - broad His
2. God rul - eth on high, al - might-y to save; And still He is nigh— His
3. Sal - va - tion to God, Who sits on the throne! Let all cry a - loud, and
4. Then let us a - dore, and give Him His right, All glo - ry and power, and
won - der - ful name; The name, all - vic - to - rious, of Je - sus ex - tol;
pres - ence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion His tri - umph shall sing,
hon - or the Son; The prais - es of Je - sus the an - gels pro - claim,
wis - dom and might, All hon - or and bless - ing, with an - gels a - bove,
His king - dom is glo - rious, and rules o - ver all.
As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus, our King.
Fall down on their fa - ces and wor - ship the Lamb.
And thanks nev - er ceas - ing, and in - fi - nite love. A-MEN.

178 Crown Him with Many Crowns

MATTHEW BRIDGES

G. J. ELVEY

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Son of God Be - fore the worlds be - gan,
3. Crown Him the Lord of Life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave,
4. Crown Him of lords the Lord, Who o - ver all doth reign,
5. Crown Him the Lord of Heaven, En - throned in worlds a - bove;
Hark! how the heaven - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own.
And ye, who tread where He hath trod, Crown Him the Son of Man;
And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save;
Who once on earth, th' In - car - nate Word, For ran - somed sin - ners slain,
Crown Him the King, to whom is giv'n, The won - drous name of Love.
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
Who ev - 'ry grief hath known That wrings the hu - man breast,
His glo - ries now we sing Who died, and rose on high,
Now lives in realms of light, Where saints with an - gels sing
Crown Him with man - y crowns, As thrones be - fore Him fall,
And hail Him as thy match - less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
And takes and bears them for His own, That all in Him may rest.
Who died, e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Their songs be - fore Him day and night, Their God, Re - deem - er, King.
Crown Him, ye kings, with man - y crowns, For He is King of all. A - MEN.

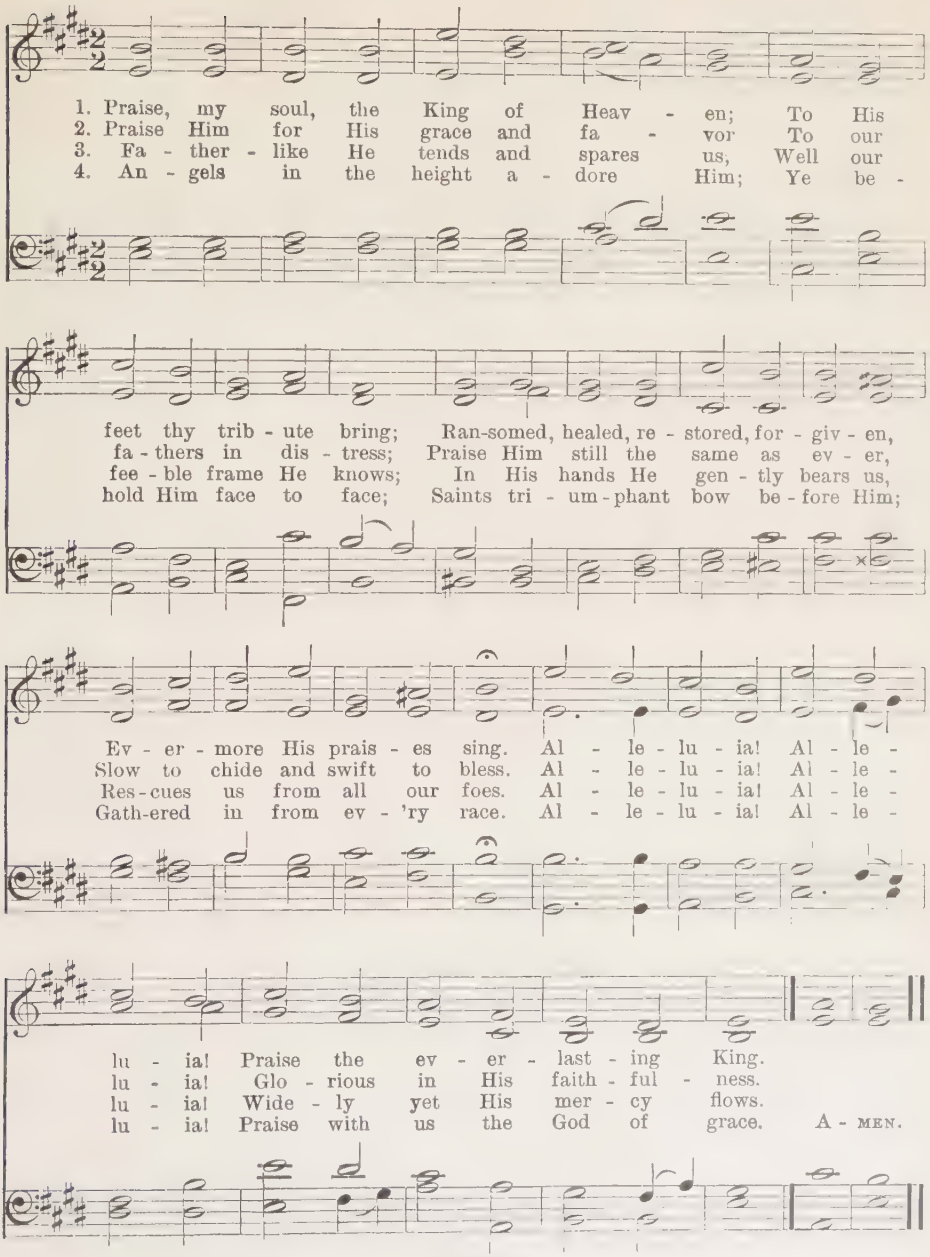
179 Lord, with Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee

F. S. Key J. H. Wilcox

1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretch-ed wan - d'rer, far a - stray;
3. Lord, this bos - om's ar - dent feel - ing Vain - ly would my lips ex - press;
For the par - d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows.
Found thee lost, and kind - ly brought thee From the paths of death a - way;
Low be - fore Thy foot - stool kneel - ing, Deign the sup - pliant's pray'r to bless.
Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise;
Praise, with love's de - vout - est feel - ing, Him who saw thy guilt - born fear,
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treas - ure, Love's pure flame with - in me raise;
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.
And, the light of hope re - veal - ing, Bade the blood-stained Cross ap - pear.
And, since words can nev - er meas - ure, Let my life show forth Thy praise. A - men.

180 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

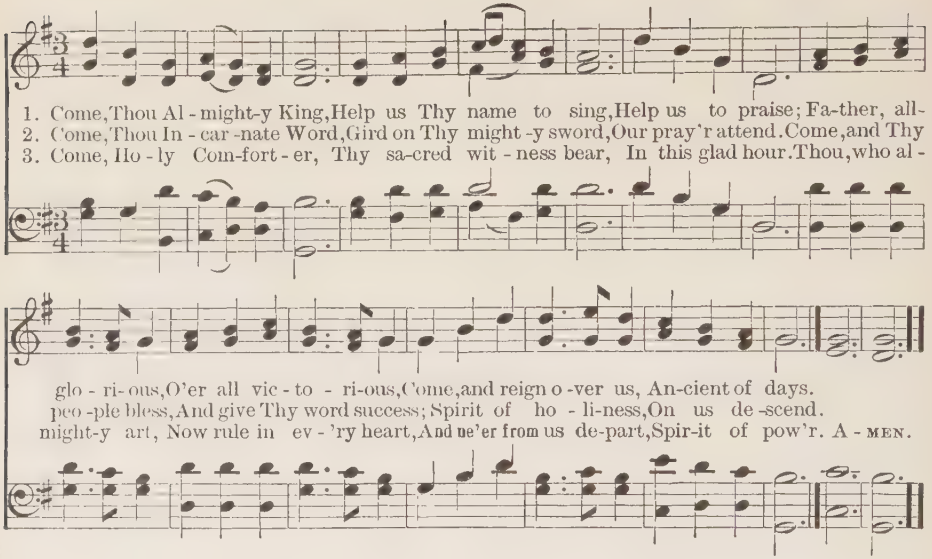
H. F. Lyte

John Goss


1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heav - en; To His
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our
3. Fa - ther - like He tends and spares us, Well our
4. An - gels in the height a - dore Him; Ye be -
feet thy trib - ute bring; Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,
fa - thers in dis - tress; Praise Him still the same as ev - er,
fee - ble frame He knows; In His hands He gen - tly bears us,
hold Him face to face; Saints tri - um - phant bow be - fore Him;
Ev - er - more His prais - es sing. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
Slow to chide and swift to bless. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
Res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
Gath-ered in from ev - 'ry race. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
lu - ia! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
lu - ia! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows.
lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace. A - men.

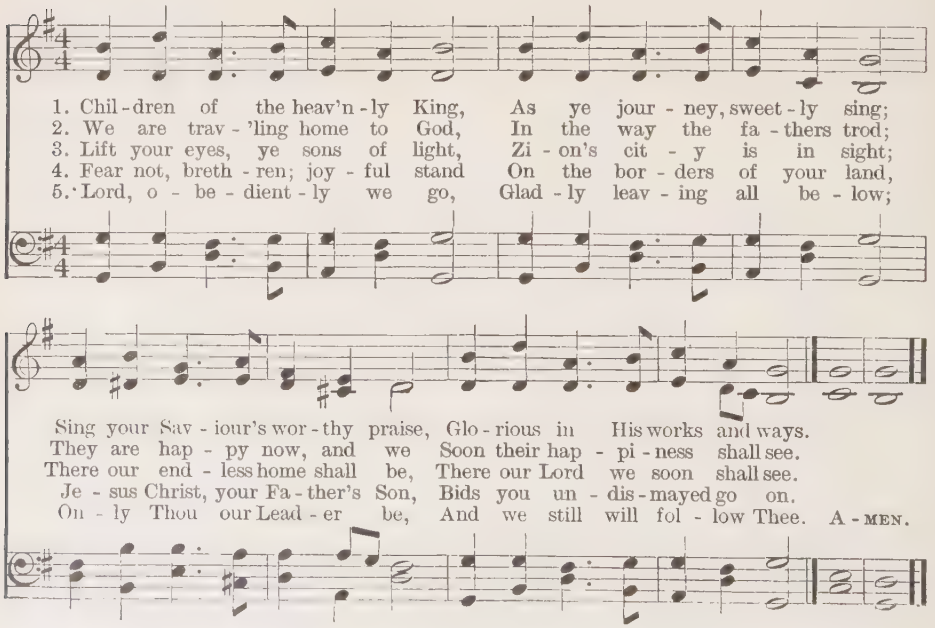
181 Come, Thou Almighty King

CHARLES WESLEY F. DE GIARDINI


1. Come, Thou Al - might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa-ther, all-
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our pray'r attend. Come, and Thy
3. Come, Ho - ly Com-fort - er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour. Thou, who al -
glo - ri- ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days.
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word success; Spirit of ho - li-ness, On us de - scend.
might-y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r. A - MEN.

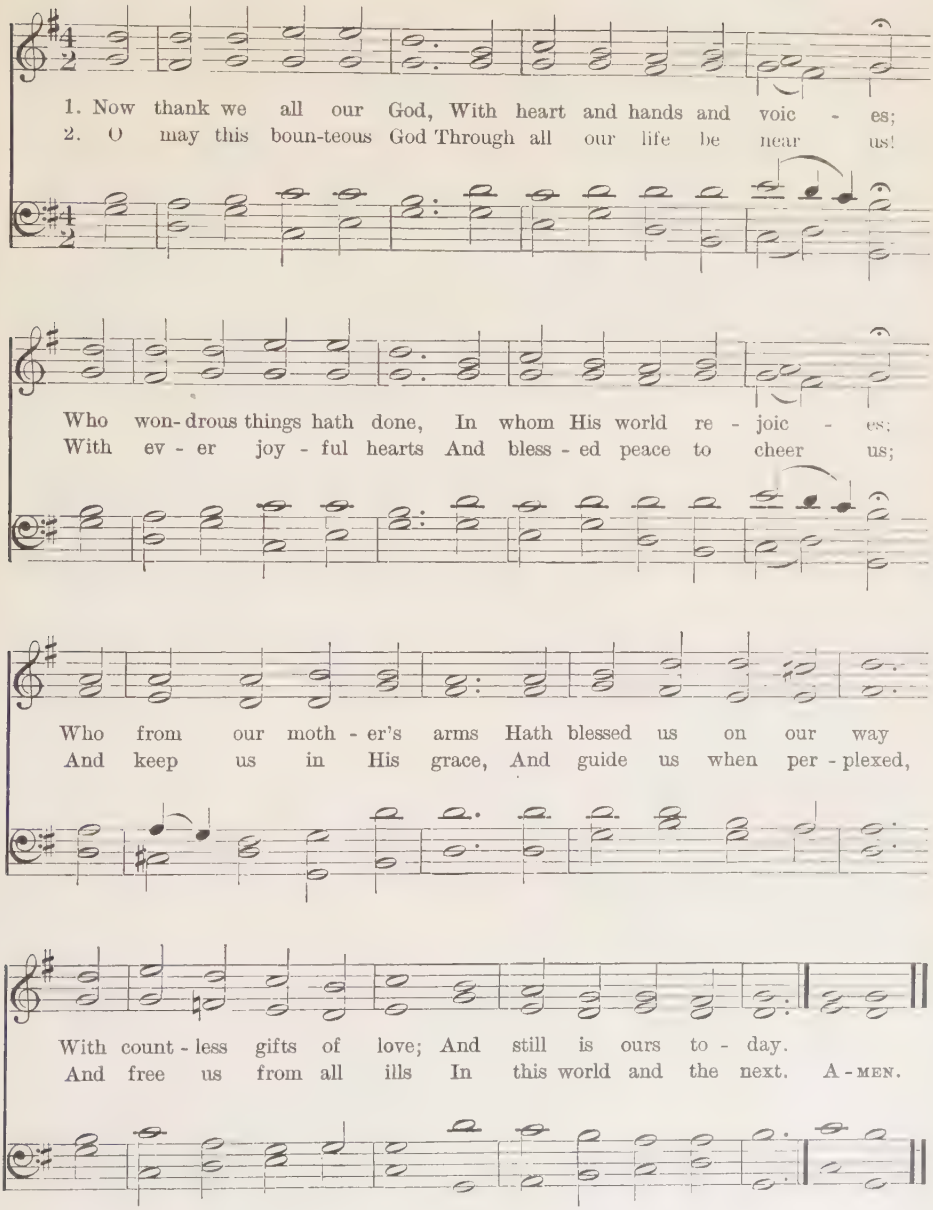
182 Children of the Heavenly King

J. CENNICK. Abr. I. J. PLEYEL


1. Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;
2. We are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod;
3. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light, Zi - on's cit - y is in sight;
4. Fear not, breth - ren; joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land,
5. Lord, o - be - dient - ly we go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;
Sing your Sav - iour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
There our end - less home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see.
Je - sus Christ, your Fa - ther's Son, Bids you un - dis - mayed go on.
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee. A - MEN.

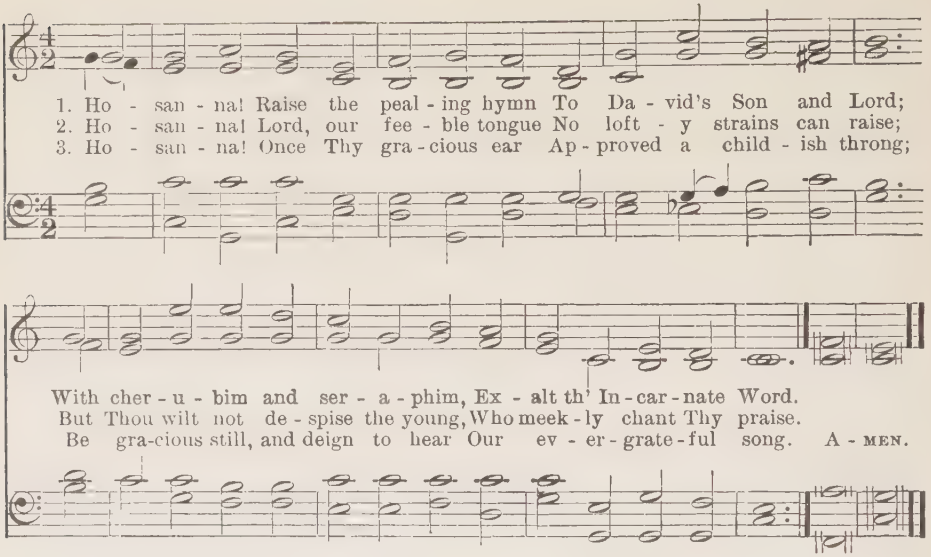
183 Now Thank We All Our God

MARTIN RINKART
tr. by Miss WINKWORTH

JOHANN CRÜGER

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic - es;
2. O may this boun-teous God Through all our life be near us!
Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;
Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,
With count - less gifts of love; And still is ours to - day.
And free us from all ills In this world and the next. A - MEN.

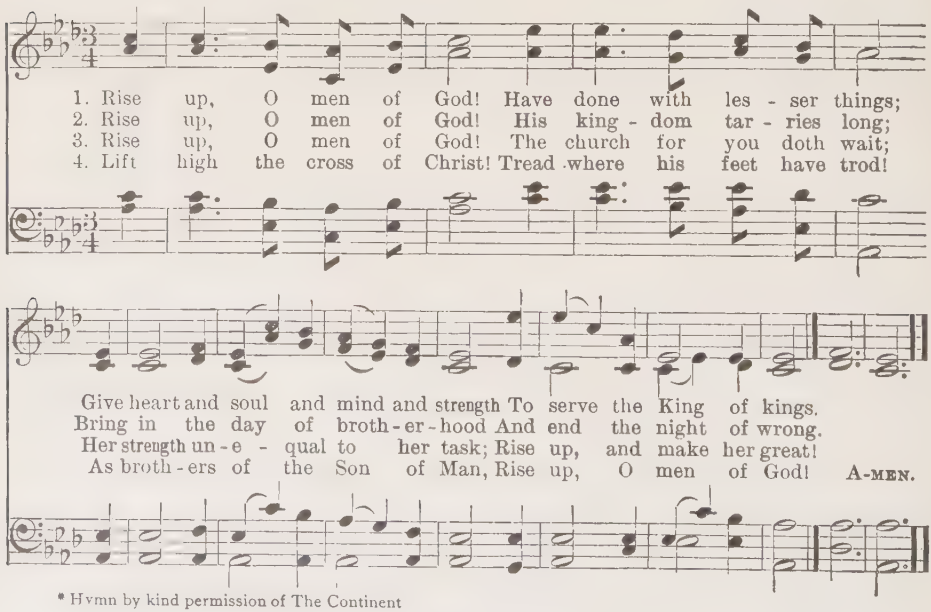
184 Hosanna! Raise the Pealing Hymn

W. H. Havergal — Arthur S. Sullivan


1. Ho - san - na! Raise the peal - ing hymn To Da - vid's Son and Lord;
2. Ho - san - na! Lord, our fee - ble tongue No loft - y strains can raise;
3. Ho - san - na! Once Thy gra - cious ear Ap - proved a child - ish throng;
With cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Ex - alt th' In - car - nate Word.
But Thou wilt not de - spise the young, Who meek - ly chant Thy praise.
Be gra-cious still, and deign to hear Our ev - er - grate - ful song. A - MEN.

185 Rise Up, O Men of God

William P. Merrill* — H. W. Greatorex

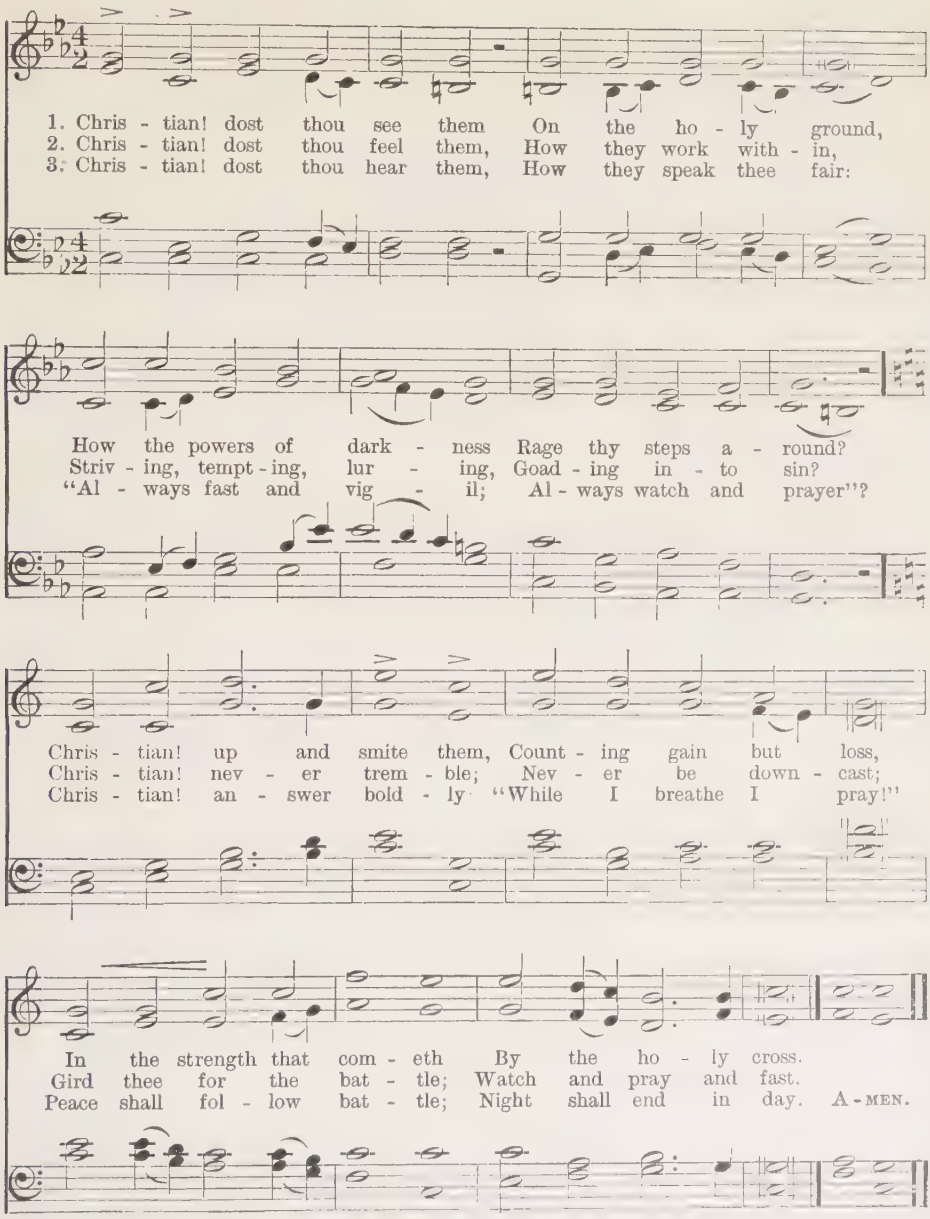

1. Rise up, O men of God! Have done with les - ser things;
2. Rise up, O men of God! His king - dom tar - ries long;
3. Rise up, O men of God! The church for you doth wait;
4. Lift high the cross of Christ! Tread where his feet have trod!
Give heart and soul and mind and strength To serve the King of kings.
Bring in the day of broth - er - hood And end the night of wrong.
Her strength un - e - qual to her task; Rise up, and make her great!
As broth - ers of the Son of Man, Rise up, O men of God! A-MEN.

* Hymn by kind permission of The Continent

186 Christian! Dost Thou See Them

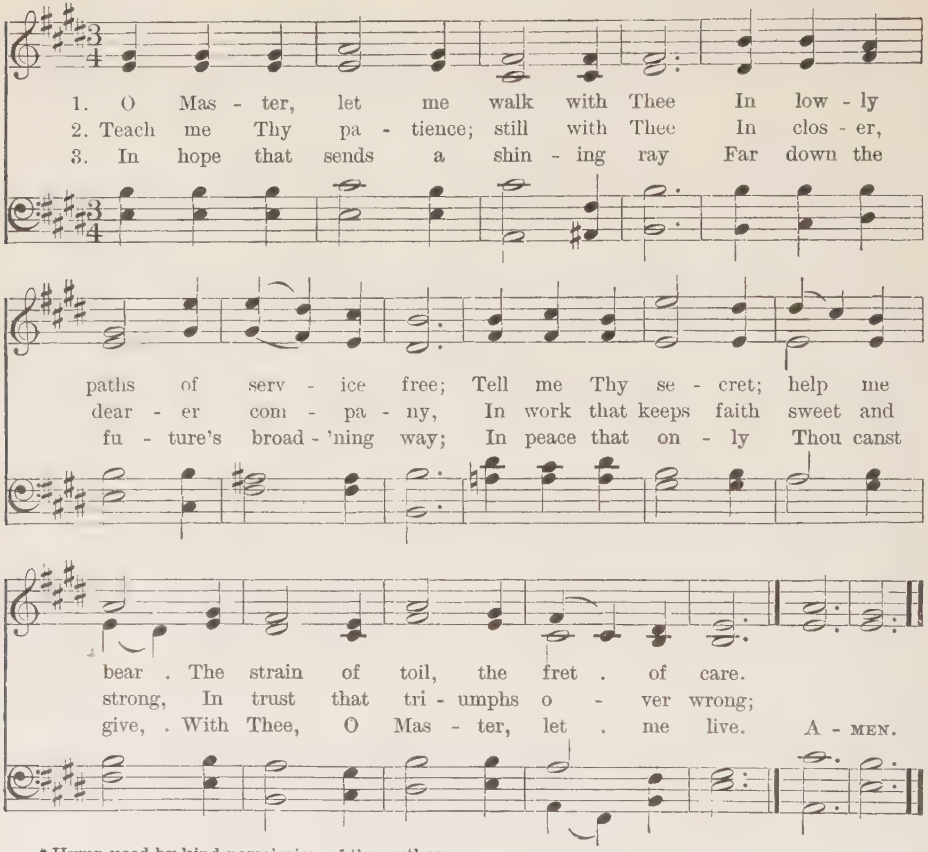
St. Andrew of Crete
Tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale

J. B. Dykes


1. Chris - tian! dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
2. Chris - tian! dost thou feel them, How they work with - in,
3. Chris - tian! dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair:
How the powers of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?
Striv - ing, tempt - ing, lur - ing, Goad - ing in - to sin?
"Al - ways fast and vig - il; Al - ways watch and prayer"?
Chris - tian! up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss,
Chris - tian! nev - er trem - ble; Nev - er be down - cast;
Chris - tian! an - swer bold - ly "While I breathe I pray!"
In the strength that com - eth By the ho - ly cross.
Gird thee for the bat - tle; Watch and pray and fast.
Peace shall fol - low bat - tle; Night shall end in day. A - men.

187 O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

WASHINGTON GLADDEN*

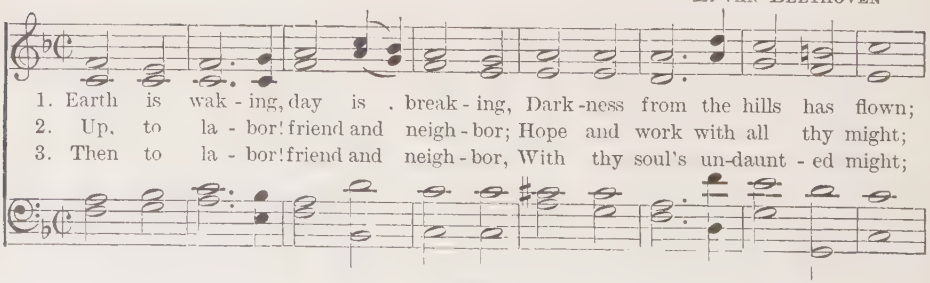
H. PERCY SMITH

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly
2. Teach me Thy pa - tience; still with Thee In clos - er,
3. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the
paths of serv - ice free; Tell me Thy se - cret; help me
dear - er com - pa - ny, In work that keeps faith sweet and
fu - ture's broad - 'ning way; In peace that on - ly Thou canst
bear . The strain of toil, the fret . of care.
strong, In trust that tri - umphs o - ver wrong;
give, . With Thee, O Mas - ter, let . me live. A - MEN.

*Hymn used by kind permission of the author

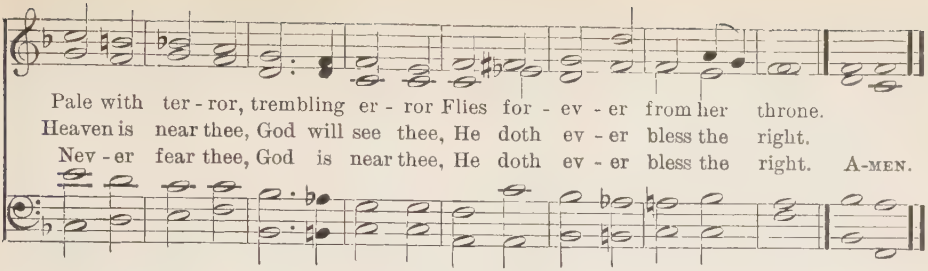
188 Earth is Waking

Anon.

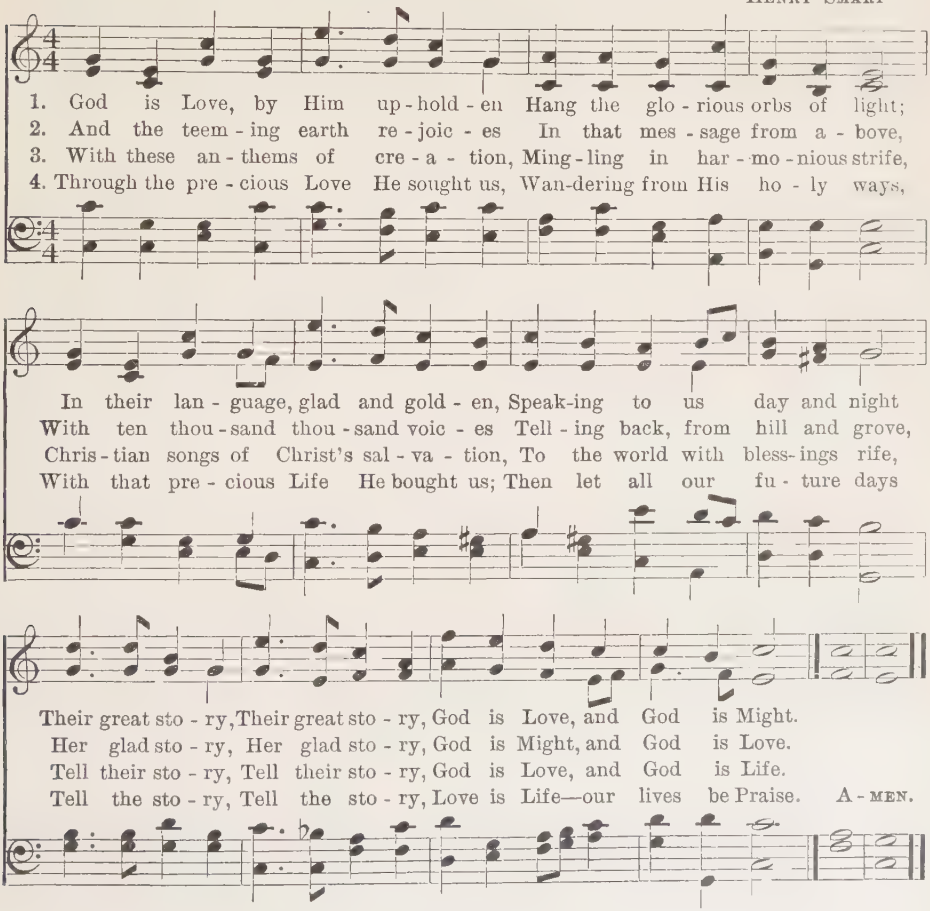
L. VAN BEETHOVEN


1. Earth is wak - ing, day is . break - ing, Dark - ness from the hills has flown;
2. Up, to la - bor! friend and neigh - bor; Hope and work with all thy might;
3. Then to la - bor! friend and neigh - bor, With thy soul's un - daunt - ed might;

Earth is Waking

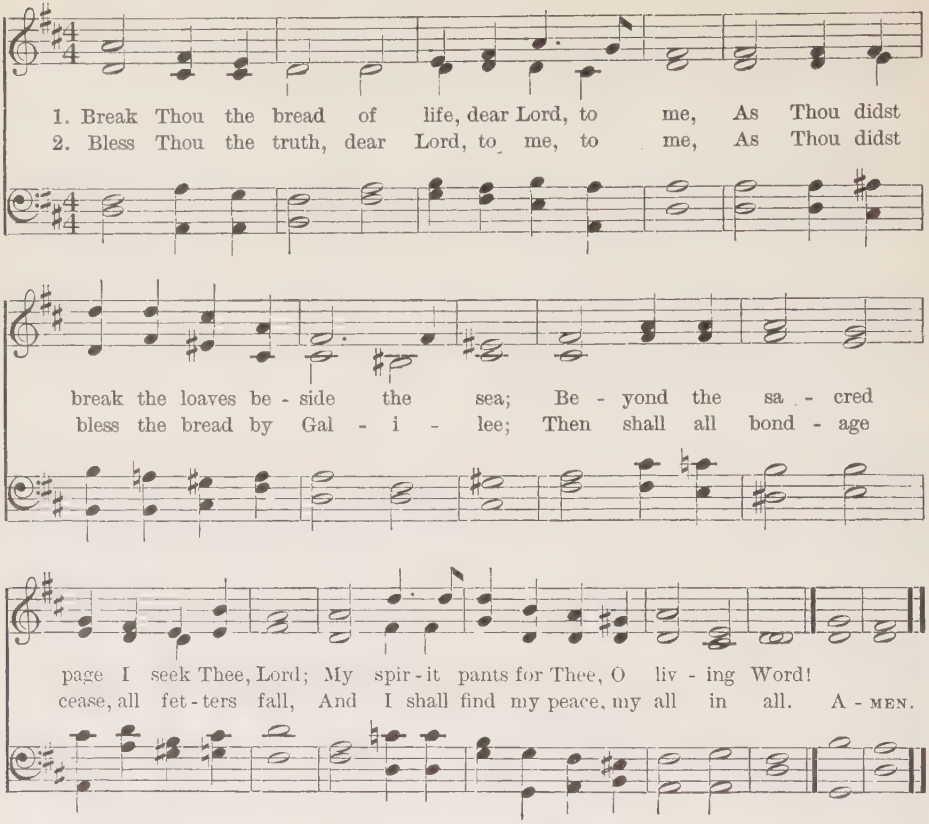

Pale with ter - ror, trembling er - ror Flies for - ev - er from her throne.
Heaven is near thee, God will see thee, He doth ev - er bless the right.
Nev - er fear thee, God is near thee, He doth ev - er bless the right. A-MEN.

189 God is Love, by Him Upholden

J. S. B. MONSELL — HENRY SMART

1. God is Love, by Him up - hold - en Hang the glo - rious orbs of light;
2. And the teem - ing earth re - joic - es In that mes - sage from a - bove,
3. With these an - thems of cre - a - tion, Ming - ling in har - mo - nious strife,
4. Through the pre - cious Love He sought us, Wan-dering from His ho - ly ways,
In their lan - guage, glad and gold - en, Speak-ing to us day and night
With ten thou - sand thou - sand voic - es Tell - ing back, from hill and grove,
Chris - tian songs of Christ's sal - va - tion, To the world with bless - ings rife,
With that pre - cious Life He bought us; Then let all our fu - ture days
Their great sto - ry, Their great sto - ry, God is Love, and God is Might.
Her glad sto - ry, Her glad sto - ry, God is Might, and God is Love.
Tell their sto - ry, Tell their sto - ry, God is Love, and God is Life.
Tell the sto - ry, Tell the sto - ry, Love is Life—our lives be Praise. A - MEN.

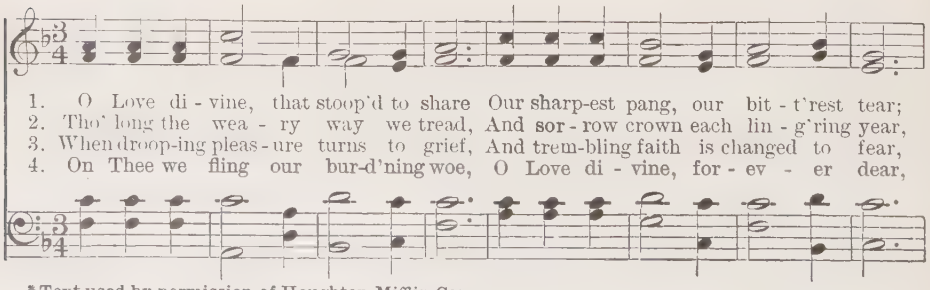
190 Break Thou the Bread of Life

M. A. LATHBURY T. HEWLETT


1. Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me, As Thou didst
break the loaves be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred
bless the bread by Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age
page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
cease, all fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, my all in all. A - MEN.

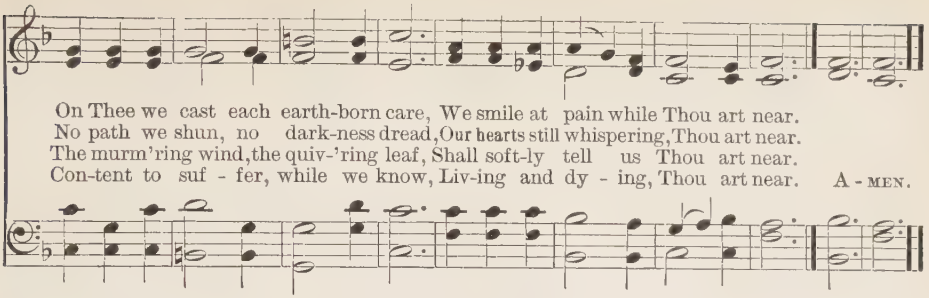
191 O Love Divine, that Stooped to Share

O. W. HOLMES* HENRY BAKER

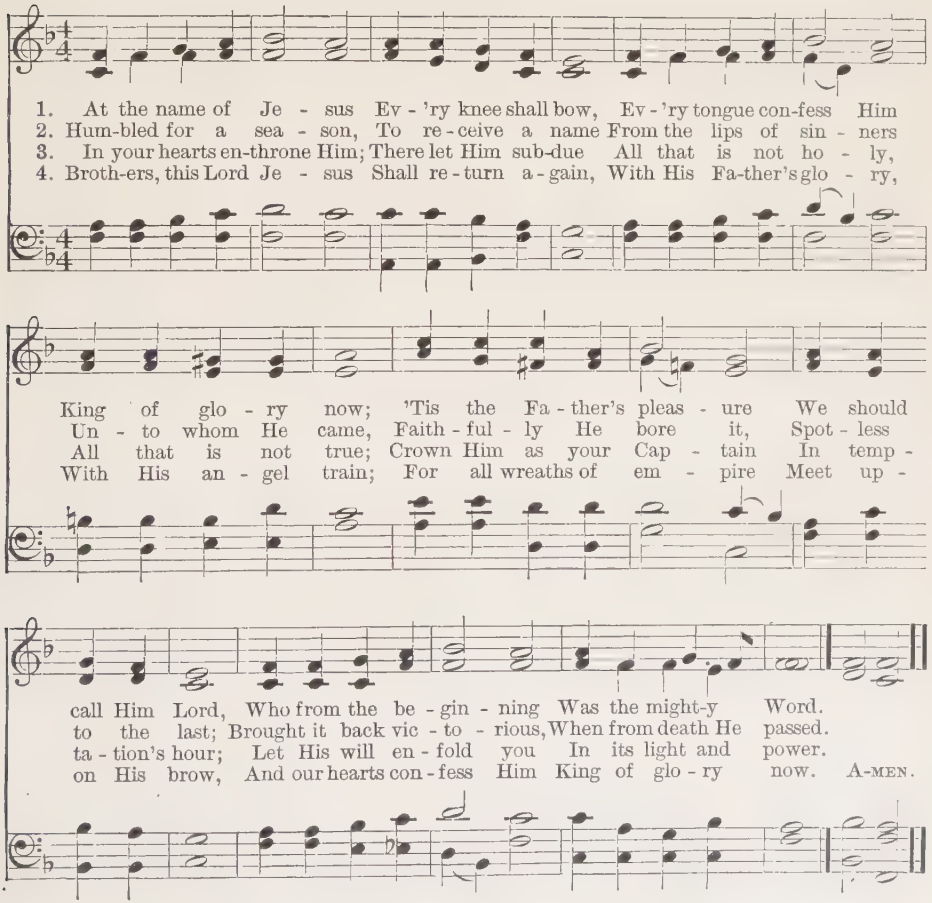

1. O Love di - vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit - t'rest tear;
2. Tho' long the wea - ry way we tread, And sor - row crown each lin - g'ring year,
3. When droop-ing pleas - ure turns to grief, And trem-bling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our bur-d'ning woe, O Love di - vine, for - ev - er dear,

*Text used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company

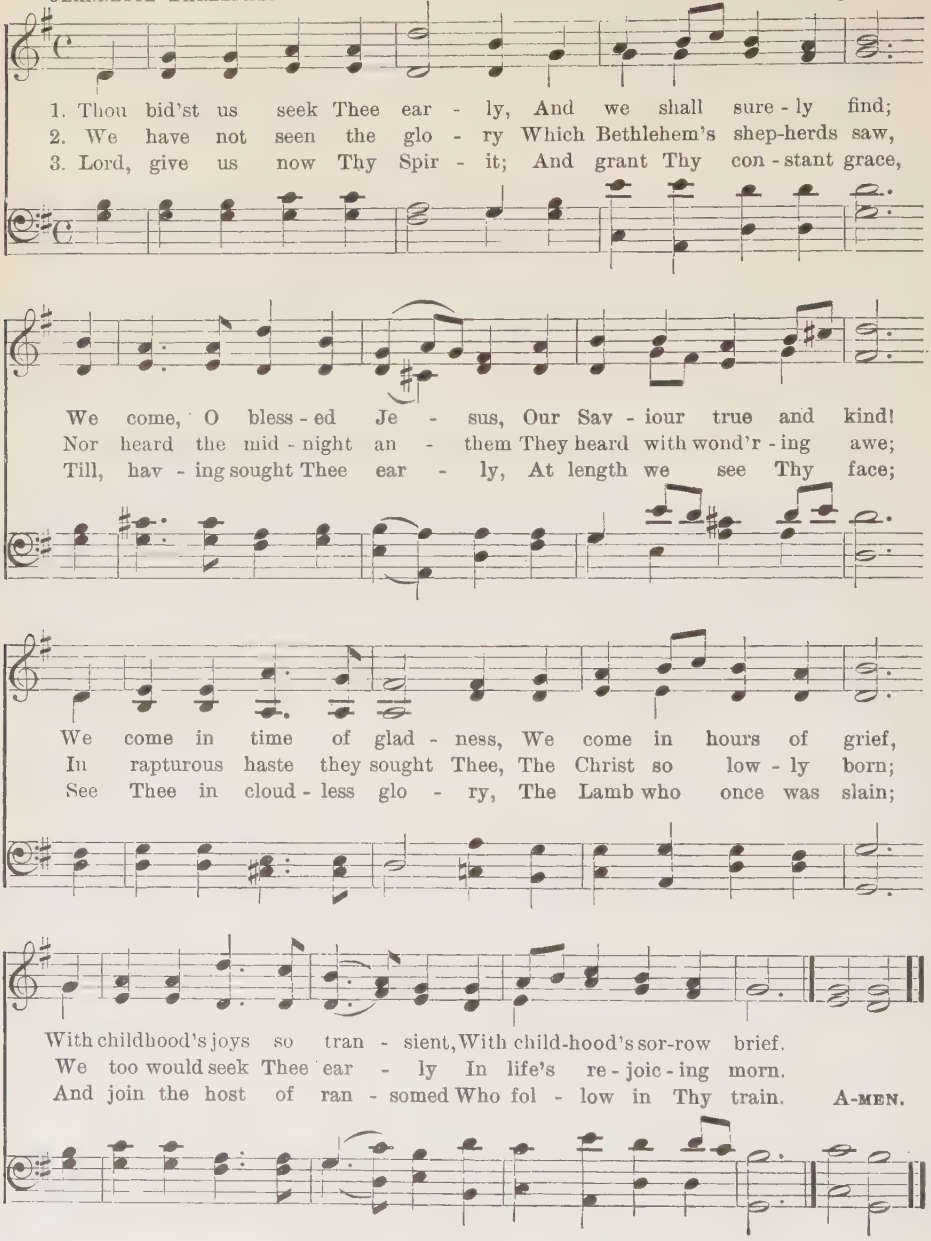
O Love Divine, that Stooped to Share


On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near.
No path we shun, no dark-ness dread, Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.
The murm'ring wind, the quiv-'ring leaf, Shall soft-ly tell us Thou art near.
Con-tent to suf - fer, while we know, Liv-ing and dy - ing, Thou art near. A - MEN.

192 At the Name of Jesus

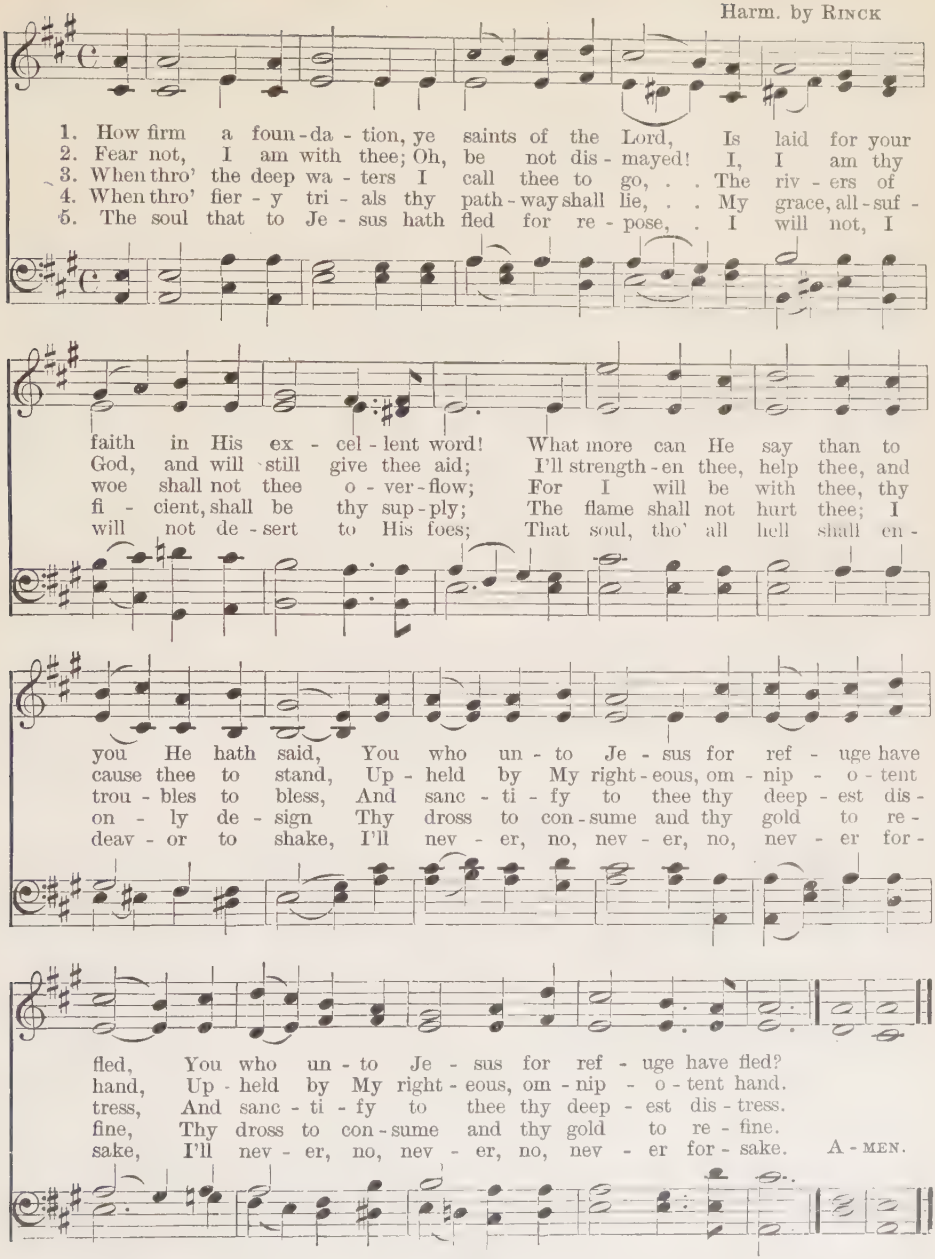
C. M. NOEL J. B. DYKES

1. At the name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow, Ev - 'ry tongue con-fess Him
2. Hum-bled for a sea - son, To re - ceive a name From the lips of sin - ners
3. In your hearts en-throne Him; There let Him sub-due All that is not ho - ly,
4. Broth-ers, this Lord Je - sus Shall re - turn a - gain, With His Fa-ther's glo - ry,
King of glo - ry now; 'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure We should
Un - to whom He came, Faith - ful - ly He bore it, Spot - less
All that is not true; Crown Him as your Cap - tain In temp -
With His an - gel train; For all wreaths of em - pire Meet up -
call Him Lord, Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might-y Word.
to the last; Brought it back vic - to - rious, When from death He passed.
ta - tion's hour; Let His will en - fold you In its light and power.
on His brow, And our hearts con - fess Him King of glo - ry now. A-MEN.

193 Thou Bid'st Us Seek Thee Early

JEANNETTE THRELFALL — English

1. Thou bid'st us seek Thee ear - ly, And we shall sure - ly find;
2. We have not seen the glo - ry Which Bethlehem's shep-herds saw,
3. Lord, give us now Thy Spir - it; And grant Thy con - stant grace,
We come, O bless - ed Je - sus, Our Sav - iour true and kind!
Nor heard the mid - night an - them They heard with wond'r - ing awe;
Till, hav - ing sought Thee ear - ly, At length we see Thy face;
We come in time of glad - ness, We come in hours of grief,
In rapturous haste they sought Thee, The Christ so low - ly born;
See Thee in cloud - less glo - ry, The Lamb who once was slain;
With childhood's joys so tran - sient, With child-hood's sor-row brief.
We too would seek Thee ear - ly In life's re - joic - ing morn.
And join the host of ran - somed Who fol - low in Thy train. A-MEN.

How Firm a Foundation

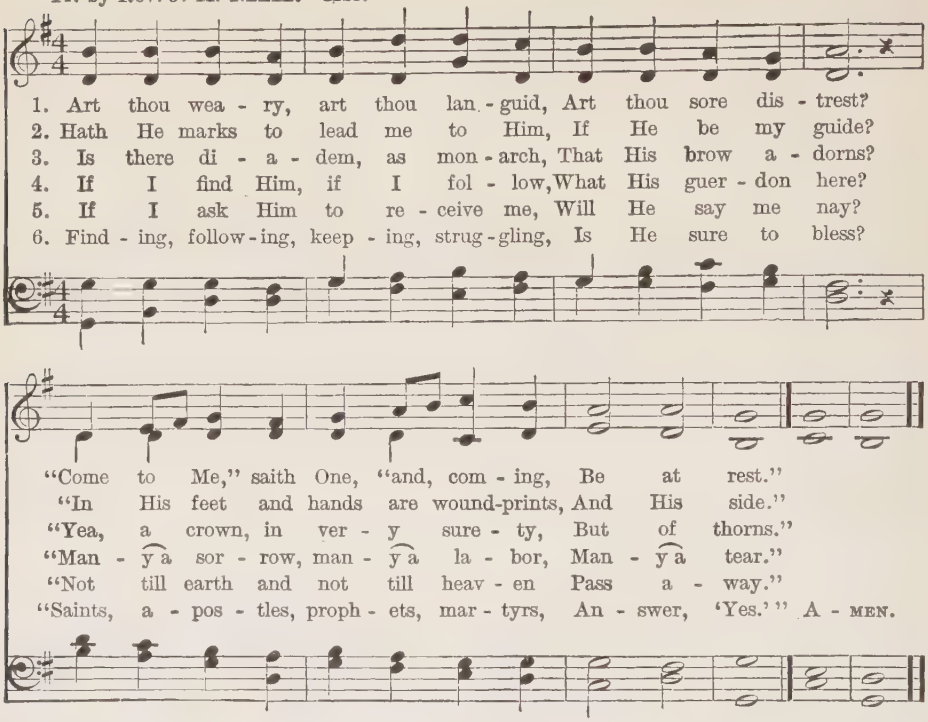
Amos Keen

John Reading
Harm. by Rinck

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. Fear not, I am with thee; Oh, be not dis - mayed! I, I am thy
3. When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, . . The riv - ers of
4. When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path - way shall lie, . . My grace, all - suf -
5. The soul that to Je - sus hath fled for re - pose, . I will not, I
faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and
woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee, thy
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I
will not de - sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell shall en -
you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have
cause thee to stand, Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent
trou - bles to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis -
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con - sume and thy gold to re -
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for -
fled, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
hand, Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
fine, Thy dross to con - sume and thy gold to re - fine.
sake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake. A - men.

195 Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid

Old Hymn
Tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale. Abr.

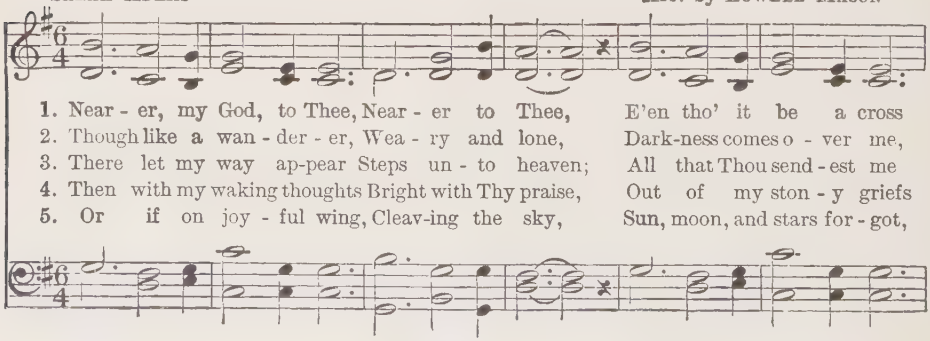
H. W. Baker

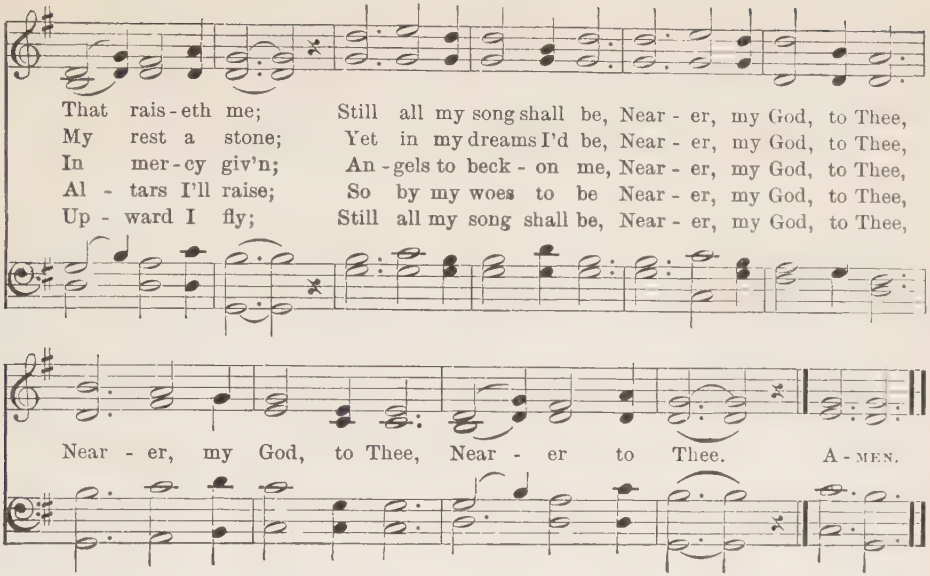

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem, as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?
4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?
5. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?
6. Find - ing, follow - ing, keep - ing, strug - gling, Is He sure to bless?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."
"Man - y a sor - row, man - y a la - bor, Man - y a tear."
"Not till earth and not till heav - en Pass a - way."
"Saints, a - pos - tles, proph - ets, mar - tyrs, An - swer, 'Yes.'" A - men.

196 Nearer, My God, to Thee

Old English Melody
Arr. by Lowell Mason

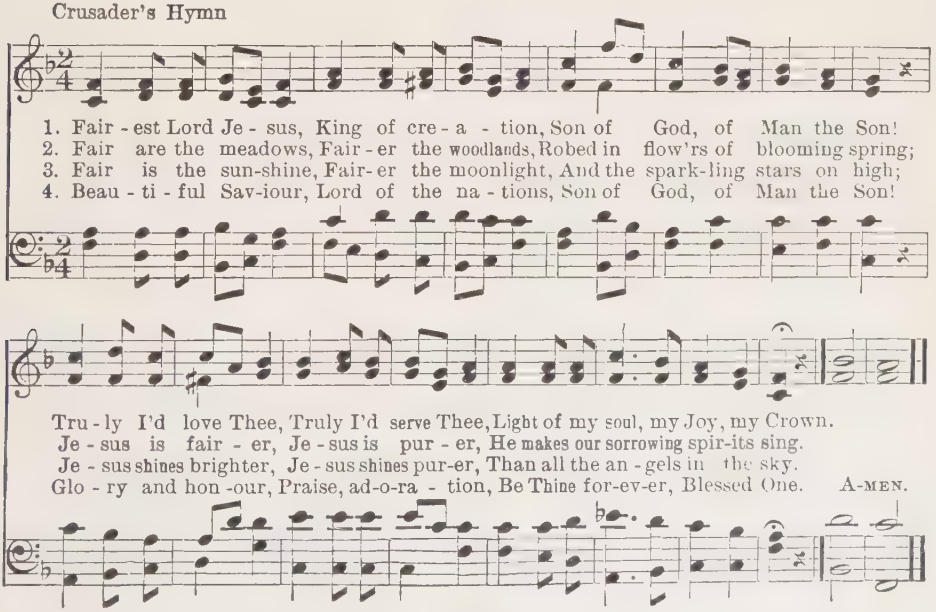
Sarah Adams


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Though like a wan - der - er, Wea - ry and lone, Dark-ness comes o - ver me,
3. There let my way ap-pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou send - est me
4. Then with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

Nearer, My God, to Thee

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Al-tars I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee. A-MEN.

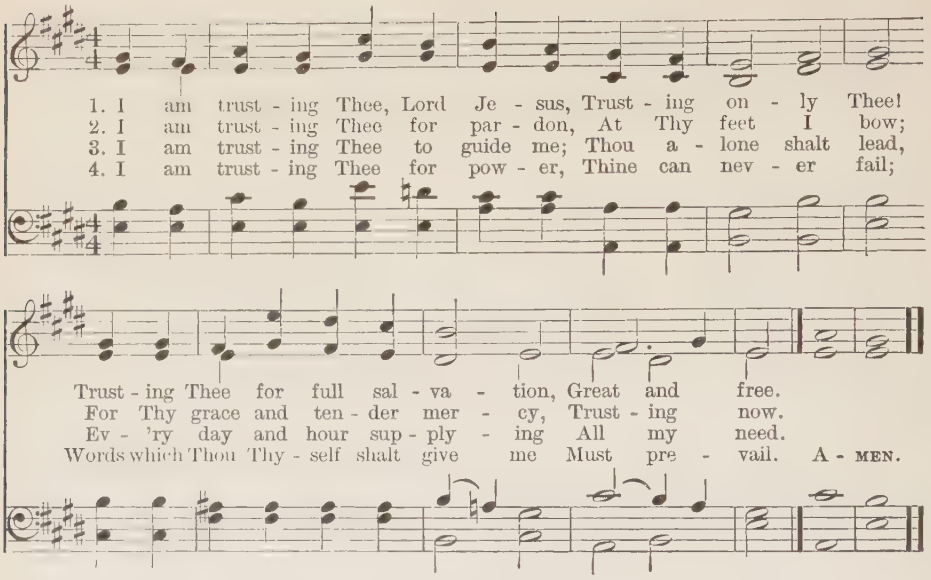
197 Fairest Lord Jesus

Crusader's Hymn


1. Fair-est Lord Je-sus, King of cre-a-tion, Son of God, of Man the Son!
2. Fair are the meadows, Fair-er the woodlands, Robed in flow'rs of blooming spring;
3. Fair is the sun-shine, Fair-er the moonlight, And the spark-ling stars on high;
4. Beau-ti-ful Sav-iour, Lord of the na-tions, Son of God, of Man the Son!
Tru-ly I'd love Thee, Truly I'd serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.
Je-sus is fair-er, Je-sus is pur-er, He makes our sorrowing spir-its sing.
Je-sus shines brighter, Je-sus shines pur-er, Than all the an-gels in the sky.
Glo-ry and hon-our, Praise, ad-o-ra-tion, Be Thine for-ev-er, Blessed One. A-MEN.

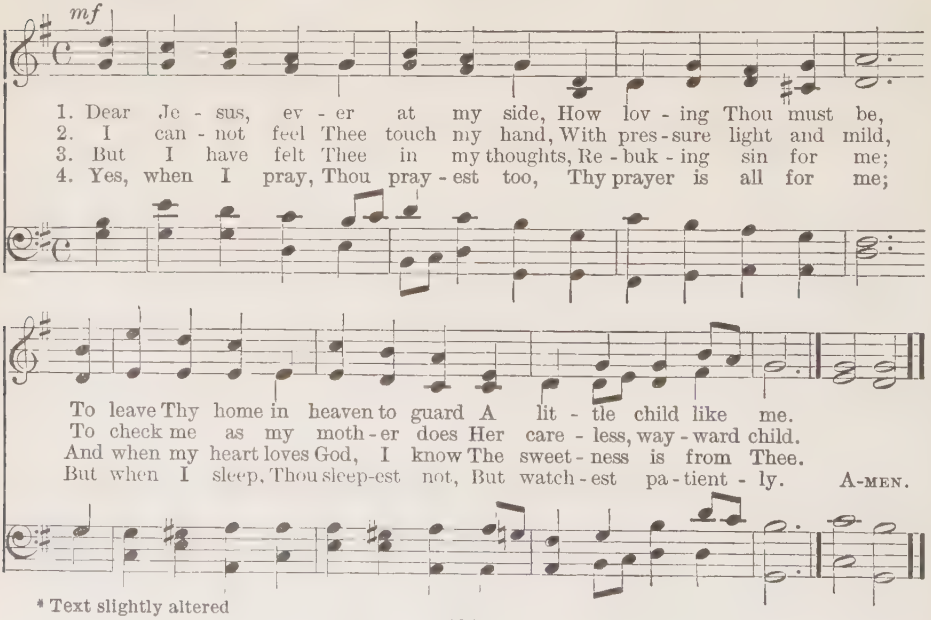
198 I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus

F. R. Havergal — R. P. Stewart


1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee!
2. I am trust - ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow;
3. I am trust - ing Thee to guide me; Thou a - lone shalt lead,
4. I am trust - ing Thee for pow - er, Thine can nev - er fail;
Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.
Words which Thou Thy - self shalt give me Must pre - vail. A - MEN.

199 Dear Jesus, Ever at My Side

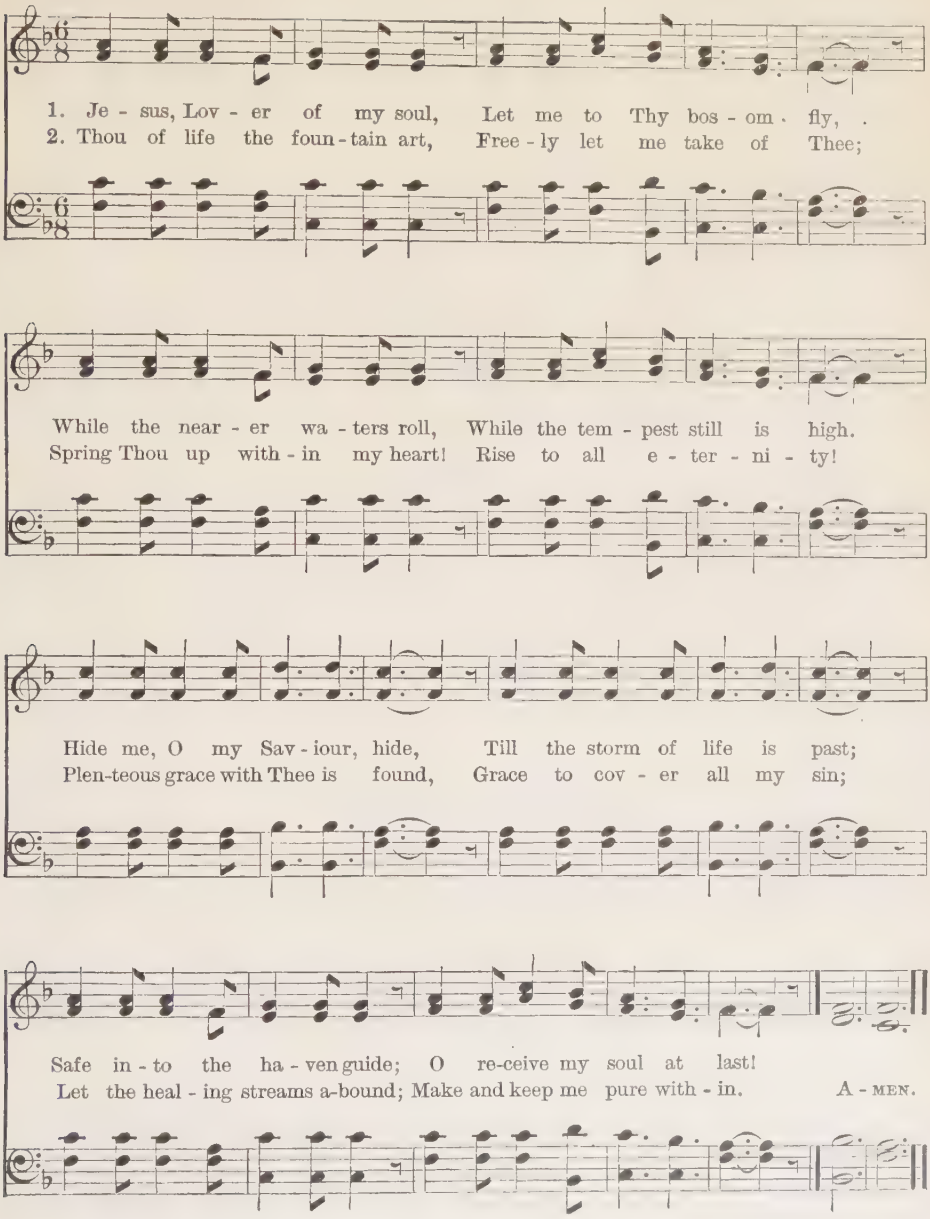
F. W. Faber* — Josiah Booth


mf
1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing Thou must be,
2. I can - not feel Thee touch my hand, With pres - sure light and mild,
3. But I have felt Thee in my thoughts, Re - buk - ing sin for me;
4. Yes, when I pray, Thou pray - est too, Thy prayer is all for me;
To leave Thy home in heaven to guard A lit - tle child like me.
To check me as my moth - er does Her care - less, way - ward child.
And when my heart loves God, I know The sweet - ness is from Thee.
But when I sleep, Thou sleep - est not, But watch - est pa - tient - ly. A-MEN.

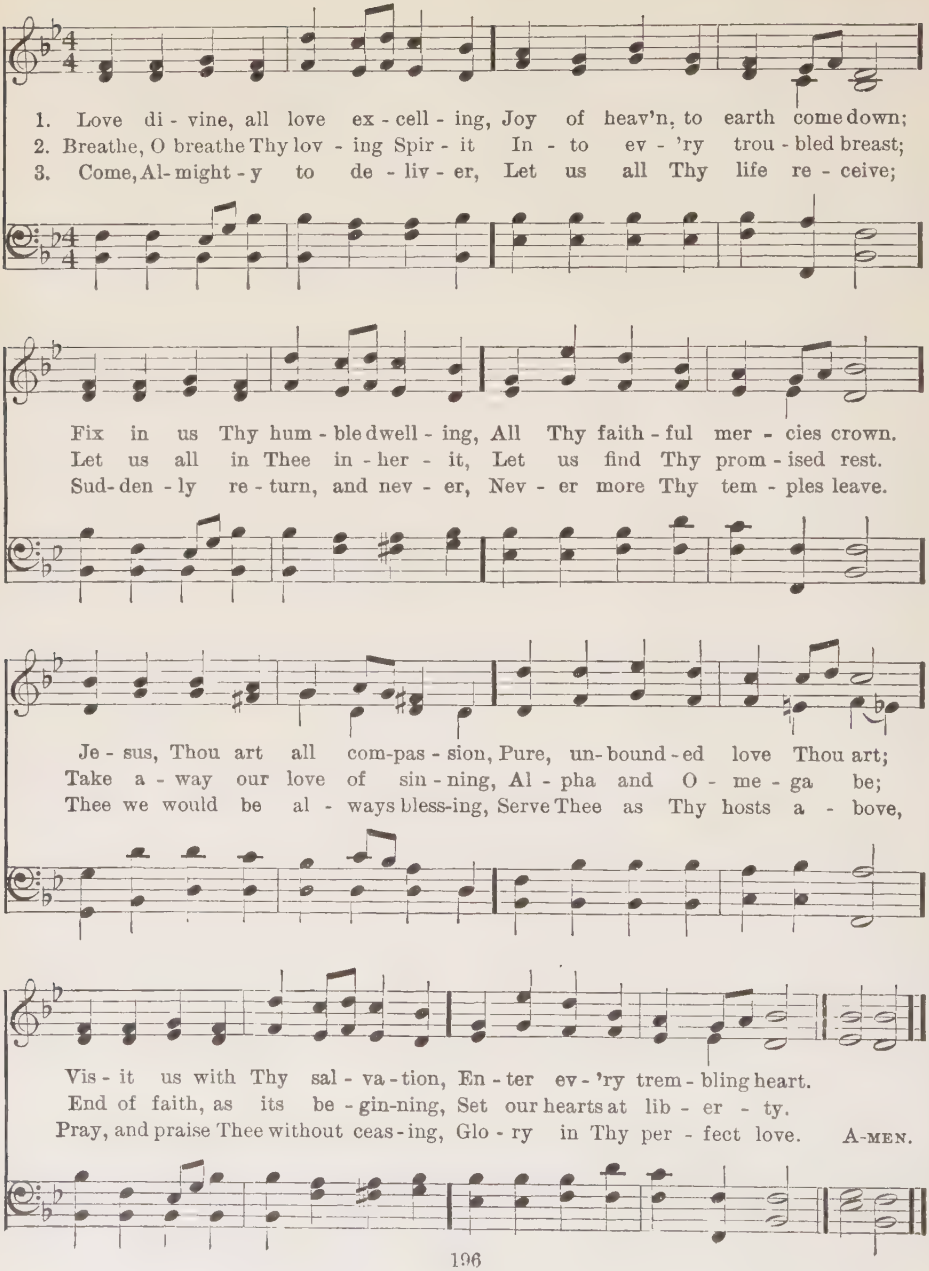
* Text slightly altered

200 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY

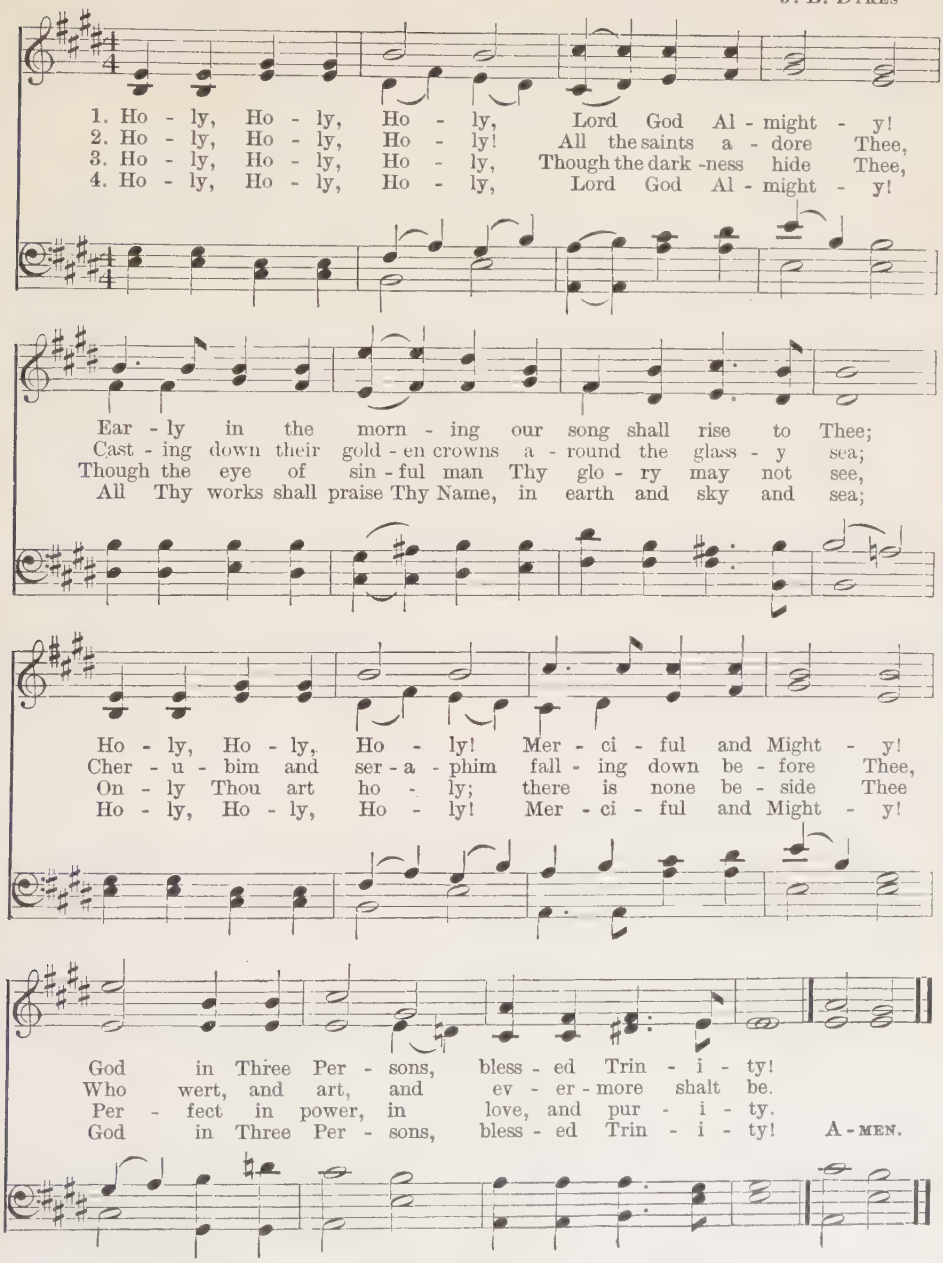
SIMEON B. MARSH

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty!
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re-ceive my soul at last!
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.
A - MEN.

201 Love Divine, All Love Excelling

CHARLES WESLEY — JOHN ZUNDEL

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast;
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave.
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our love of sin - ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love. A - MEN.

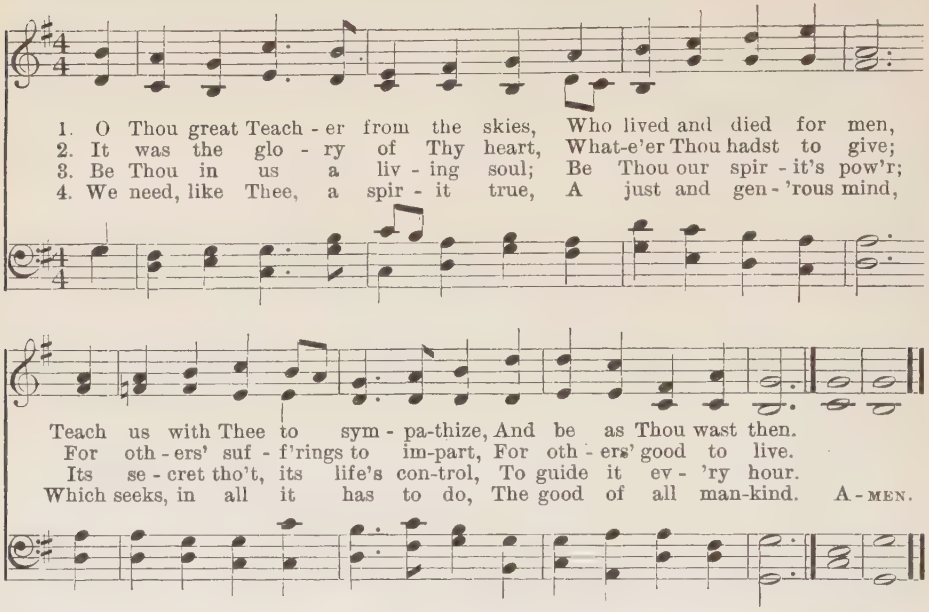
202 Holy, Holy, Holy

REGINALD HEBER — J. B. DYKES


1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Though the dark - ness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - MEN.

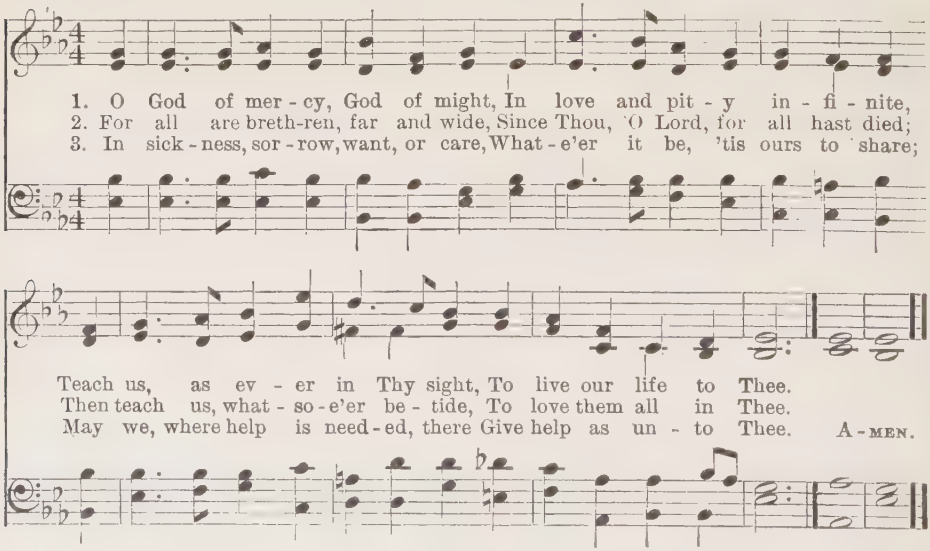
203 O Thou Great Teacher from the Skies

T. C. Upham — J. B. Dykes

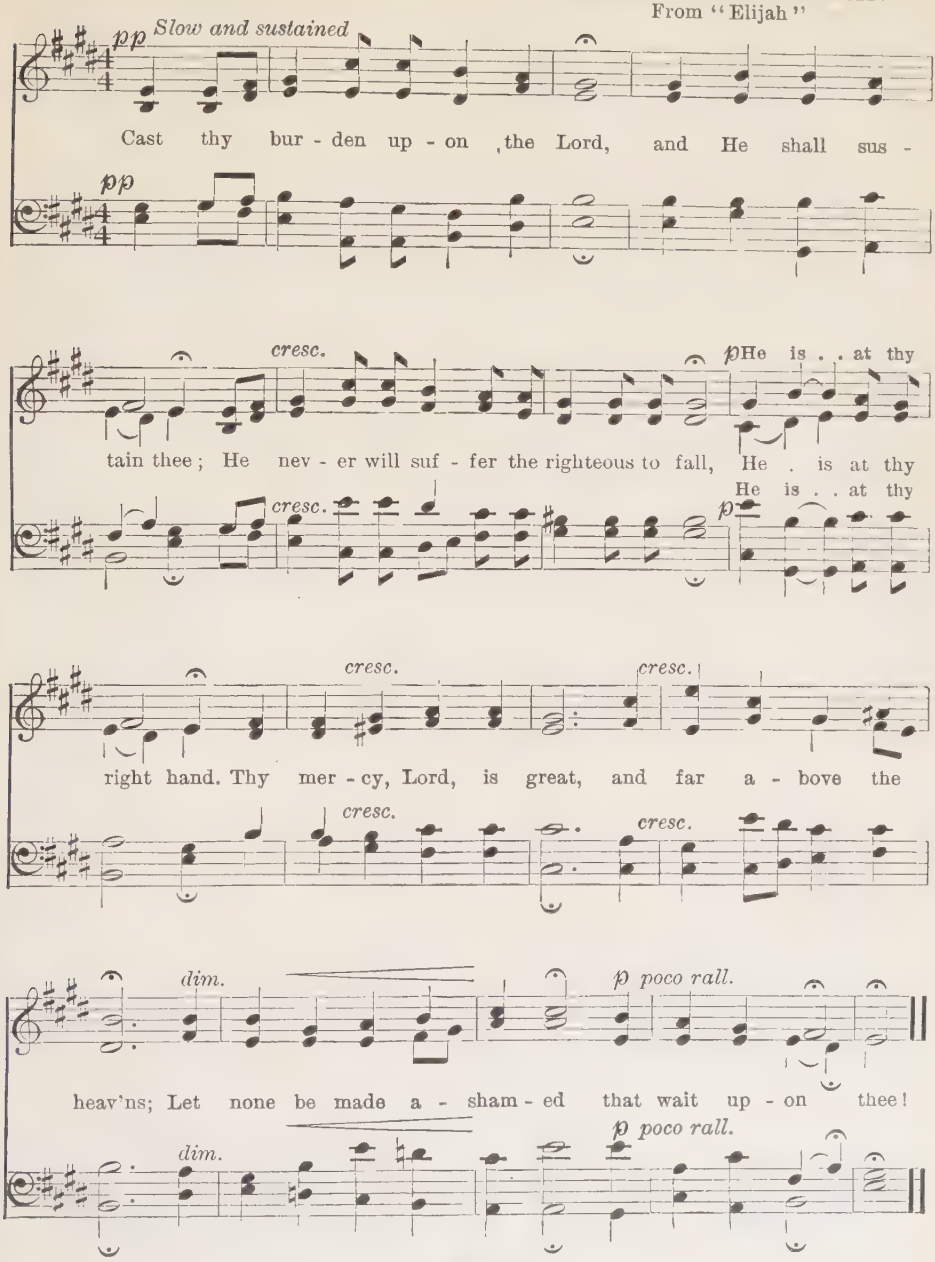

1. O Thou great Teach - er from the skies, Who lived and died for men,
2. It was the glo - ry of Thy heart, What-e'er Thou hadst to give;
3. Be Thou in us a liv - ing soul; Be Thou our spir - it's pow'r;
4. We need, like Thee, a spir - it true, A just and gen - 'rous mind,
Teach us with Thee to sym - pa-thize, And be as Thou wast then.
For oth - ers' suf - f'rings to im-part, For oth - ers' good to live.
Its se - cret tho't, its life's con-trol, To guide it ev - 'ry hour.
Which seeks, in all it has to do, The good of all man-kind. A - men.

204 O God of Mercy, God of Might

Godfrey Thring. Abr. — E. D. Drewett

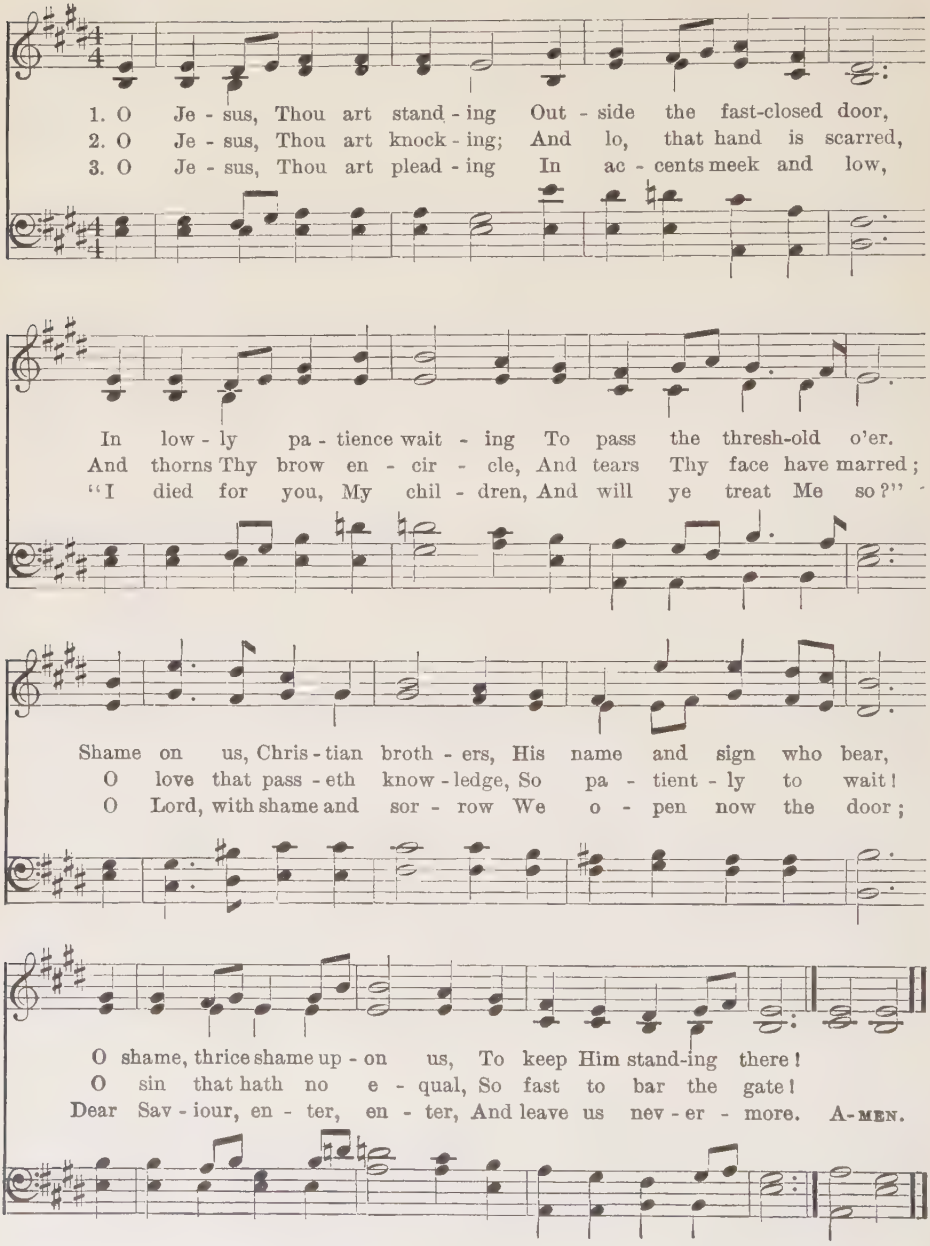

1. O God of mer - cy, God of might, In love and pit - y in - fi - nite,
2. For all are breth-ren, far and wide, Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
3. In sick - ness, sor - row, want, or care, What - e'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
Teach us, as ev - er in Thy sight, To live our life to Thee.
Then teach us, what - so - e'er be - tide, To love them all in Thee.
May we, where help is need - ed, there Give help as un - to Thee. A - men.

205 Cast Thy Burden upon the Lord

FELIX MENDELSSOHN–BARTHOLDY
From "Elijah"

pp Slow and sustained
Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord, and He shall sus -
pp
cresc.
p He is . . at thy
tain thee; He nev - er will suf - fer the righteous to fall, He . is at thy
He is . . at thy
cresc.
p
cresc.
cresc.
right hand. Thy mer - cy, Lord, is great, and far a - bove the
cresc.
cresc.
dim.
p poco rall.
heav'ns; Let none be made a - sham - ed that wait up - on thee!
dim.
p poco rall.

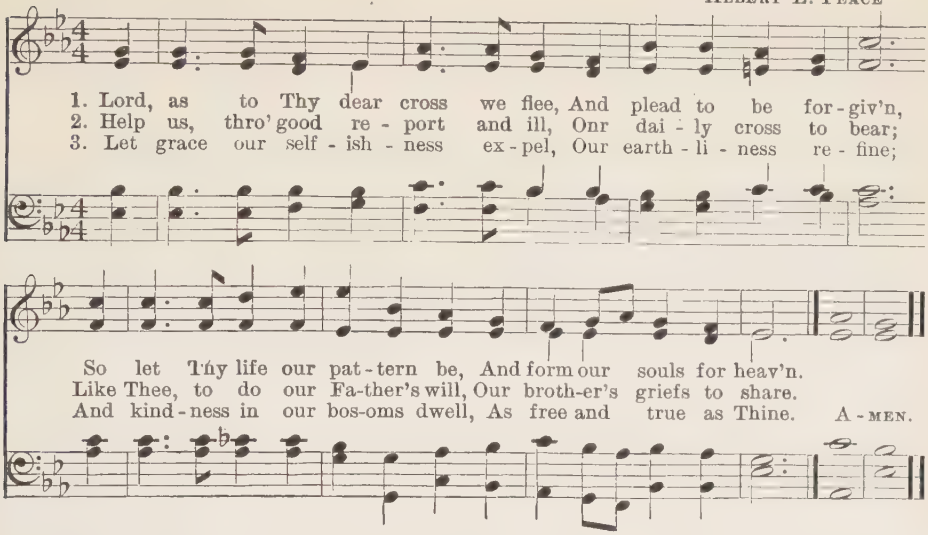
206 O Jesus, Thou art Standing

W. W. How

J. H. Knecht
Edward Husband

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing; And lo, that hand is scarred,
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low,
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er.
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred;
"I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?"
Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,
O love that pass - eth know - ledge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there!
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A-MEN.

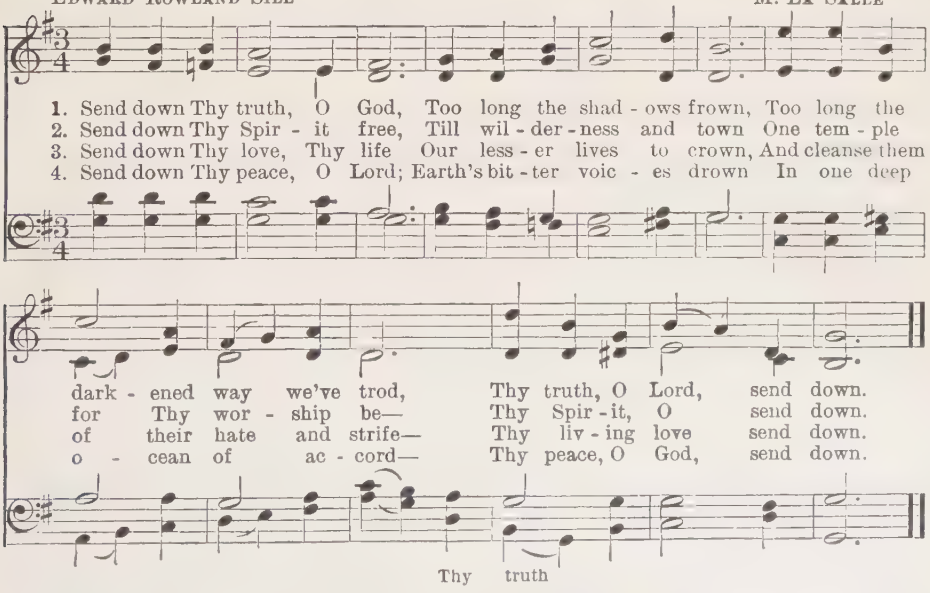
207 Lord, as to Thy Dear Cross We Flee

JOHN H. GURNEY — ALBERT L. PEACE


1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for-giv'n,
2. Help us, thro' good re-port and ill, Our dai-ly cross to bear;
3. Let grace our self-ish-ness ex-pel, Our earth-li-ness re-fine;
So let Thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heav'n.
Like Thee, to do our Fa-ther's will, Our broth-er's griefs to share.
And kind-ness in our bos-oms dwell, As free and true as Thine. A-MEN.

208 Send Down Thy Truth, O God

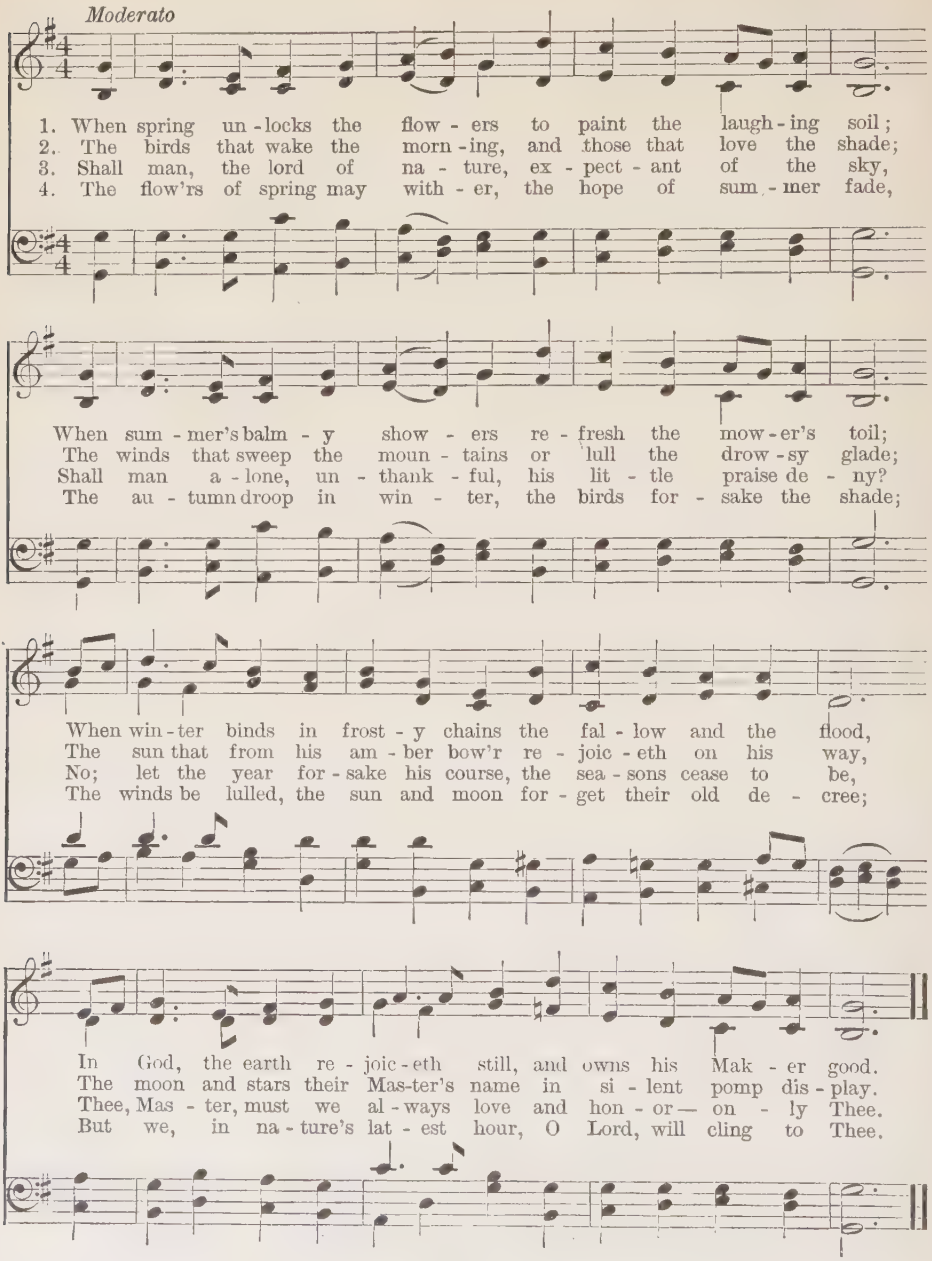
EDWARD ROWLAND SILL* — M. LA SALLE


1. Send down Thy truth, O God, Too long the shad-ows frown, Too long the
2. Send down Thy Spir-it free, Till wil-der-ness and town One tem-ple
3. Send down Thy love, Thy life Our less-er lives to crown, And cleanse them
4. Send down Thy peace, O Lord; Earth's bit-ter voic-es drown In one deep
dark-ened way we've trod, Thy truth, O Lord, send down.
for Thy wor-ship be— Thy Spir-it, O send down.
of their hate and strife— Thy liv-ing love send down.
o-cean of ac-cord— Thy peace, O God, send down.
Thy truth

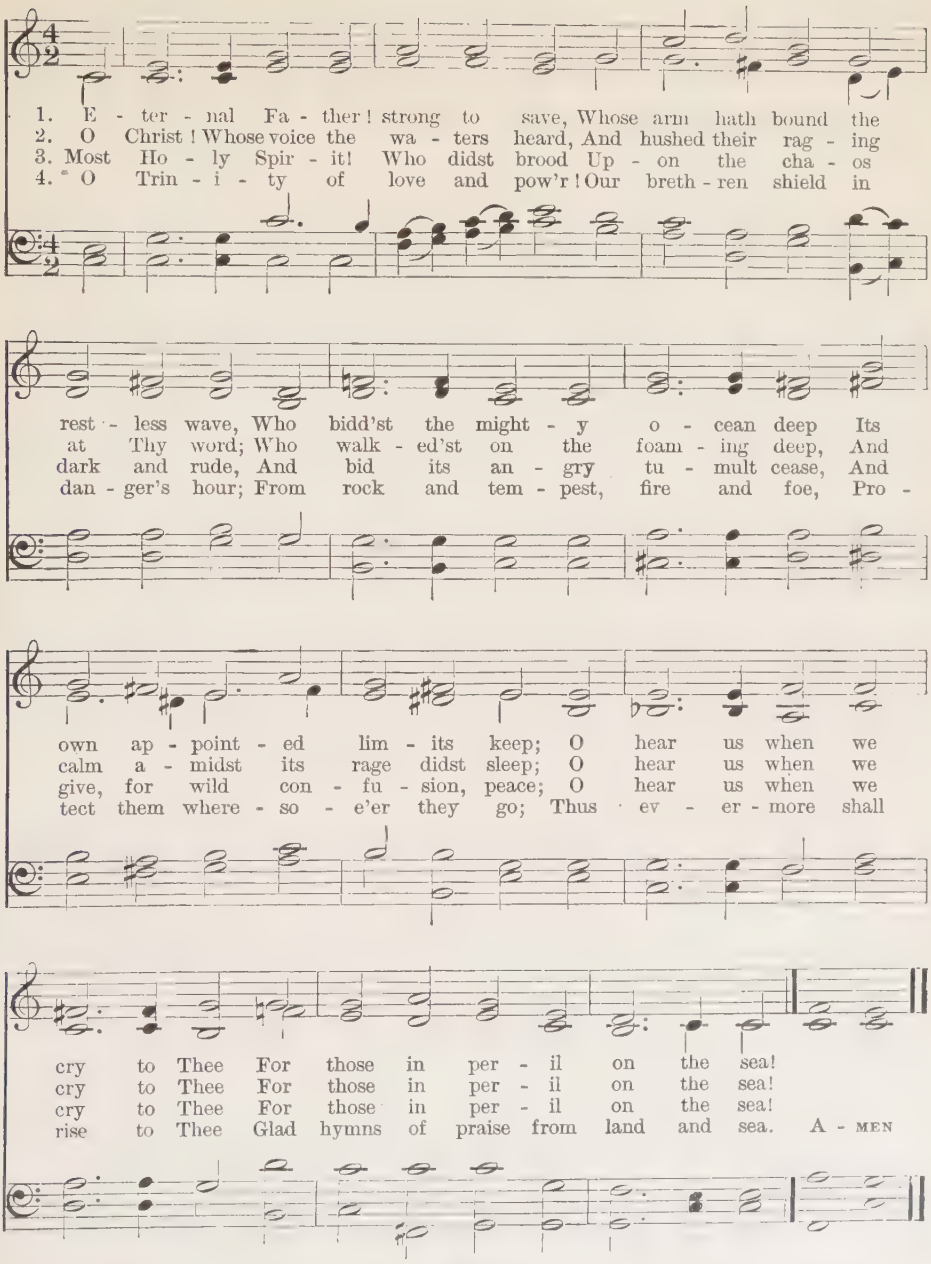
* Poem used by kind permission of Houghton Mifflin Company

209 When Spring Unlocks the Flowers

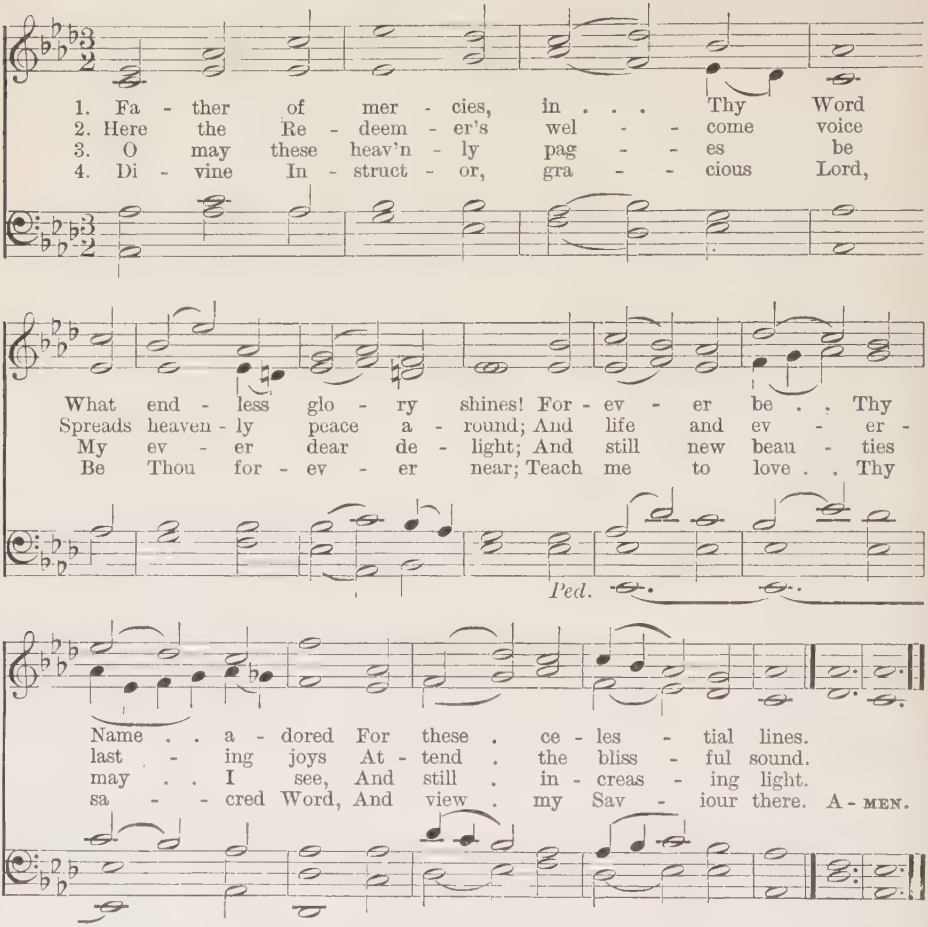
REGINALD HEBER — English Traditional Melody

Moderato

1. When spring un - locks the flow - ers to paint the laugh - ing soil;
2. The birds that wake the morn - ing, and those that love the shade;
3. Shall man, the lord of na - ture, ex - pect - ant of the sky,
4. The flow'rs of spring may with - er, the hope of sum - mer fade,
When sum - mer's balm - y show - ers re - fresh the mow - er's toil;
The winds that sweep the moun - tains or lull the drow - sy glade;
Shall man a - lone, un - thank - ful, his lit - tle praise de - ny?
The au - tumn droop in win - ter, the birds for - sake the shade;
When win - ter binds in frost - y chains the fal - low and the flood,
The sun that from his am - ber bow'r re - joic - eth on his way,
No; let the year for - sake his course, the sea - sons cease to be,
The winds be lulled, the sun and moon for - get their old de - cree;
In God, the earth re - joic - eth still, and owns his Mak - er good.
The moon and stars their Mas - ter's name in si - lent pomp dis - play.
Thee, Mas - ter, must we al - ways love and hon - or — on - ly Thee.
But we, in na - ture's lat - est hour, O Lord, will cling to Thee.

210 Eternal Father! Strong to Save

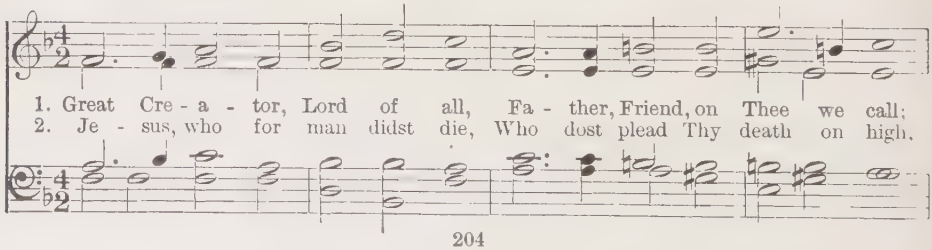
WILLIAM WHITING J. B. DYKES

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the
2. O Christ! Whose voice the wa - ters heard, And hushed their rag - ing
3. Most Ho - ly Spir - it! Who didst brood Up - on the cha - os
4. O Trin - i - ty of love and pow'r! Our breth - ren shield in
rest - less wave, Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its
at Thy word; Who walk - ed'st on the foam - ing deep, And
dark and rude, And bid its an - gry tu - mult cease, And
dan - ger's hour; From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro -
own ap - point - ed lim - its keep; O hear us when we
calm a - midst its rage didst sleep; O hear us when we
give, for wild con - fu - sion, peace; O hear us when we
tect them where - so - e'er they go; Thus ev - er - more shall
cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea!
cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea!
cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea!
rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. A - MEN

211 Father of Mercies! in Thy Word

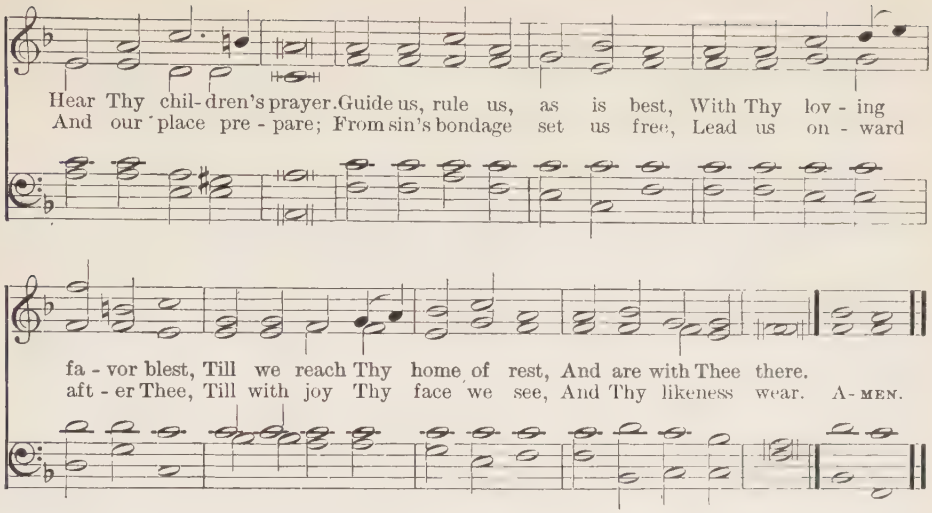
ANNE STEELE — THOMAS HAWEIS

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in . . . Thy Word
2. Here the Re - deem - er's wel - - come voice
3. O may these heav'n - ly pag - - es be
4. Di - vine In - struct - or, gra - - cious Lord,
What end - less glo - ry shines! For - ev - er be . . Thy
Spreads heaven - ly peace a - round; And life and ev - er -
My ev - er dear de - light; And still new beau - ties
Be Thou for - ev - er near; Teach me to love . . Thy
Ped.
Name . . a - dored For these . ce - les - tial lines.
last - ing joys At - tend . the bliss - ful sound.
may . . I see, And still . in - creas - ing light.
sa - - cred Word, And view . my Sav - iour there. A - MEN.

212 Great Creator, Lord of All

J. B. POLLOCK — P. H. DEIMER

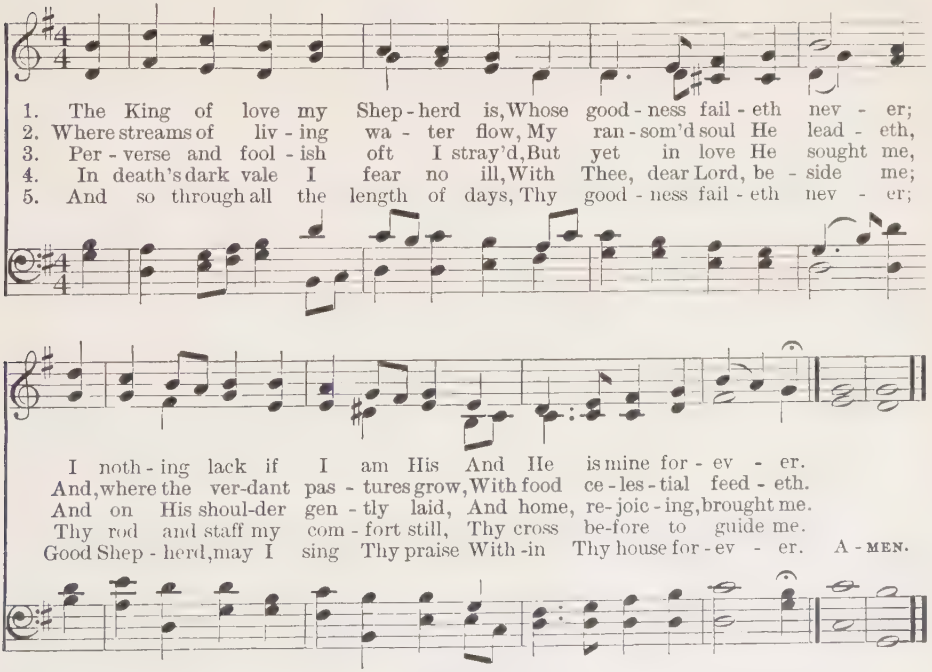


Great Creator, Lord of All


Hear Thy chil-dren's prayer. Guide us, rule us, as is best, With Thy lov-ing
And our place pre-pare; From sin's bondage set us free, Lead us on-ward
fa-vor blest, Till we reach Thy home of rest, And are with Thee there.
aft-er Thee, Till with joy Thy face we see, And Thy likeness wear. A-MEN.

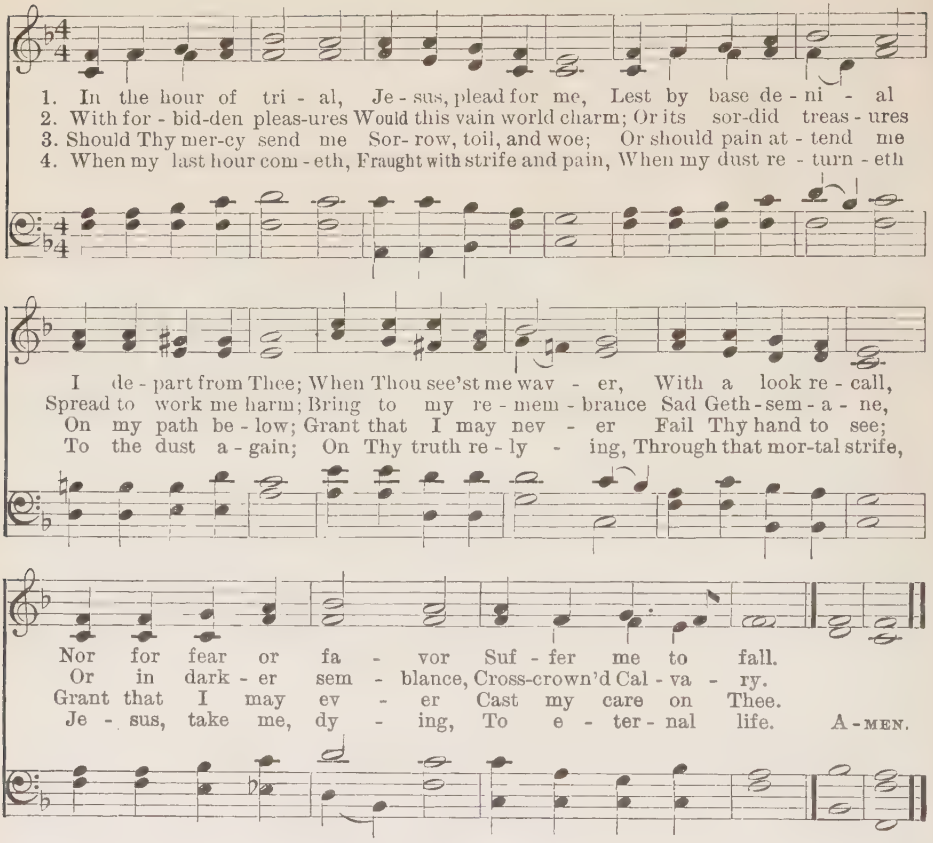
213 The King of Love My Shepherd Is

H. W. BAKER. Abr. J. B. DYKES


1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow, My ran-som'd soul He lead-eth,
3. Per-verse and fool-ish oft I stray'd, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill, With Thee, dear Lord, be-side me;
5. And so through all the length of days, Thy good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
I noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for-ev-er.
And, where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed-eth.
And on His shoul-der gen-tly laid, And home, re-joic-ing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me.
Good Shep-herd, may I sing Thy praise With-in Thy house for-ev-er. A-MEN.

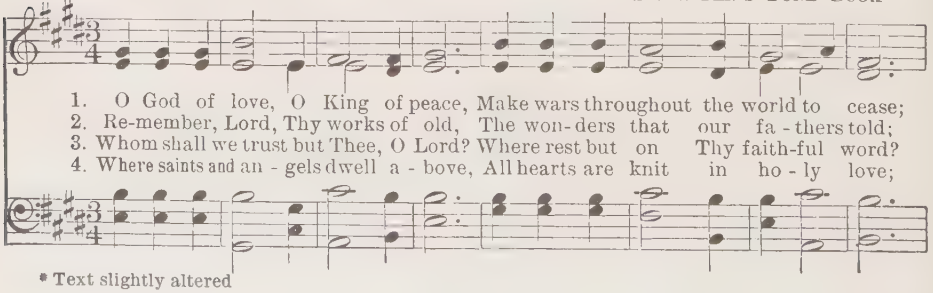
214 In the Hour of Trial

JAMES MONTGOMERY* J. B. DYKES


1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al
2. With for - bid-den pleas-ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor-did treas - ures
3. Should Thy mer-cy send me Sor- row, toil, and woe; Or should pain at - tend me
4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re - turn - eth
I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call,
Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne,
On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see;
To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Through that mor-tal strife,
Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
Or in dark - er sem - blance, Cross-crown'd Cal - va - ry.
Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life. A - MEN.

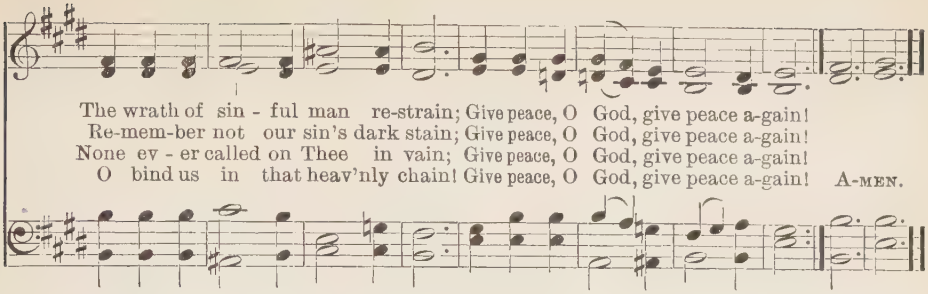
215 O God of Love, O King of Peace

H. W. BAKER ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK


1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease;
2. Re-member, Lord, Thy works of old, The won-ders that our fa - thers told;
3. Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faith-ful word?
4. Where saints and an - gels dwell a - bove, All hearts are knit in ho - ly love;

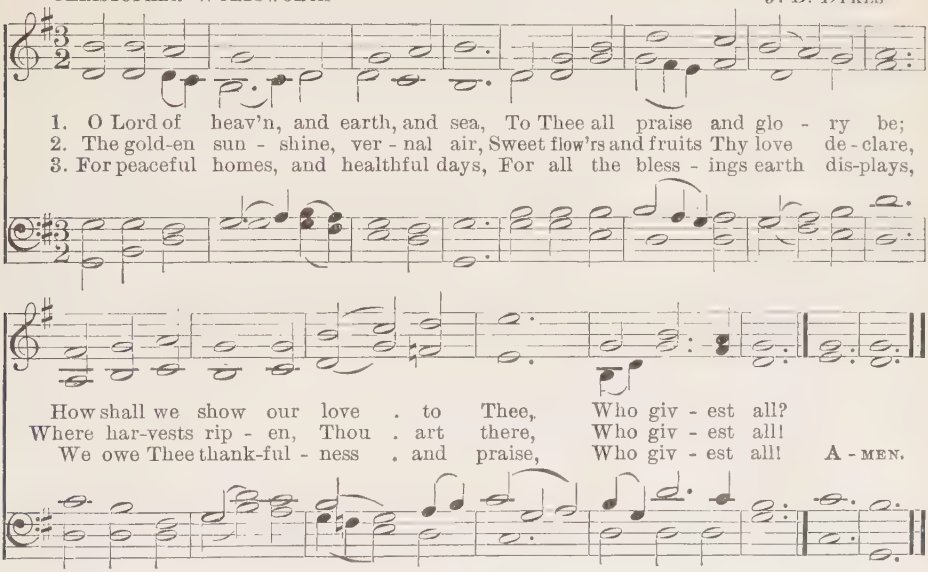
* Text slightly altered

O God of Love, O King of Peace


The wrath of sin - ful man re-strain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain!
Re-mem-ber not our sin's dark stain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain!
None ev - er called on Thee in vain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain!
O bind us in that heav'nly chain! Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain! A-MEN.

216 O Lord of Heaven, and Earth, and Sea

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH J. B. DYKES


1. O Lord of heav'n, and earth, and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;
2. The gold-en sun - shine, ver - nal air, Sweet flow'rs and fruits Thy love de - clare,
3. For peaceful homes, and healthful days, For all the bless - ings earth dis-plays,
How shall we show our love . to Thee, Who giv - est all?
Where har-vests rip - en, Thou . art there, Who giv - est all!
We owe Thee thank-ful - ness . and praise, Who giv - est all! A - MEN.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
O Lord, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

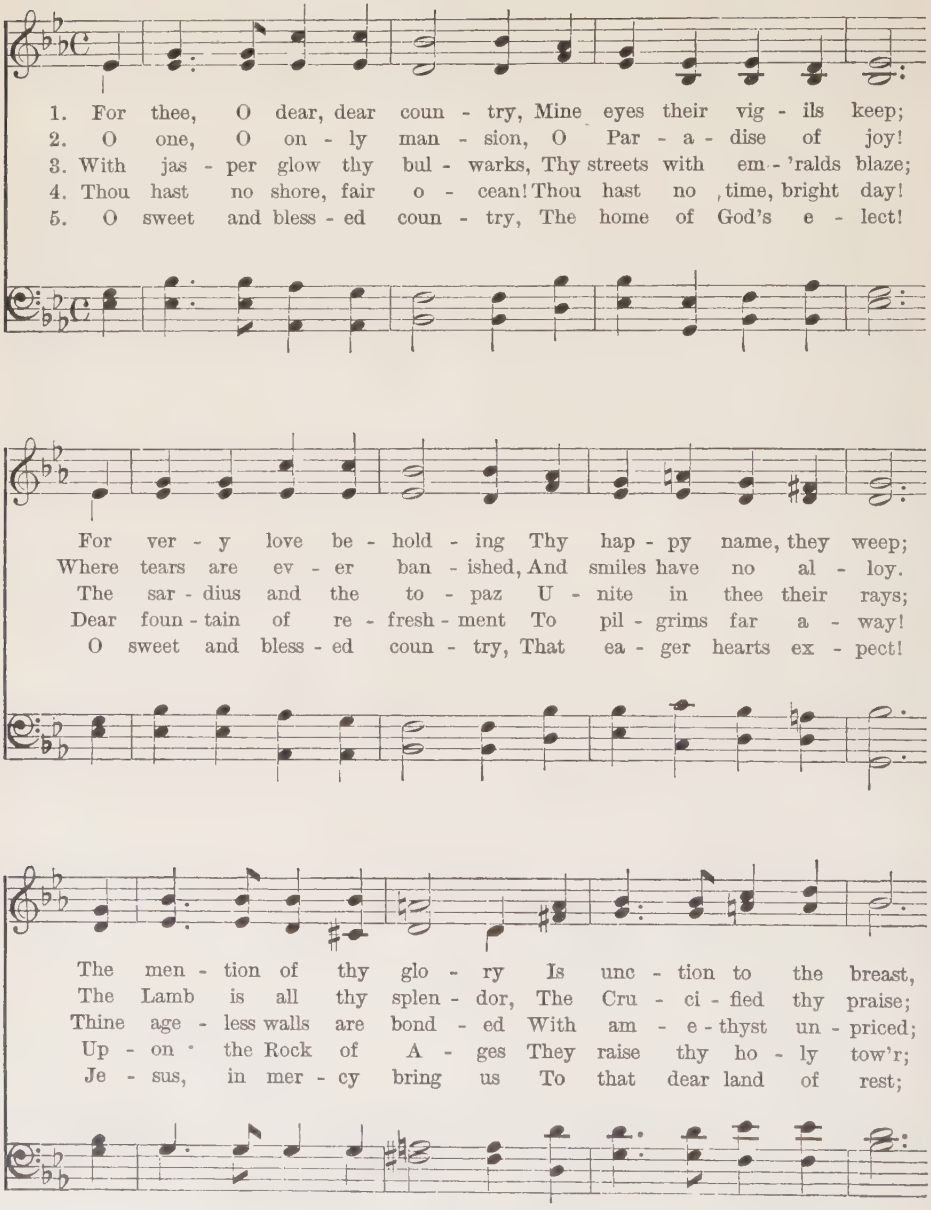
7 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all;

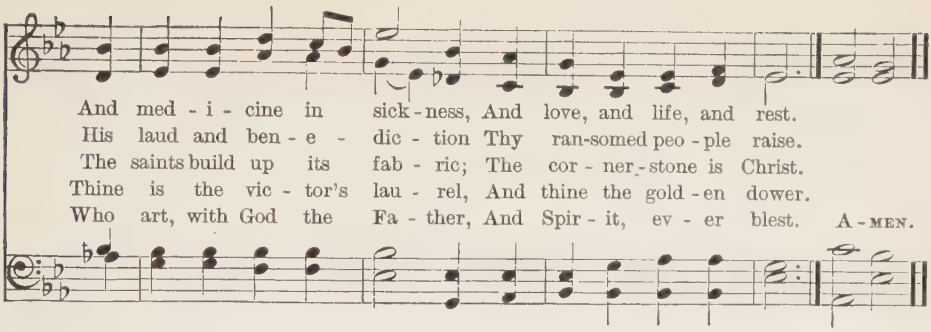
9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

217 For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country

Bernard of Cluny
Tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale

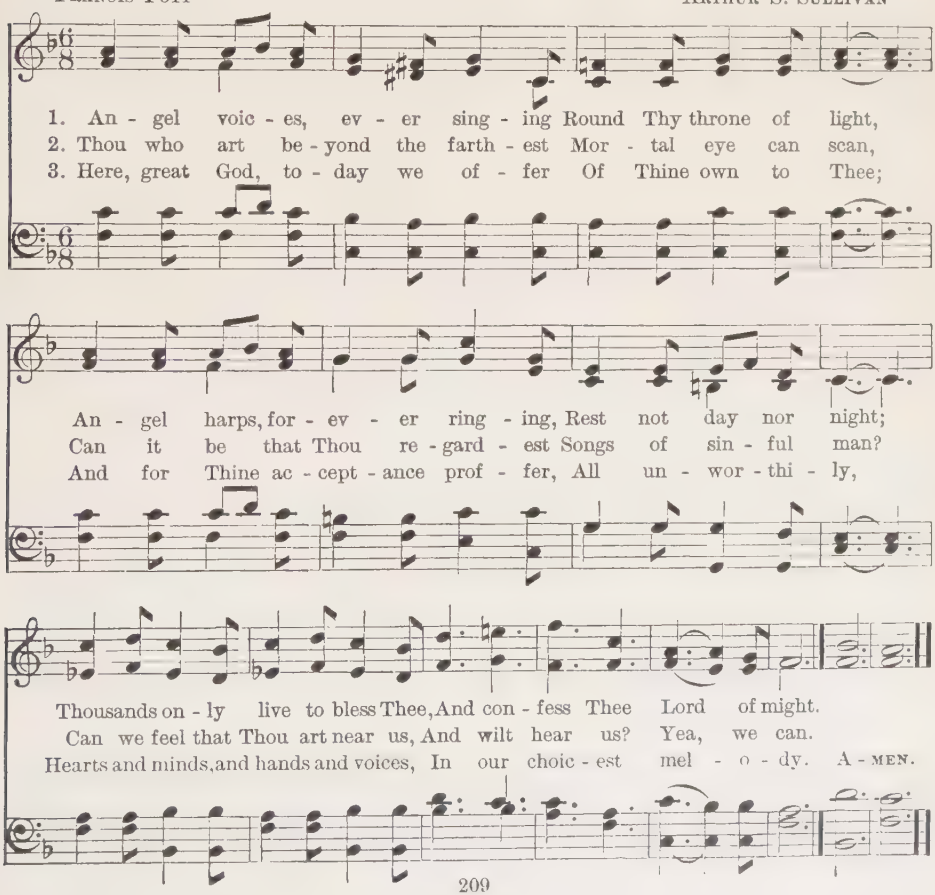
Arthur S. Sullivan

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;
2. O one, O on - ly man - sion, O Par - a - dise of joy!
3. With jas - per glow thy bul - warks, Thy streets with em - 'ralds blaze;
4. Thou hast no shore, fair o - cean! Thou hast no time, bright day!
5. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!
For ver - y love be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep;
Where tears are ev - er ban - ished, And smiles have no al - loy.
The sar - dius and the to - paz U - nite in thee their rays;
Dear foun - tain of re - fresh - ment To pil - grims far a - way!
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,
The Lamb is all thy splen - dor, The Cru - ci - fied thy praise;
Thine age - less walls are bond - ed With am - e - thyst un - priced;
Up - on the Rock of A - ges They raise thy ho - ly tow'r;
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country


And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.
His laud and ben - e - dic - tion Thy ran-somed peo - ple raise.
The saints build up its fab - ric; The cor - ner-stone is Christ.
Thine is the vic - tor's lau - rel, And thine the gold - en dower.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest. A - MEN.

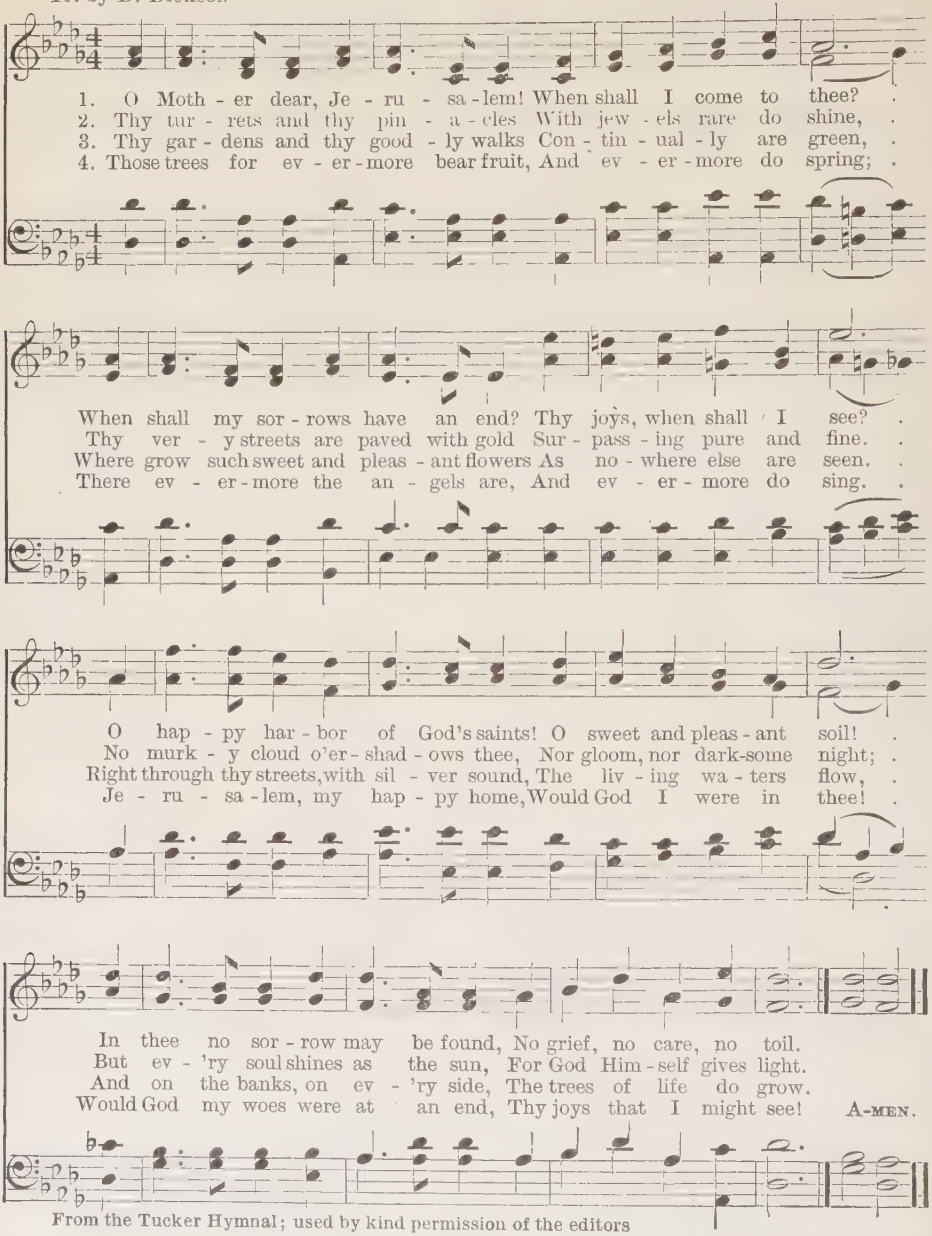
218 Angel Voices, Ever Singing

FRANCIS POTT — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN


1. An - gel voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
2. Thou who art be - yond the farth - est Mor - tal eye can scan,
3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;
An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
And for Thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly,
Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might.
Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices, In our choic - est mel - o - dy. A - MEN.

219 O Mother Dear, Jerusalem

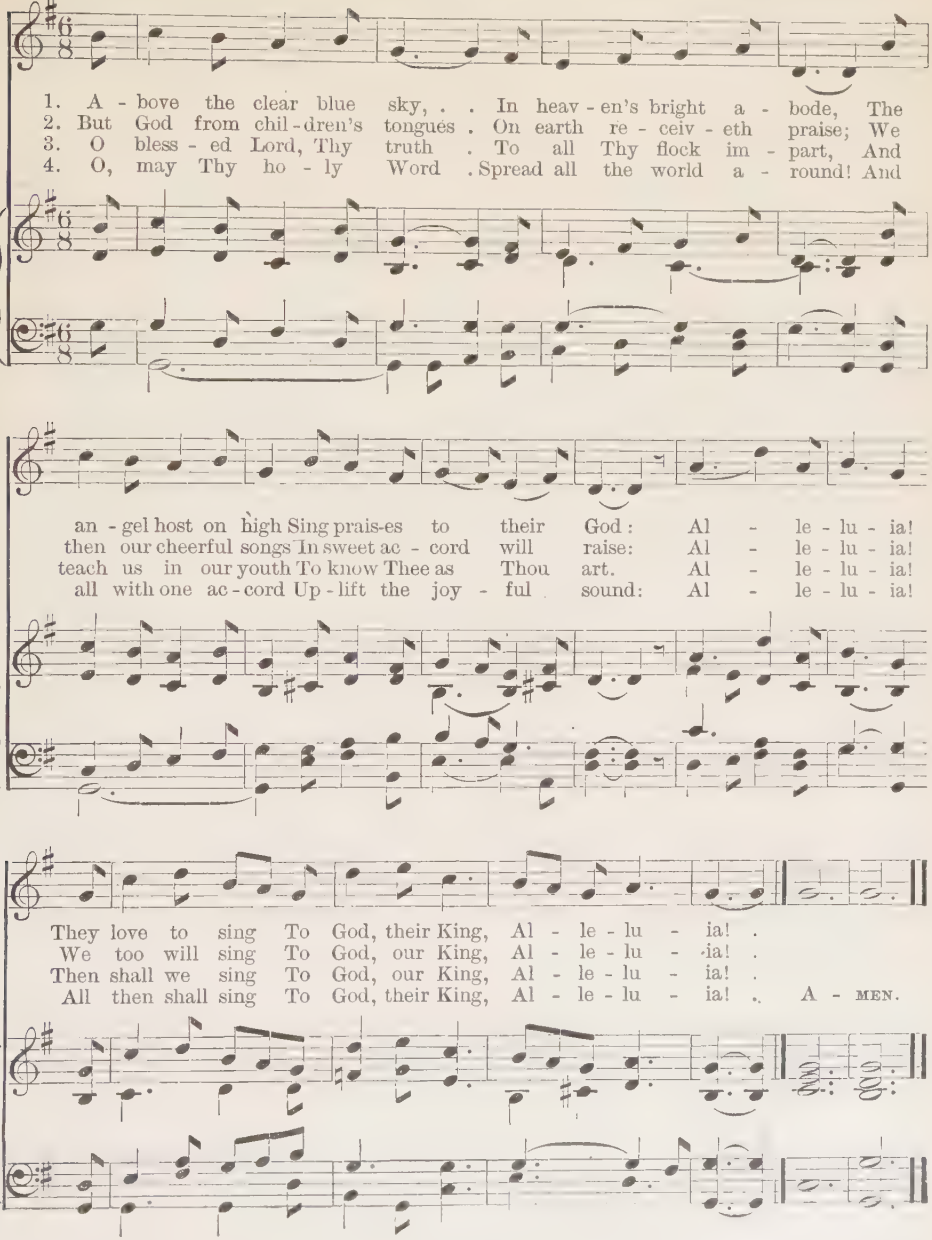
Old Hymn
Tr. by D. Dickson

S. A. Ward

1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?
2. Thy tur - rets and thy pin - a - cles With jew - els rare do shine,
3. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green,
4. Those trees for ev - er - more bear fruit, And ev - er - more do spring;
When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy ver - y streets are paved with gold Sur - pass - ing pure and fine.
Where grow such sweet and pleas - ant flowers As no - where else are seen.
There ev - er - more the an - gels are, And ev - er - more do sing.
O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
No murk - y cloud o'er - shad - ows thee, Nor gloom, nor dark-some night;
Right through thy streets, with sil - ver sound, The liv - ing wa - ters flow,
Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Would God I were in thee!
In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
But ev - 'ry soul shines as the sun, For God Him - self gives light.
And on the banks, on ev - 'ry side, The trees of life do grow.
Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see!
A-men.

From the Tucker Hymnal; used by kind permission of the editors

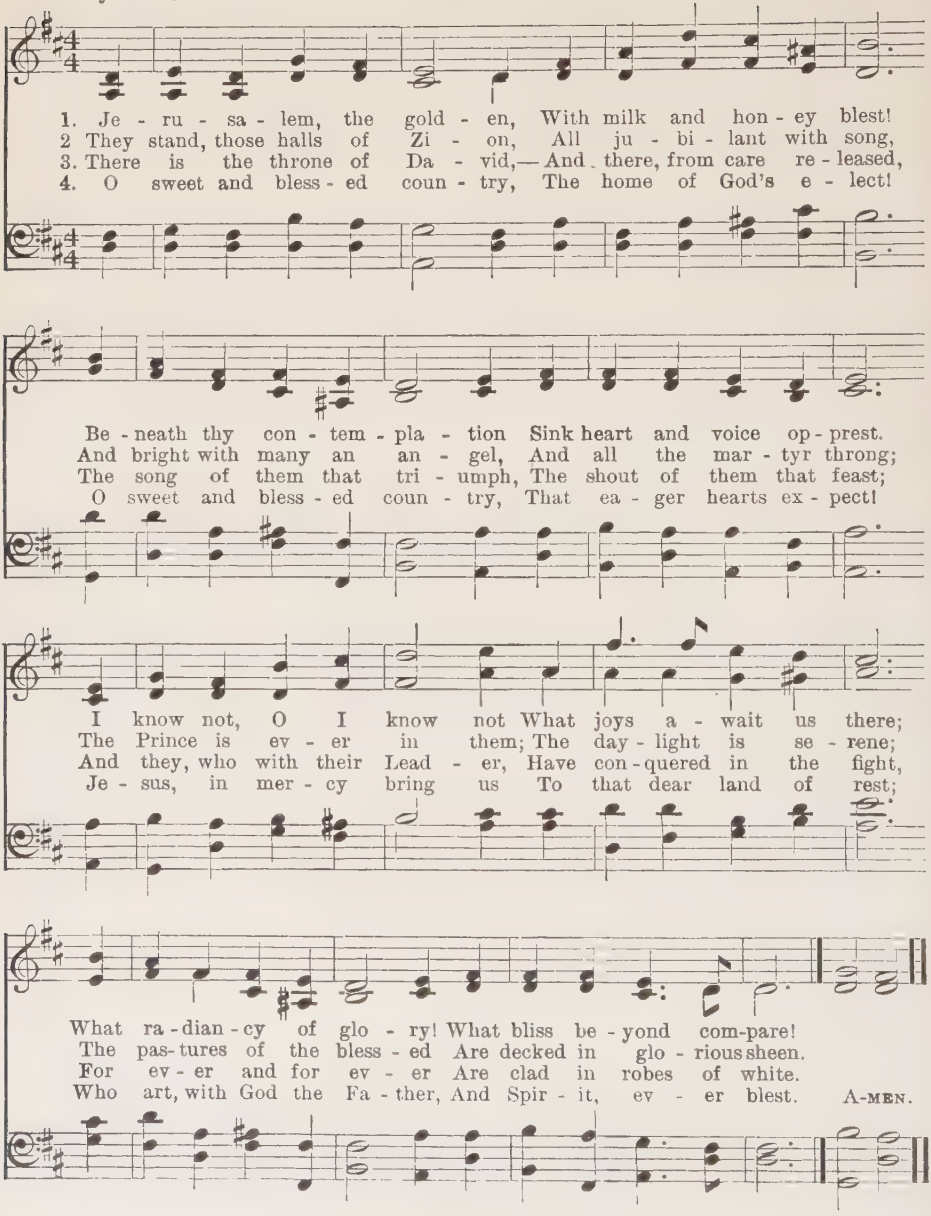
Above the Clear Blue Sky

MARY BARDILLON

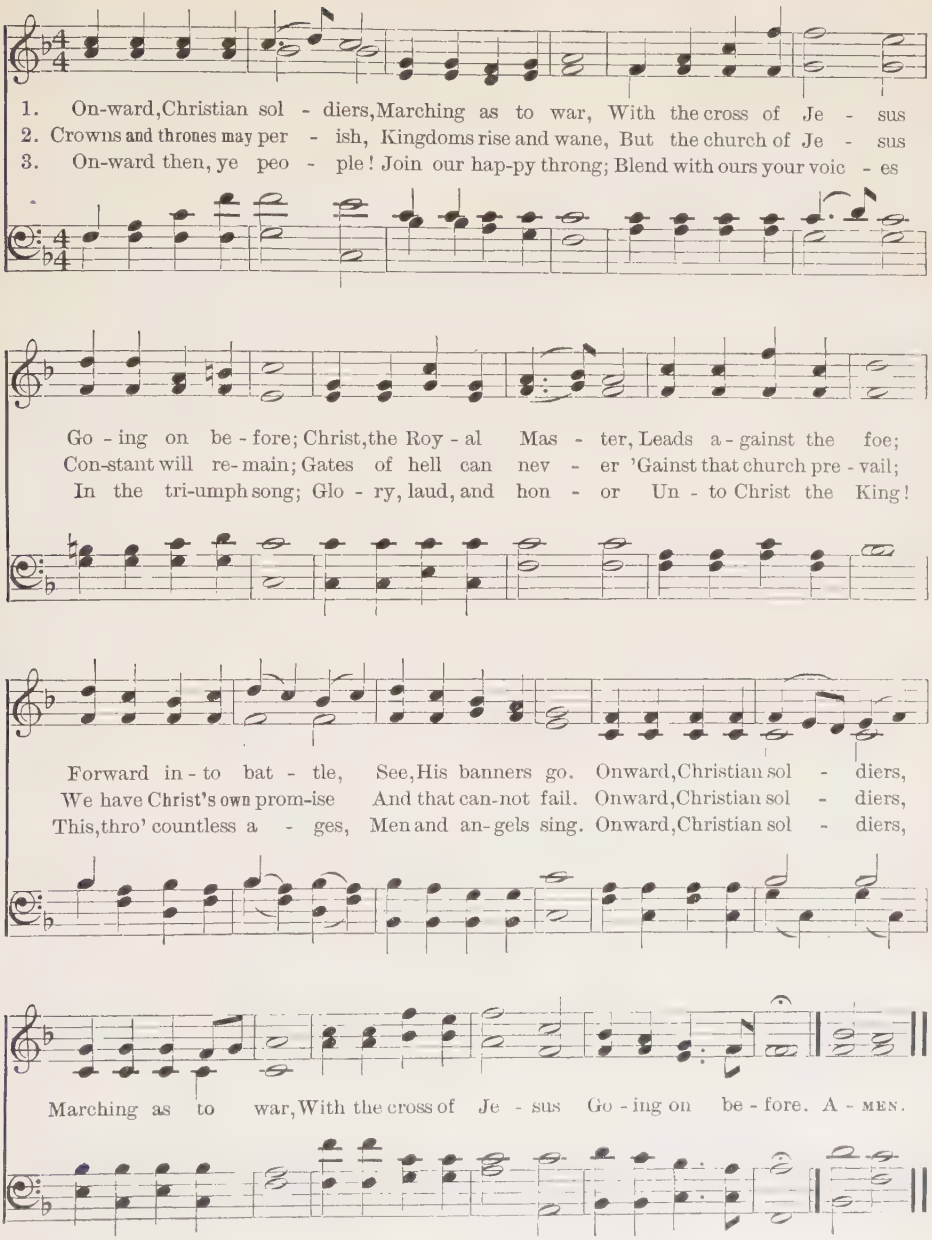
E. J. HOPKINS

1. A - bove the clear blue sky, . . In heav - en's bright a - bode, The
2. But God from chil - dren's tongues . On earth re - ceiv - eth praise; We
3. O bless - ed Lord, Thy truth . To all Thy flock im - part, And
4. O, may Thy ho - ly Word . Spread all the world a - round! And
an - gel host on high Sing prais-es to their God: Al - le - lu - ia!
then our cheerful songs In sweet ac - cord will raise: Al - le - lu - ia!
teach us in our youth To know Thee as Thou art. Al - le - lu - ia!
all with one ac - cord Up - lift the joy - ful sound: Al - le - lu - ia!
They love to sing To God, their King, Al - le - lu - ia!
We too will sing To God, our King, Al - le - lu - ia!
Then shall we sing To God, our King, Al - le - lu - ia!
All then shall sing To God, their King, Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

221 Jerusalem, the Golden

BERNARD OF CLUNY
Tr. by Rev. J. M. NEALE

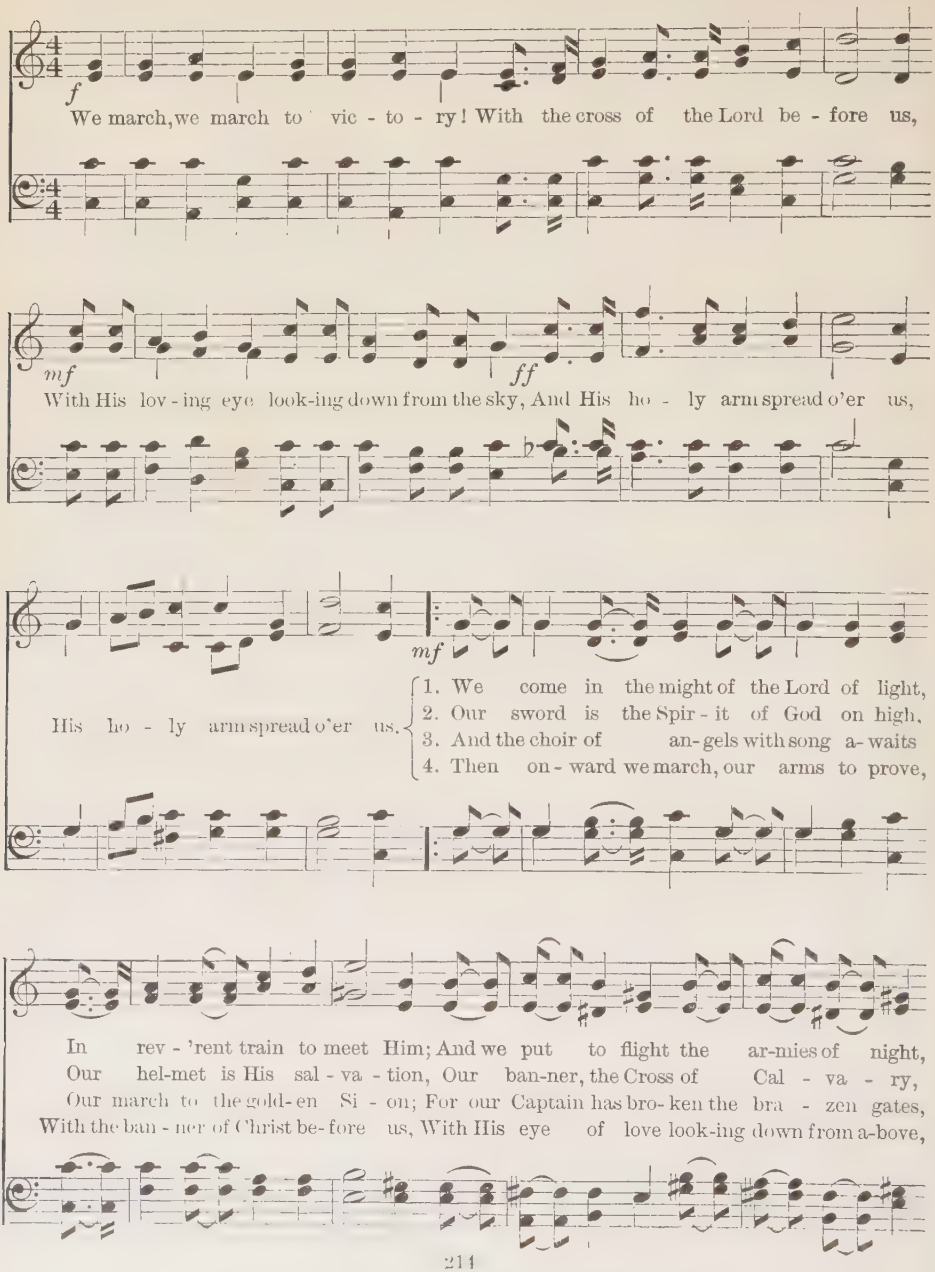
A. EWING

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
2 They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid,— And there, from care re - leased,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait us there;
The Prince is ev - er in them; The day - light is se - rene;
And they, who with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com-pare!
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest. A-MEN.

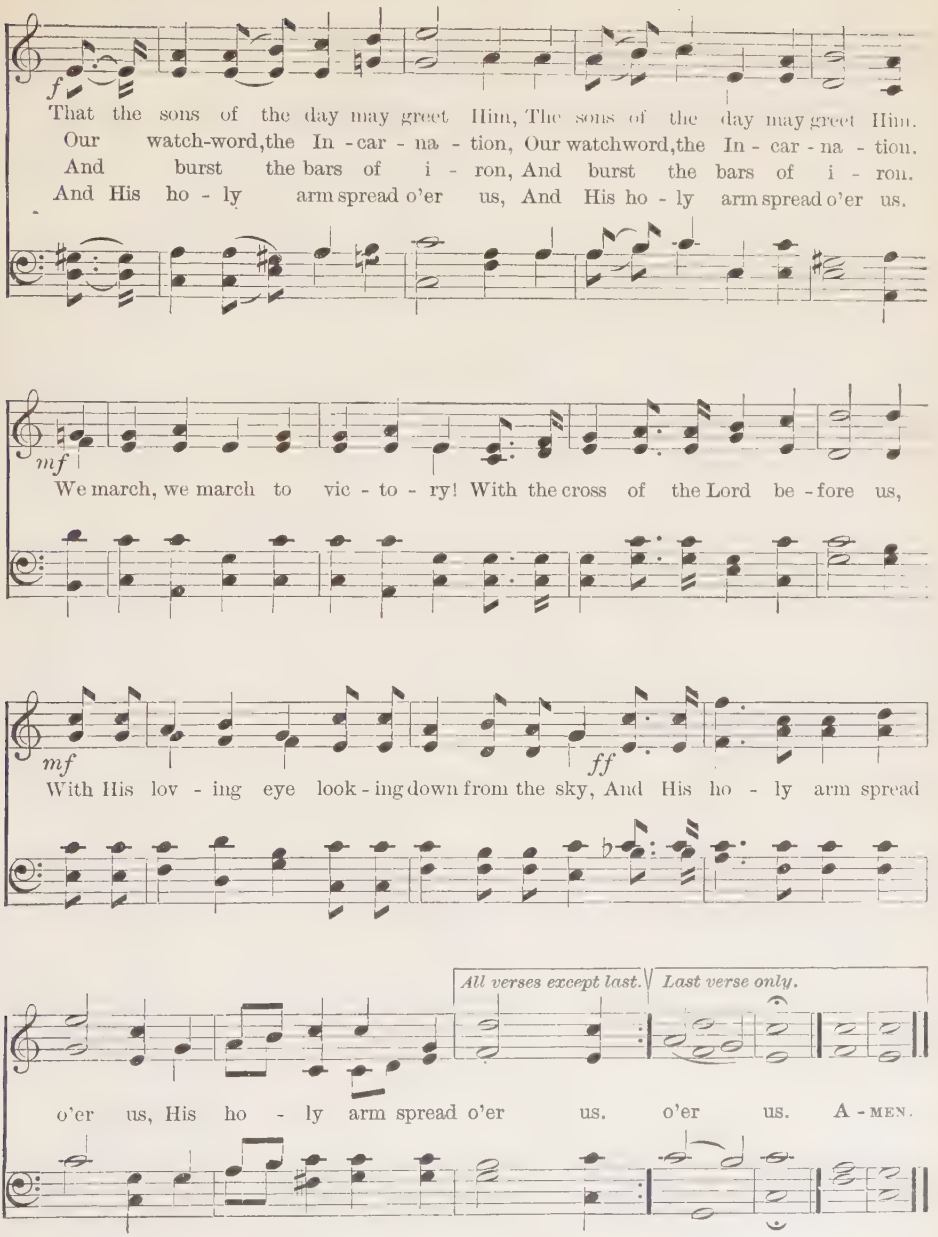
Onward, Christian Soldiers

S. Baring Gould — Arthur S. Sullivan

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.
2. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of Je - sus
Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that church pre - vail;
We have Christ's own prom-ise And that can-not fail. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
3. On-ward then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voic - es
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King!
This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an-gels sing. Onward, Christian sol - diers,

223 We March, We March to Victory!

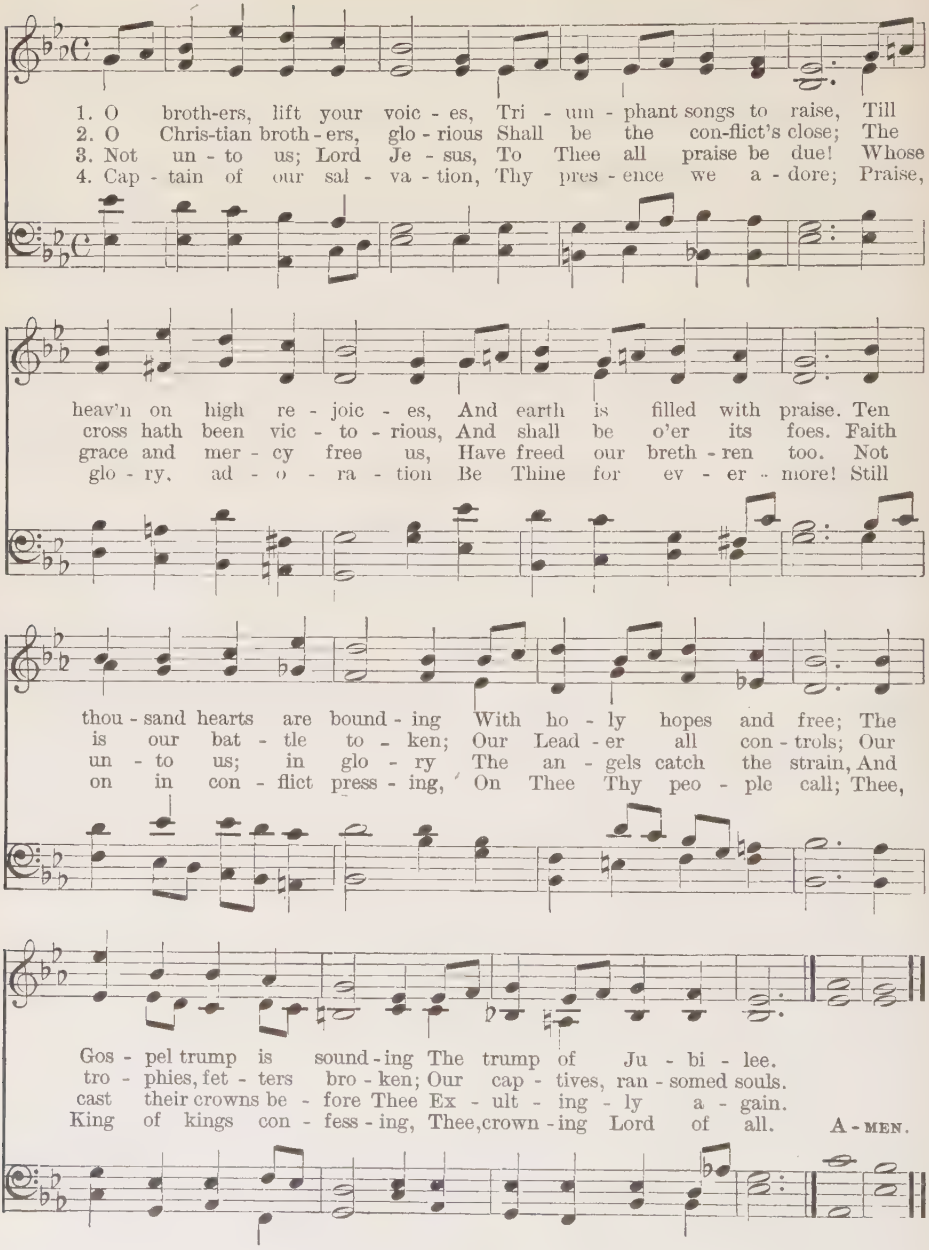
GERALD MOULTRIE J. BARNBY


f
We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,
mf
ff
With His lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us,
mf
His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.
1. We come in the might of the Lord of light,
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high,
3. And the choir of an-gels with song a-waits
4. Then on - ward we march, our arms to prove,
In rev - 'rent train to meet Him; And we put to flight the ar-mies of night,
Our hel-met is His sal - va - tion, Our ban-ner, the Cross of Cal - va - ry,
Our march to the gold-en Si - on; For our Captain has bro-ken the bra - zen gates,
With the ban - ner of Christ be-fore us, With His eye of love look-ing down from a-bove,

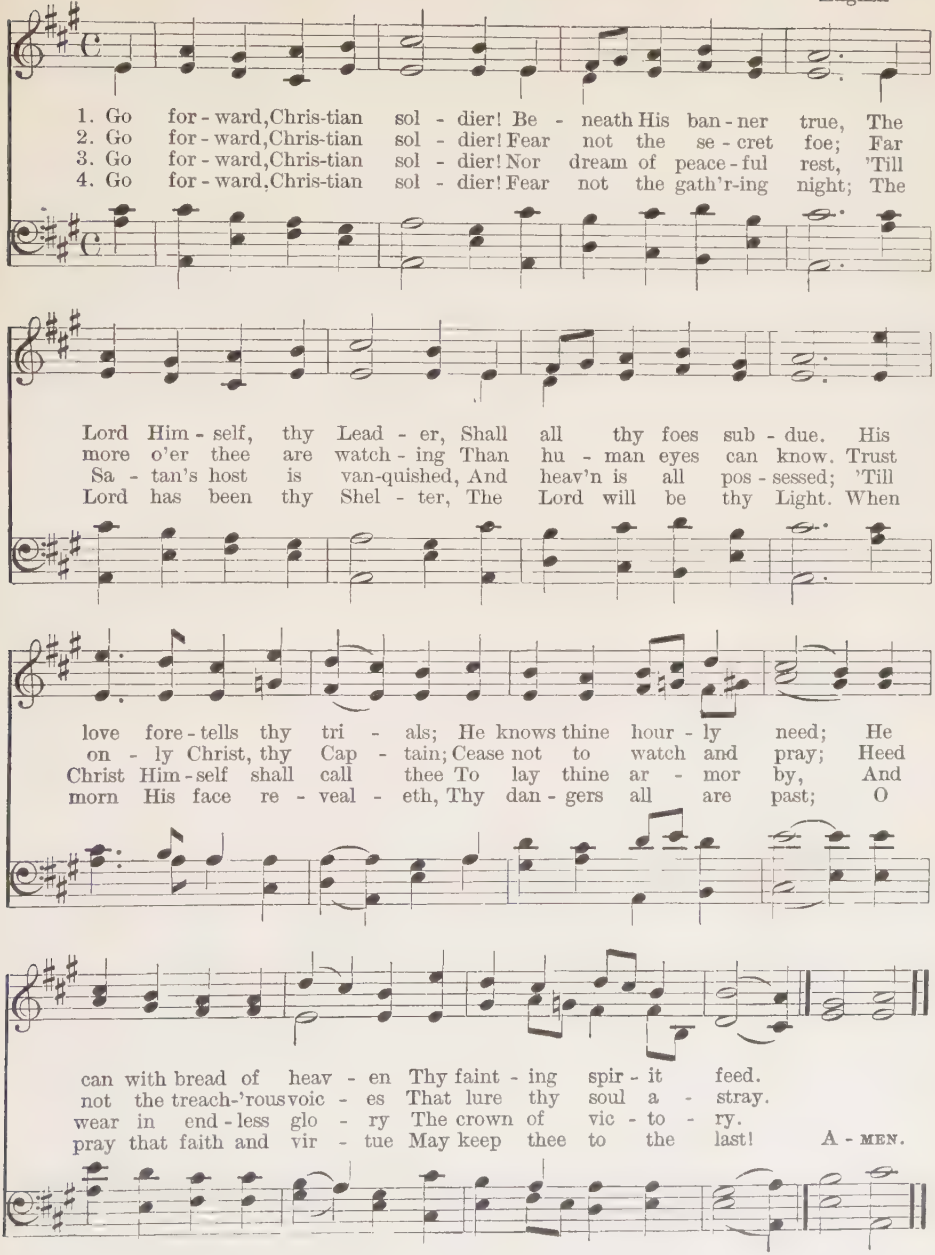
We March, We March to Victory

f
That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him.
Our watch-word, the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword, the In - car - na - tion.
And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.
And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.
mf
We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,
mf
ff
With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread
All verses except last.
Last verse only.
o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us. A - MEN.

224 O Brothers, Lift Your Voices

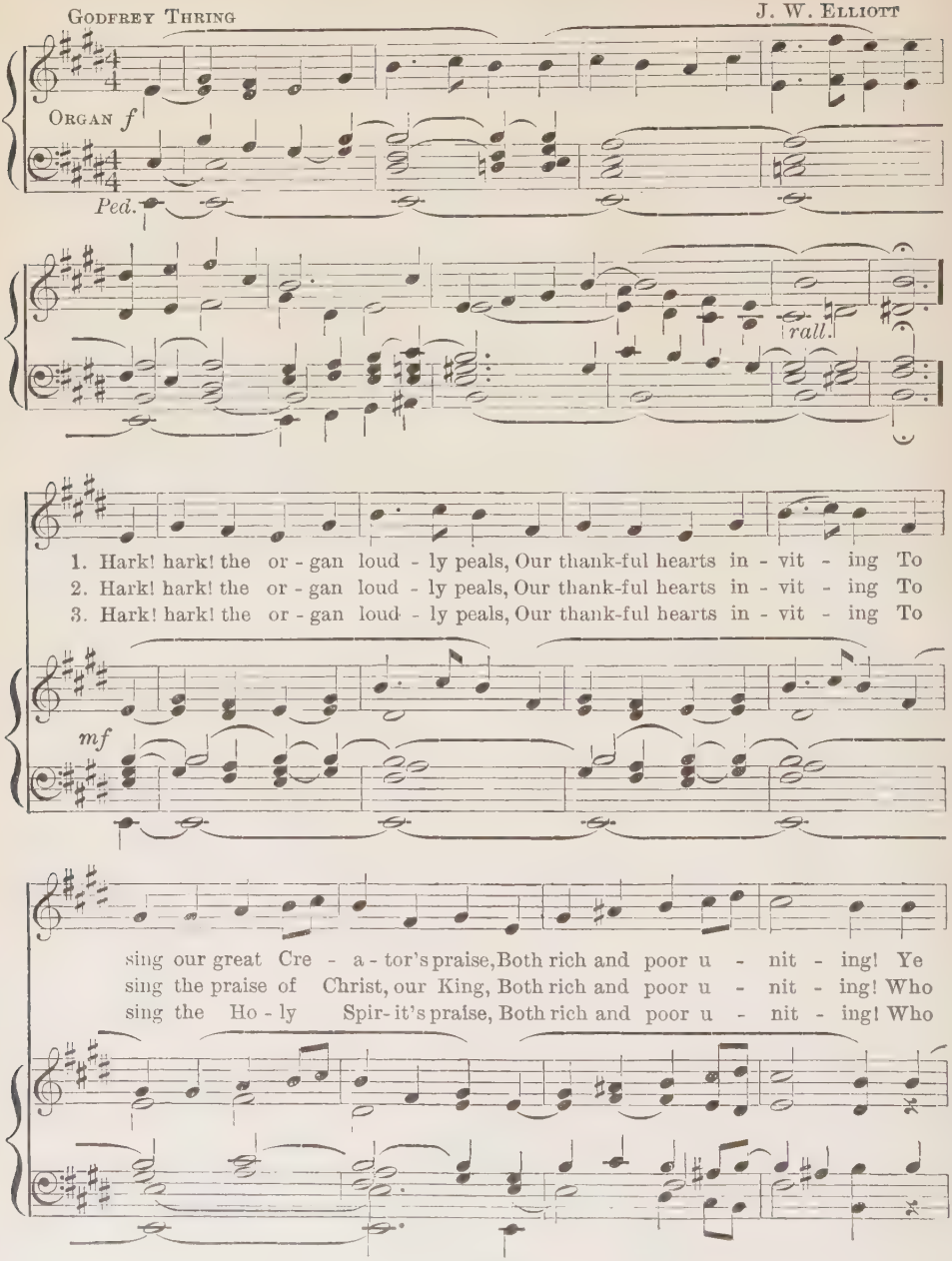
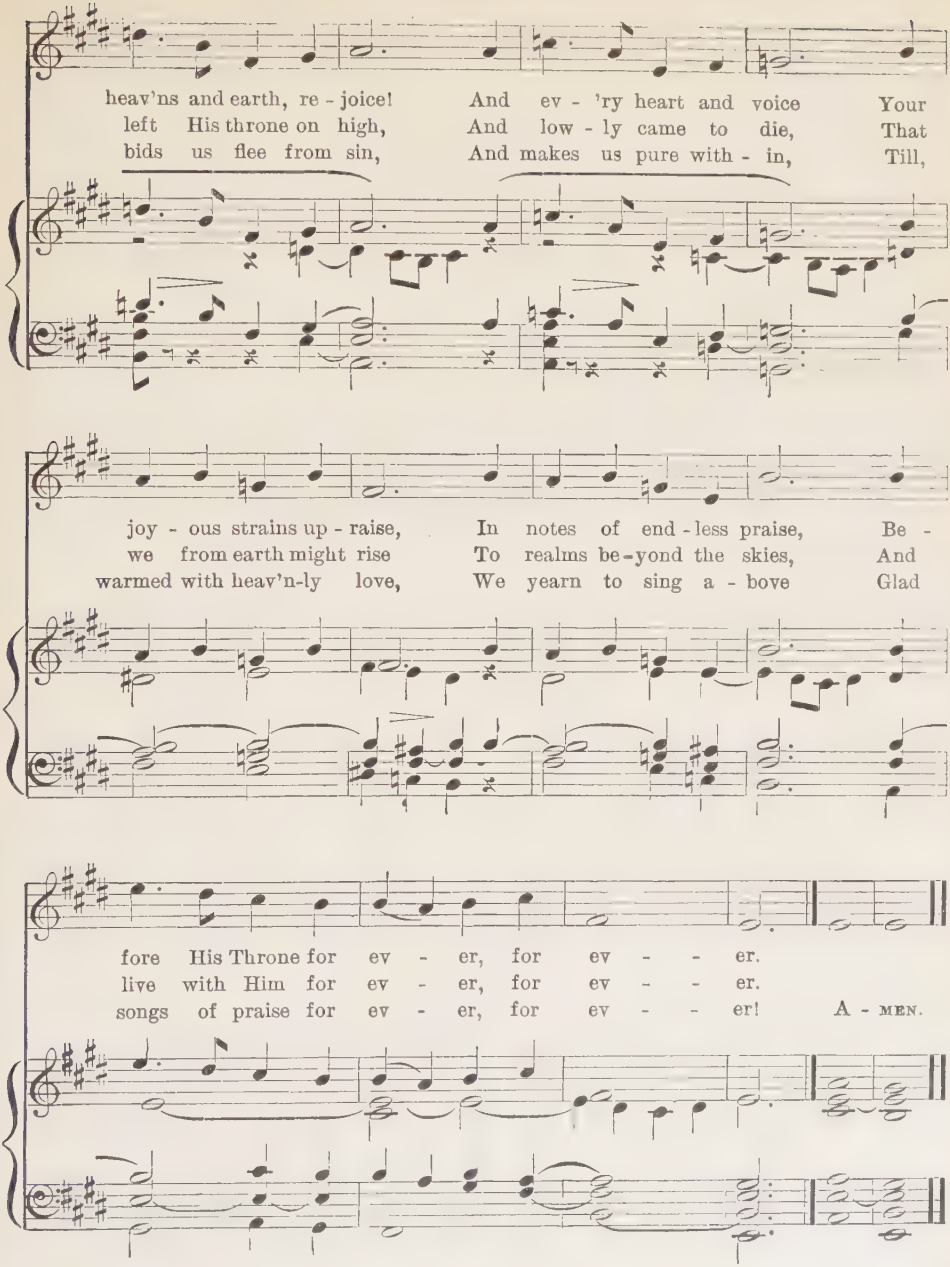
E. H. Bickersteth

Berthold Tours

1. O broth-ers, lift your voic - es, Tri - um - phant songs to raise, Till
2. O Chris-tian broth - ers, glo - rious Shall be the con-flict's close; The
3. Not un - to us; Lord Je - sus, To Thee all praise be due! Whose
4. Cap - tain of our sal - va - tion, Thy pres - ence we a - dore; Praise,
heav'n on high re - joic - es, And earth is filled with praise. Ten
cross hath been vic - to - rious, And shall be o'er its foes. Faith
grace and mer - cy free us, Have freed our breth - ren too. Not
glo - ry, ad - o - ra - tion Be Thine for ev - er - more! Still
thou - sand hearts are bound - ing With ho - ly hopes and free; The
is our bat - tle to - ken; Our Lead - er all con - trols; Our
un - to us; in glo - ry The an - gels catch the strain, And
on in con - flict press - ing, On Thee Thy peo - ple call; Thee,
Gos - pel trump is sound - ing The trump of Ju - bi - lee.
tro - phies, fet - ters bro - ken; Our cap - tives, ran - somed souls.
cast their crowns be - fore Thee Ex - ult - ing - ly a - gain.
King of kings con - fess - ing, Thee, crown - ing Lord of all. A - MEN.

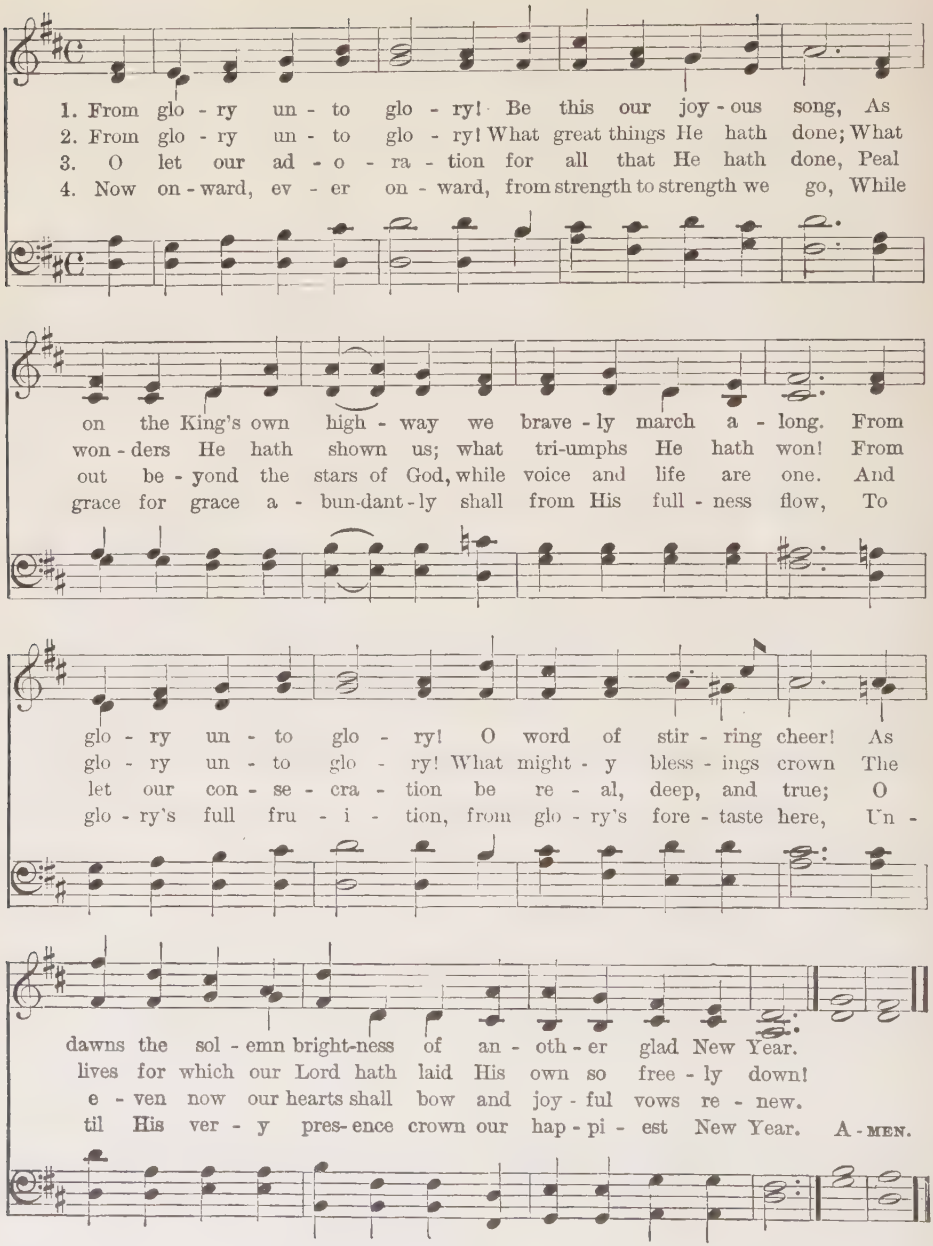
225 Go Forward, Christian Soldier

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT — English

1. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier! Be - neath His ban - ner true, The
2. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier! Fear not the se - cret foe; Far
3. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier! Nor dream of peace - ful rest, 'Till
4. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier! Fear not the gath'r-ing night; The
Lord Him - self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due. His
more o'er thee are watch - ing Than hu - man eyes can know. Trust
Sa - tan's host is van-quished, And heav'n is all pos - sessed; 'Till
Lord has been thy Shel - ter, The Lord will be thy Light. When
love fore - tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hour - ly need; He
on - ly Christ, thy Cap - tain; Cease not to watch and pray; Heed
Christ Him - self shall call thee To lay thine ar - mor by, And
morn His face re - veal - eth, Thy dan - gers all are past; O
can with bread of heav - en Thy faint - ing spir - it feed.
not the treach-'rous voic - es That lure thy soul a - stray.
wear in end - less glo - ry The crown of vic - to - ry.
pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last! A - MEN.

226 Hark! Hark! the Organ Loudly Peals

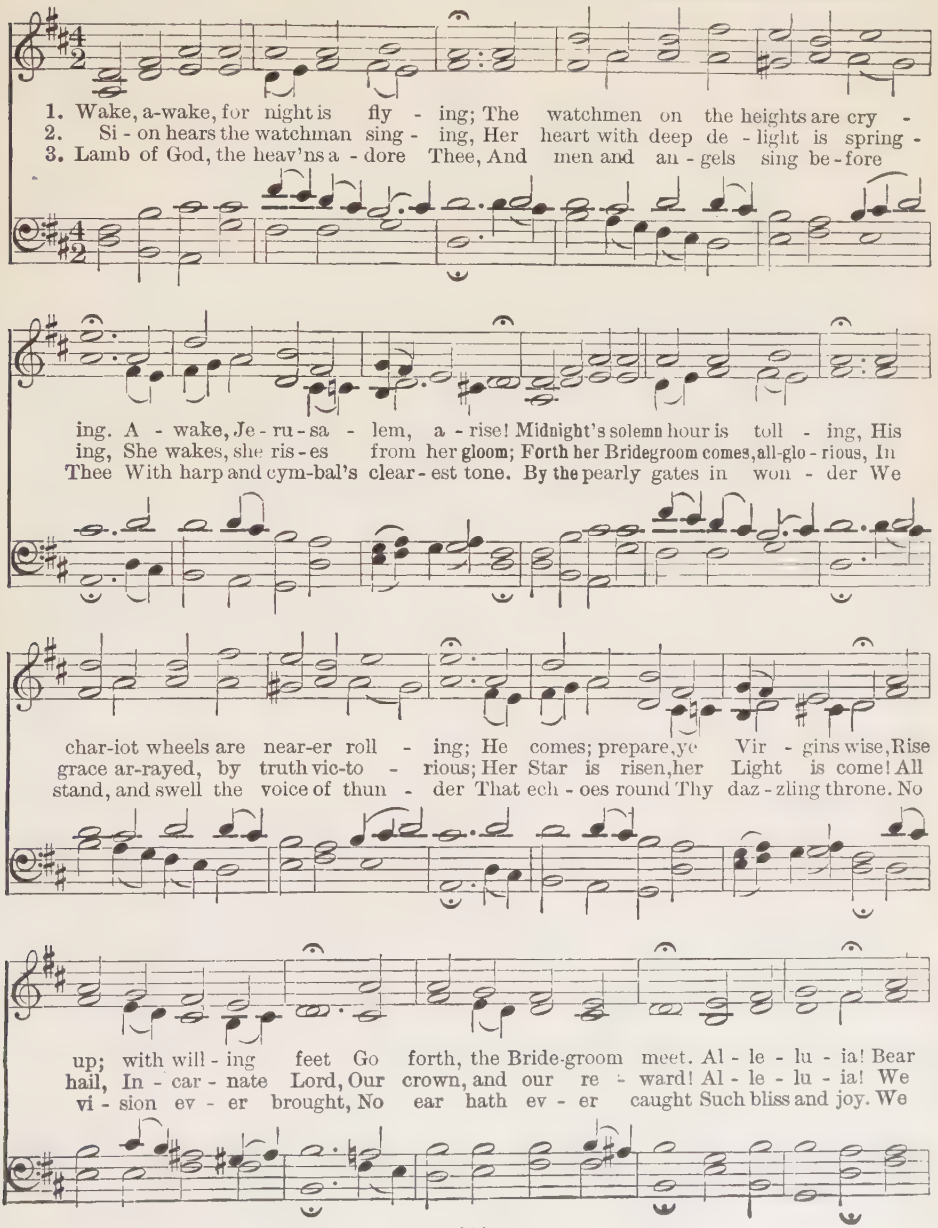
GODFREY THRING J. W. ELLIOTT

ORGAN f
Ped.
rall.
1. Hark! hark! the or - gan loud - ly peals, Our thank-ful hearts in - vit - ing To
2. Hark! hark! the or - gan loud - ly peals, Our thank-ful hearts in - vit - ing To
3. Hark! hark! the or - gan loud - ly peals, Our thank-ful hearts in - vit - ing To
mf
sing our great Cre - a - tor's praise, Both rich and poor u - nit - ing! Ye
sing the praise of Christ, our King, Both rich and poor u - nit - ing! Who
sing the Ho - ly Spir- it's praise, Both rich and poor u - nit - ing! Who

heav'ns and earth, re - joice! And ev - 'ry heart and voice Your
left His throne on high, And low - ly came to die, That
bids us flee from sin, And makes us pure with - in, Till,
joy - ous strains up - raise, In notes of end - less praise, Be -
we from earth might rise To realms be - yond the skies, And
warmed with heav'n-ly love, We yearn to sing a - bove Glad
fore His Throne for ev - er, for ev - - er.
live with Him for ev - er, for ev - - er.
songs of praise for ev - er, for ev - - er! A - MEN.

227 From Glory unto Glory

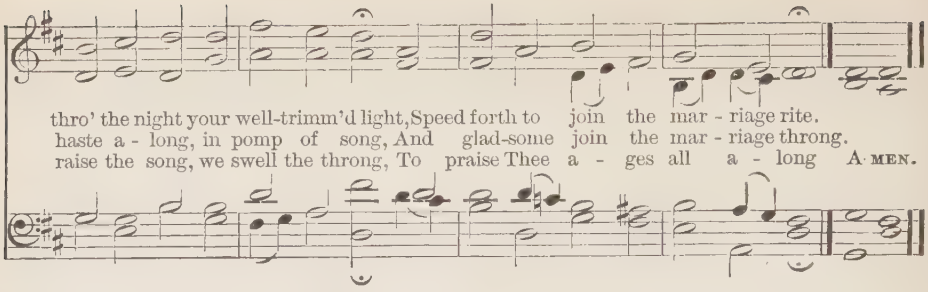
F. R. Havergal — John Hullah

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song, As
on the King's own high - way we brave - ly march a - long. From
glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer! As
dawns the sol - emn bright-ness of an - oth - er glad New Year.
2. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! What great things He hath done; What
won - ders He hath shown us; what tri-umphs He hath won! From
glo - ry un - to glo - ry! What might - y bless - ings crown The
lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so free - ly down!
3. O let our ad - o - ra - tion for all that He hath done, Peal
out be - yond the stars of God, while voice and life are one. And
let our con - se - cra - tion be re - al, deep, and true; O
e - ven now our hearts shall bow and joy - ful vows re - new.
4. Now on - ward, ev - er on - ward, from strength to strength we go, While
grace for grace a - bun-dant - ly shall from His full - ness flow, To
glo - ry's full fru - i - tion, from glo - ry's fore - taste here, Un -
til His ver - y pres- ence crown our hap - pi - est New Year. A - men.

228 Wake, Awake, for Night is Flying

PHILIP NICOLAI
Tr. by Miss WINKWORTH

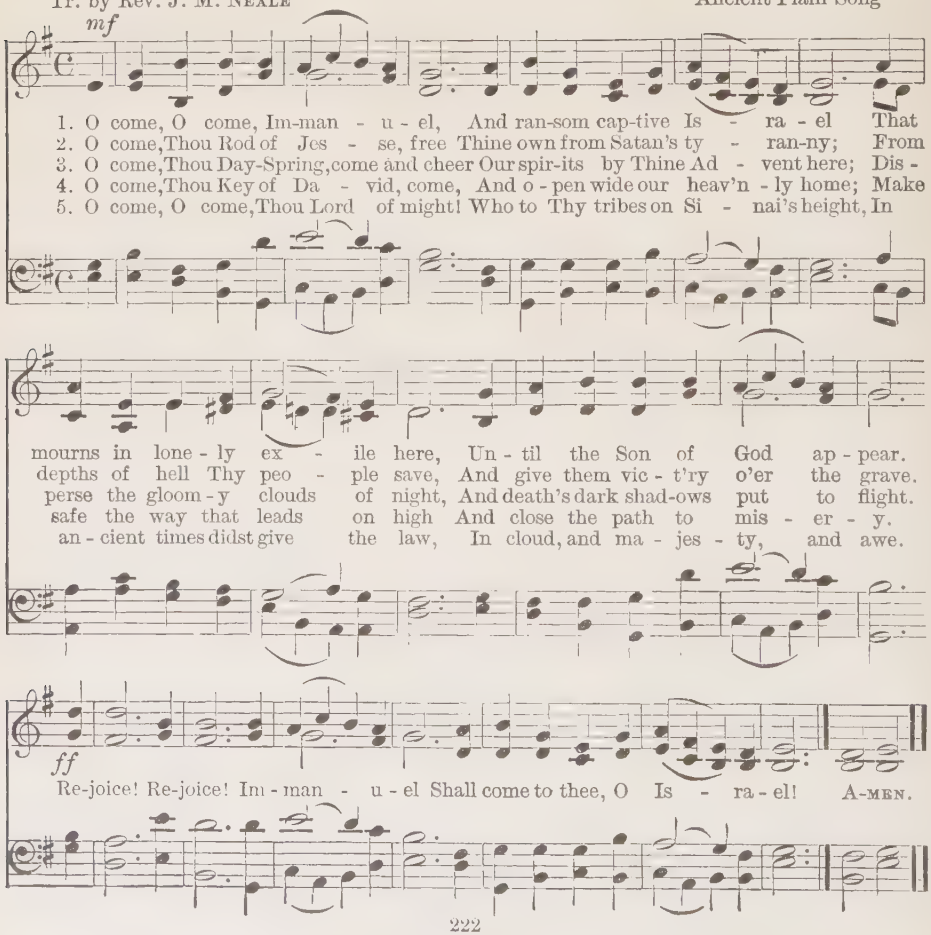
PHILIP NICOLAI
Harm. by F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

1. Wake, a-wake, for night is fly - ing; The watchmen on the heights are cry -
2. Si - on hears the watchman sing - ing, Her heart with deep de - light is spring -
3. Lamb of God, the heav'ns a - dore Thee, And men and an - gels sing be - fore
ing. A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise! Midnight's solemn hour is toll - ing, His
ing, She wakes, she ris - es from her gloom; Forth her Bridegroom comes, all-glo - rious, In
Thee With harp and cym-bal's clear - est tone. By the pearly gates in won - der We
char-iot wheels are near-er roll - ing; He comes; prepare, ye Vir - gins wise, Rise
grace ar-rayed, by truth vic-to - rious; Her Star is risen, her Light is come! All
stand, and swell the voice of thun - der That ech - oes round Thy daz - zling throne. No
up; with will - ing feet Go forth, the Bride-groom meet. Al - le - lu - ia! Bear
hail, In - car - nate Lord, Our crown, and our re - ward! Al - le - lu - ia! We
vi - sion ev - er brought, No ear hath ev - er caught Such bliss and joy. We

Wake, Awake, for Night is Flying

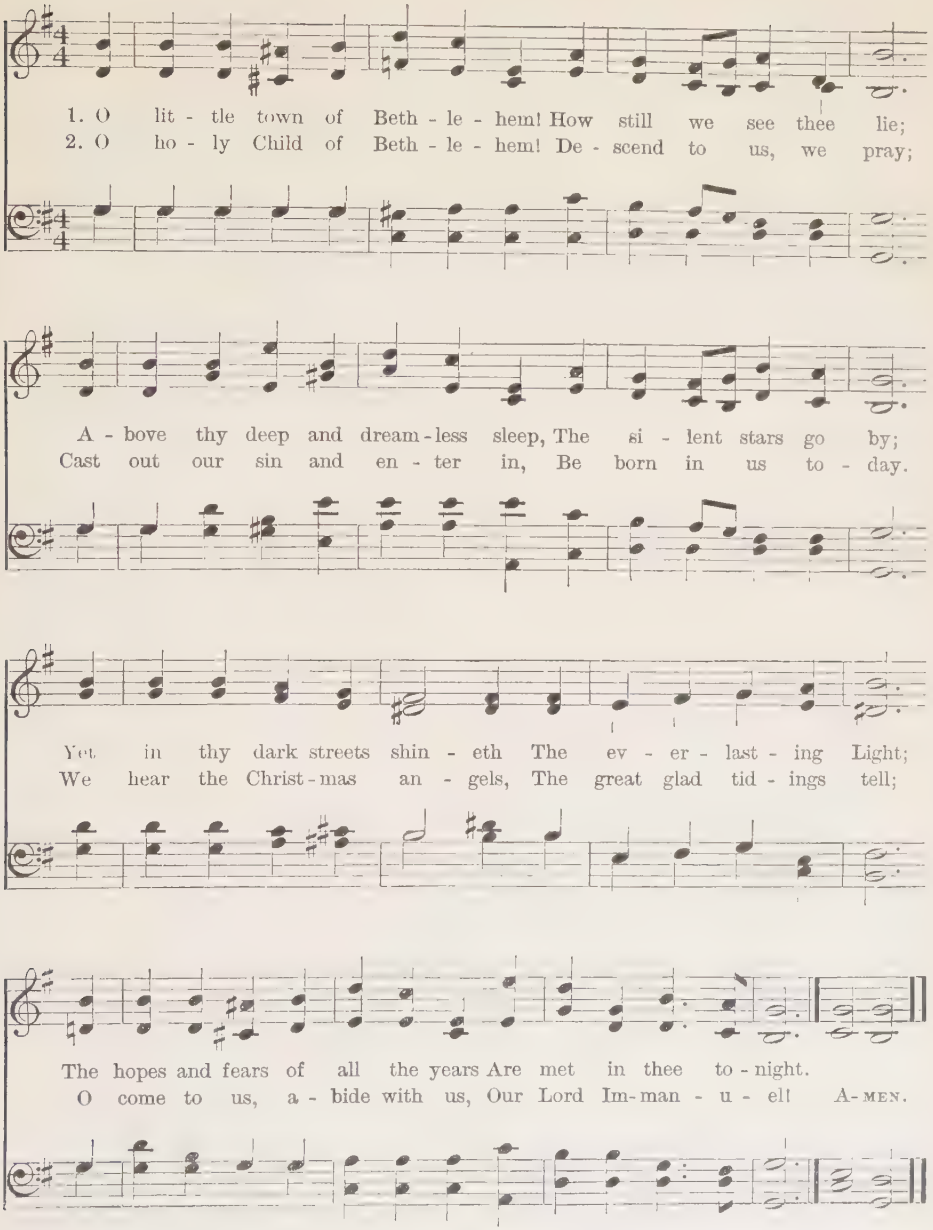

thro' the night your well-trimm'd light, Speed forth to join the mar - riage rite.
haste a - long, in pomp of song, And glad-some join the mar - riage throng.
raise the song, we swell the throng, To praise Thee a - ges all a - long A-MEN.

229 O Come, O Come, Immanuel

Old Latin Hymn
Tr. by Rev. J. M. NEALE

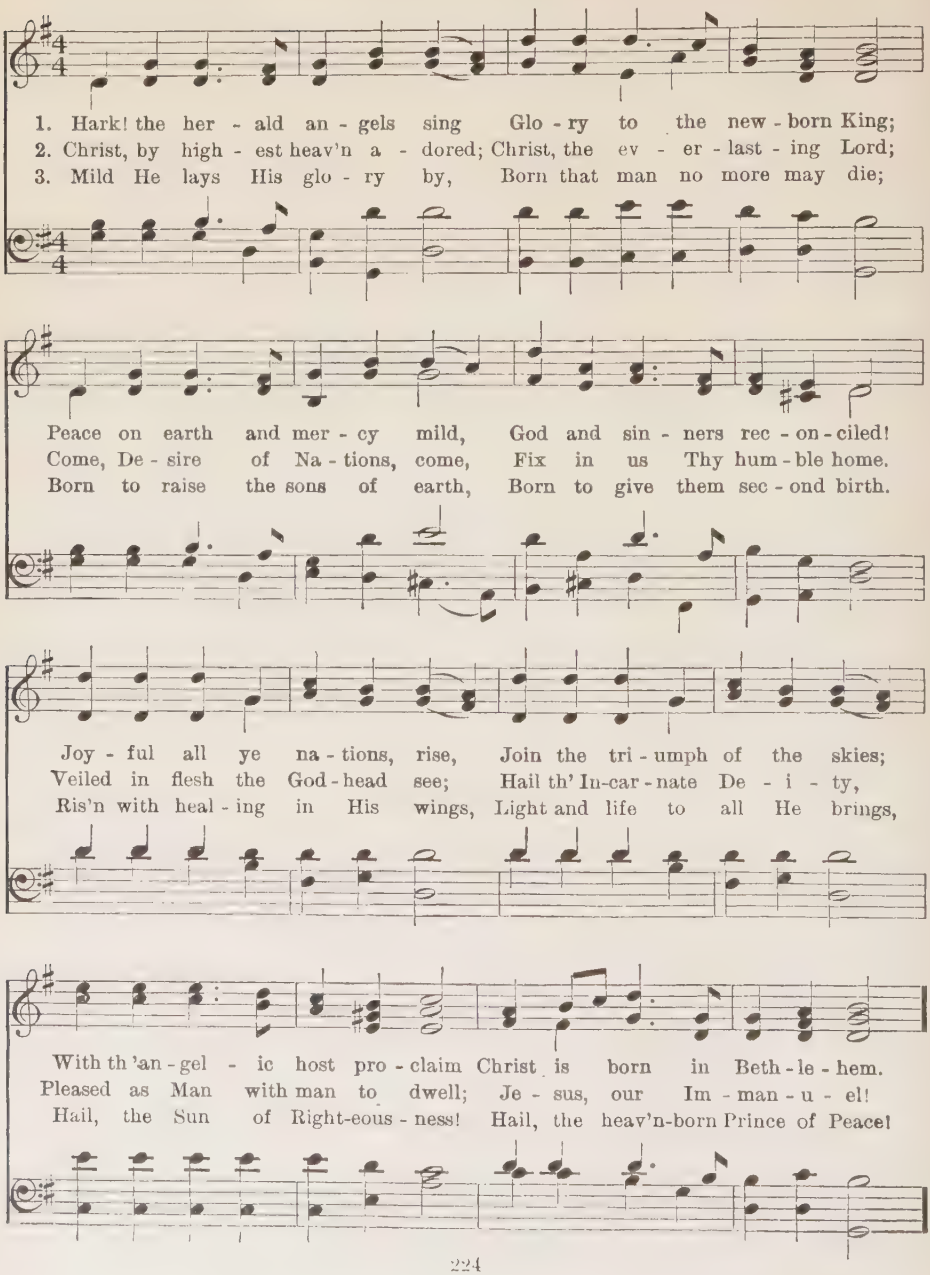
Ancient Plain Song

mf
1. O come, O come, Im-man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra - el That
2. O come, Thou Rod of Jes - se, free Thine own from Satan's ty - ran-ny; From
3. O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer Our spir-its by Thine Ad - vent here; Dis -
4. O come, Thou Key of Da - vid, come, And o - pen wide our heav'n - ly home; Make
5. O come, O come, Thou Lord of might! Who to Thy tribes on Si - nai's height, In
mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.
depths of hell Thy peo - ple save, And give them vic - t'ry o'er the grave.
perse the gloom - y clouds of night, And death's dark shad-ows put to flight.
safe the way that leads on high And close the path to mis - er - y.
an - cient times didst give the law, In cloud, and ma - jes - ty, and awe.
ff
Re-joice! Re-joice! Im - man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A-MEN.

230 O Little Town of Bethlehem

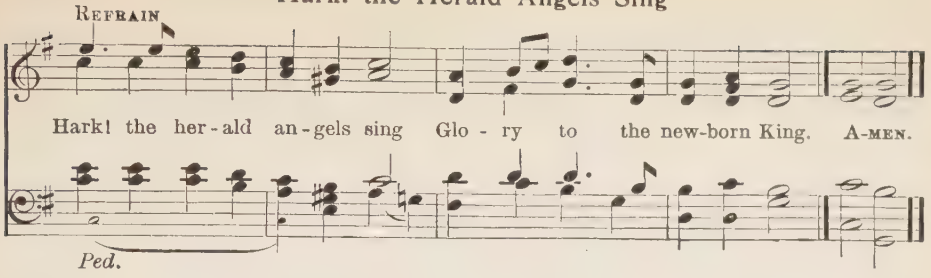
PHILLIPS BROOKS — L. H. REDNER

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;
2. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;
A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep, The si - lent stars go by;
Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels, The great glad tid - ings tell;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im - man - u - el! A - MEN.

231 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

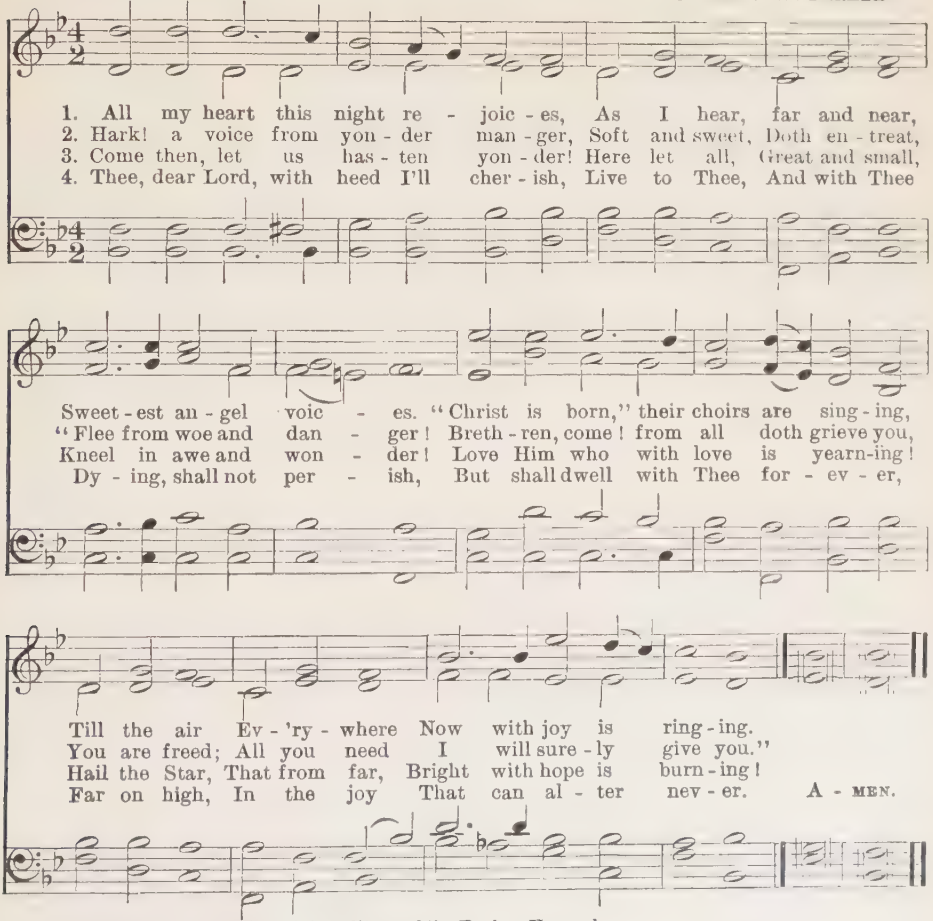
CHARLES WESLEY — FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY


1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King;
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
3. Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!
Come, De - sire of Na - tions, come, Fix in us Thy hum - ble home.
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Joy - ful all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God - head see; Hail th' In-car - nate De - i - ty,
Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings, Light and life to all He brings,
With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.
Pleased as Man with man to dwell; Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el!
Hail, the Sun of Right-eous - ness! Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing



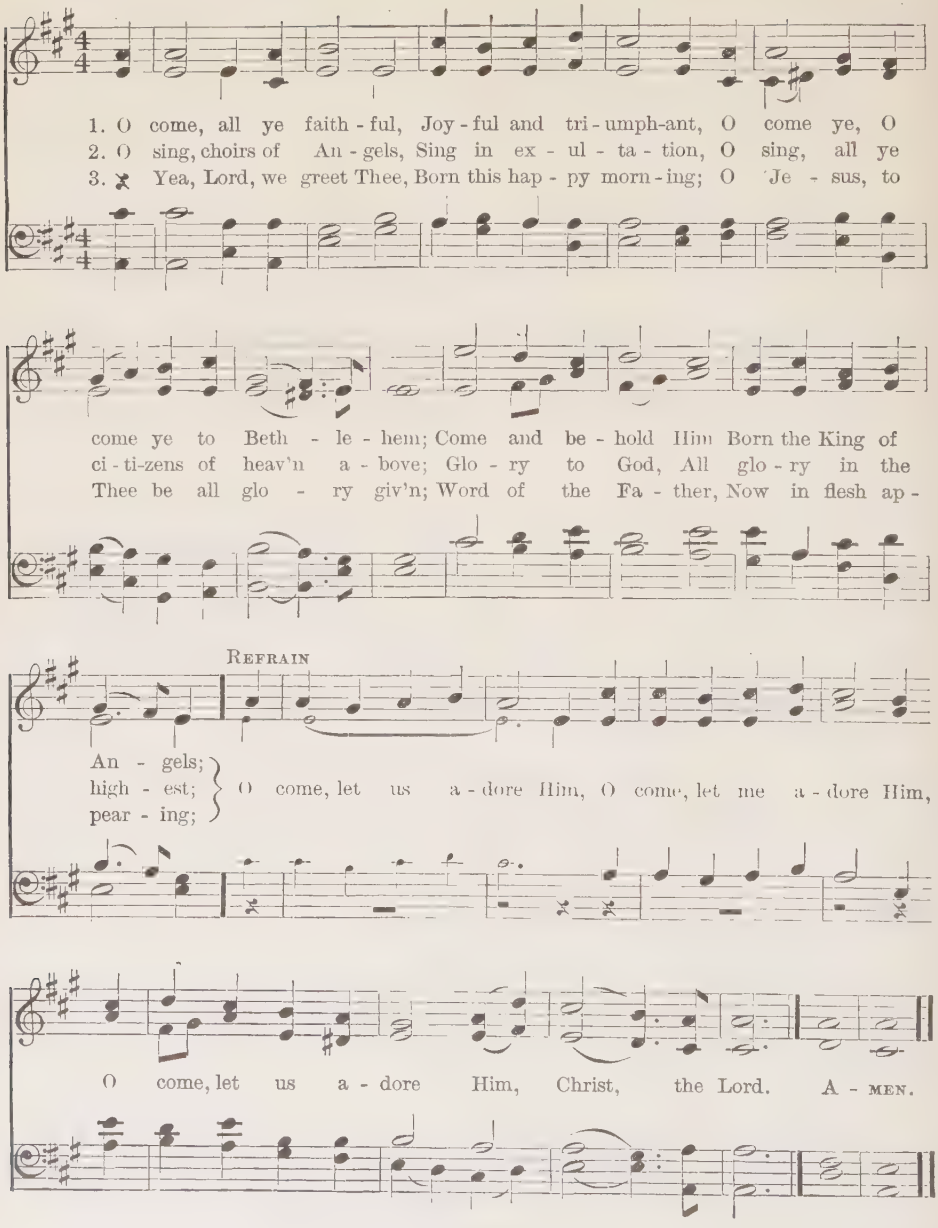
232 All My Heart This Night Rejoices

Paul Gerhardt — Horatio W. Parker *

1. All my heart this night re-joic-es, As I hear, far and near,
2. Hark! a voice from yon-der man-ger, Soft and sweet, Doth en-treat,
3. Come then, let us has-ten yon-der! Here let all, Great and small,
4. Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cher-ish, Live to Thee, And with Thee
Sweet-est an-gel voic-es. "Christ is born," their choirs are sing-ing,
"Flee from woe and dan-ger! Breth-ren, come! from all doth grieve you,
Kneel in awe and won-der! Love Him who with love is yearn-ing!
Dy-ing, shall not per-ish, But shall dwell with Thee for-ev-er,
Till the air Ev-'ry-where Now with joy is ring-ing.
You are freed; All you need I will sure-ly give you."
Hail the Star, That from far, Bright with hope is burn-ing!
Far on high, In the joy That can al-ter nev-er. A-men.

* Tune used by permission of the editors of the Tucker Hymnal

233 O Come, All Ye Faithful

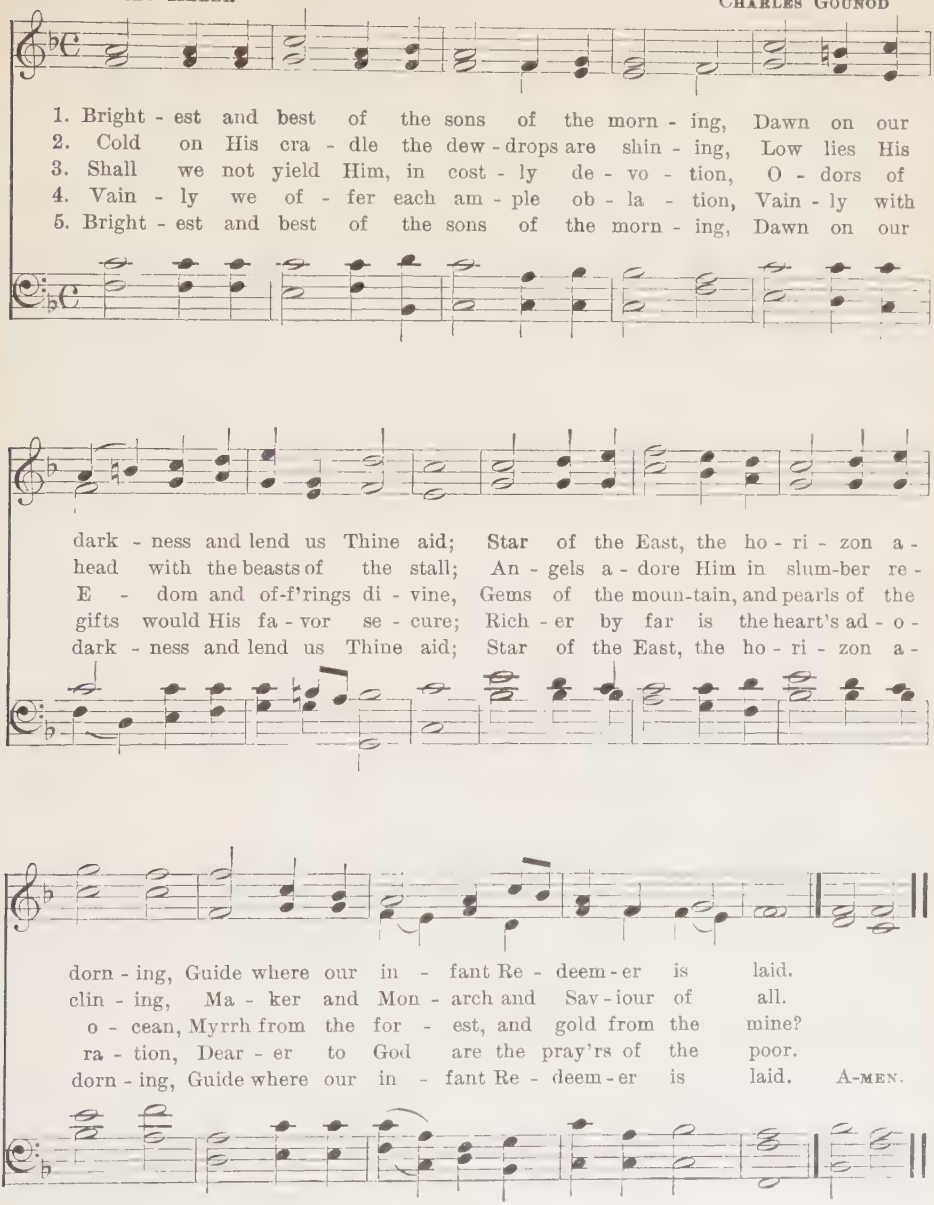
Old Latin hymn
Tr. by F. Oakeley

John Reading

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph-ant, O come ye, O
2. O sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, O sing, all ye
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing; O Je - sus, to
come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him Born the King of
ci - ti-zens of heav'n a - bove; Glo - ry to God, All glo - ry in the
Thee be all glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap -
Refrain
An - gels;
high - est;
pear - ing;
O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let me a - dore Him,
O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A - men.

Brightest and Best

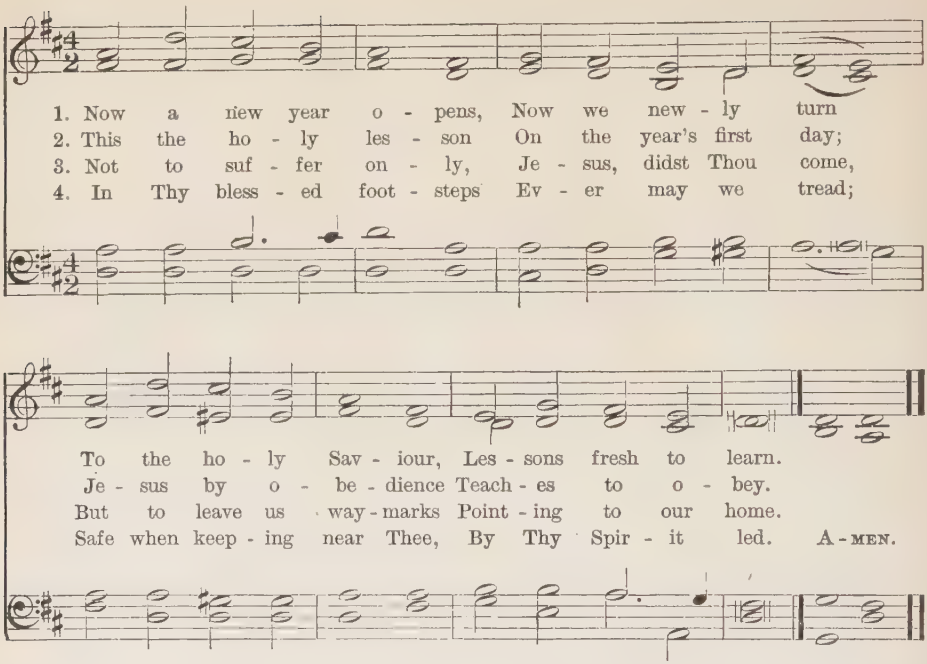
REGINALD HEBER

CHARLES GOUNOD


1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing, Low lies His
3. Shall we not yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of
4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with
5. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
dark - ness and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -
head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him in slum-ber re -
E - dom and of-f'rings di - vine, Gems of the moun-tain, and pearls of the
gifts would His fa - vor se - cure; Rich - er by far is the heart's ad - o -
dark - ness and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -
dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
clin - ing, Ma - ker and Mon - arch and Sav - iour of all.
o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?
ra - tion, Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.
dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid. A-MEN.

235 Now a New Year Opens

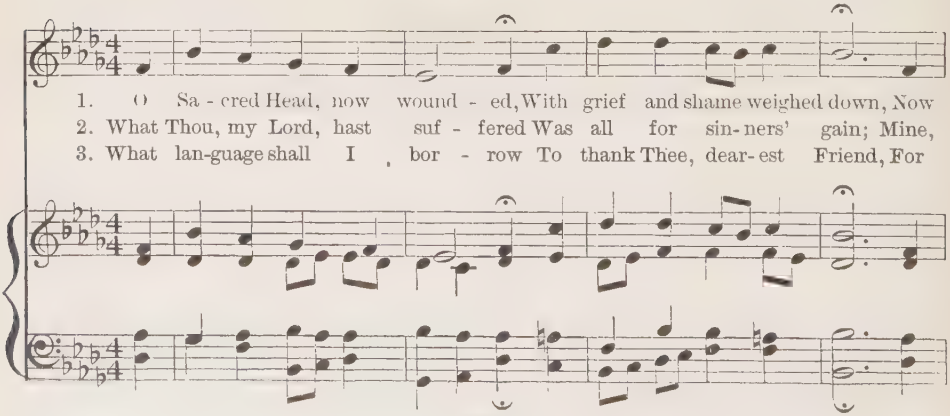
SAMUEL C. CLARKE — T. ARMSTRONG

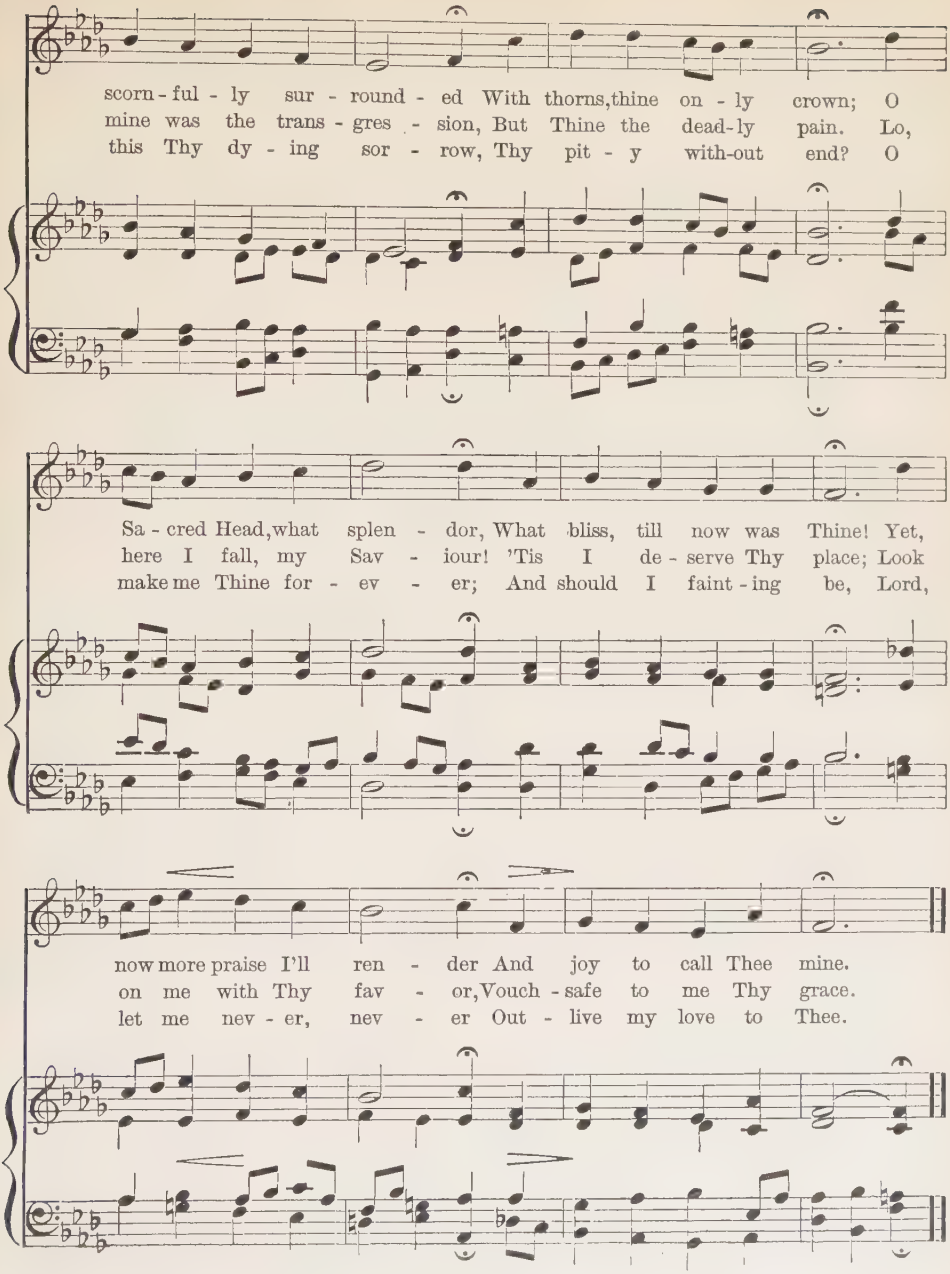

1. Now a new year o - pens, Now we new - ly turn
2. This the ho - ly les - son On the year's first day;
3. Not to suf - fer on - ly, Je - sus, didst Thou come,
4. In Thy bless - ed foot - steps Ev - er may we tread;
To the ho - ly Sav - iour, Les - sons fresh to learn.
Je - sus by o - be - dience Teach - es to o - bey.
But to leave us way - marks Point - ing to our home.
Safe when keep - ing near Thee, By Thy Spir - it led. A - MEN.

236 O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

PAUL GERHARDT
Tr. by JAMES W. ALEXANDER

JOHANN LEONARD HASLER
Harm. by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

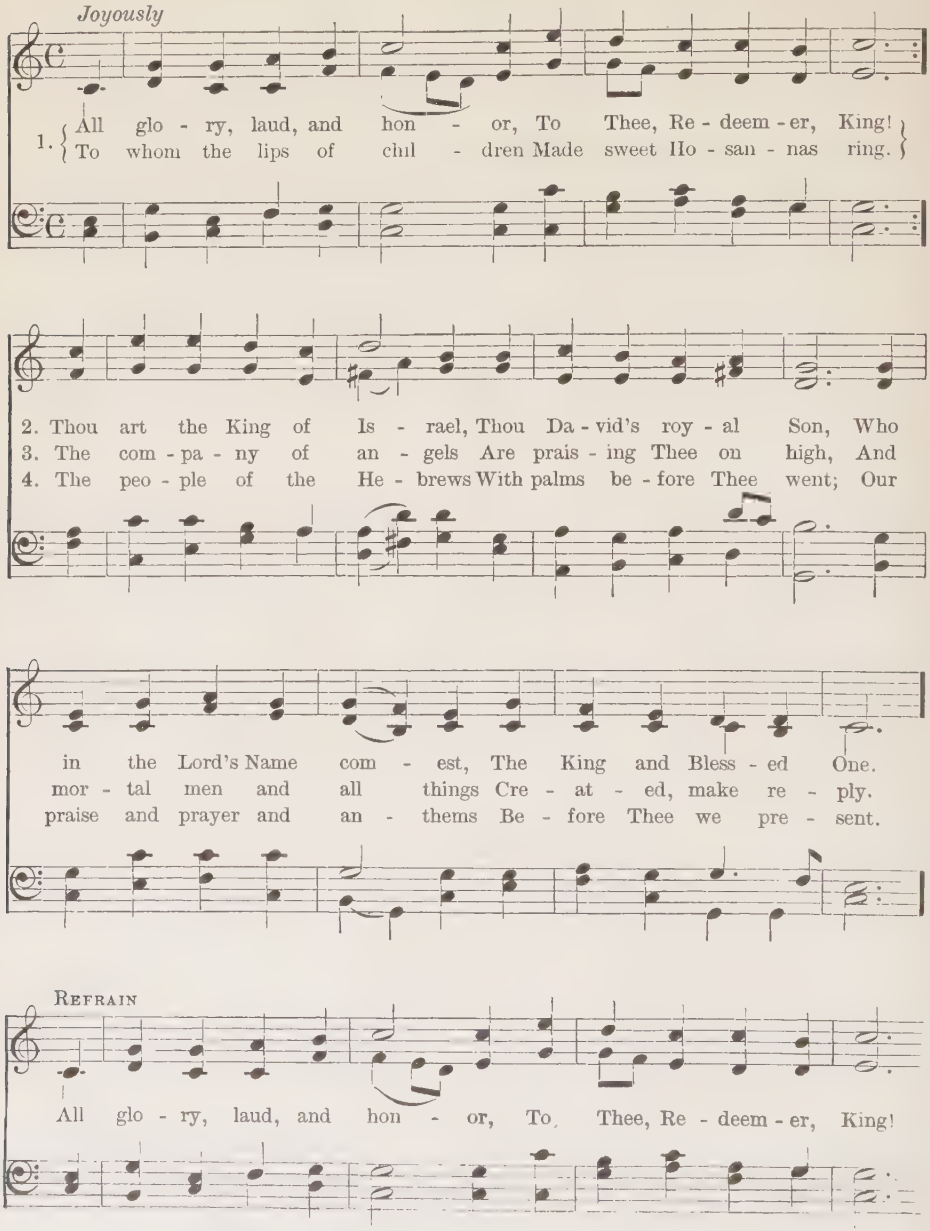
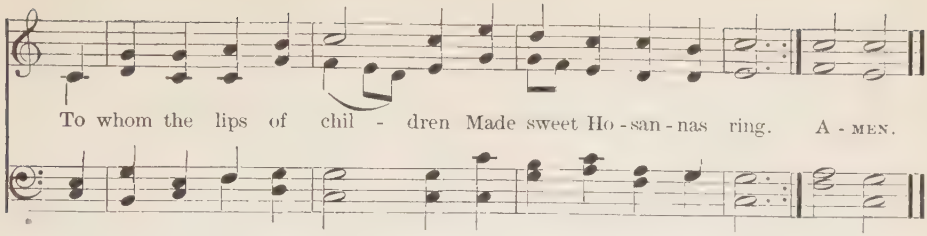

1. O Sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down, Now
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain; Mine,
3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend, For

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown; O
mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain. Lo,
this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with-out end? O
Sa - cred Head, what splen - dor, What bliss, till now was Thine! Yet,
here I fall, my Sav - iour! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place; Look
make me Thine for - ev - er; And should I faint - ing be, Lord,
now more praise I'll ren - der And joy to call Thee mine.
on me with Thy fav - or, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.

237 All Glory, Laud, and Honor

St. Theodulph
Tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale

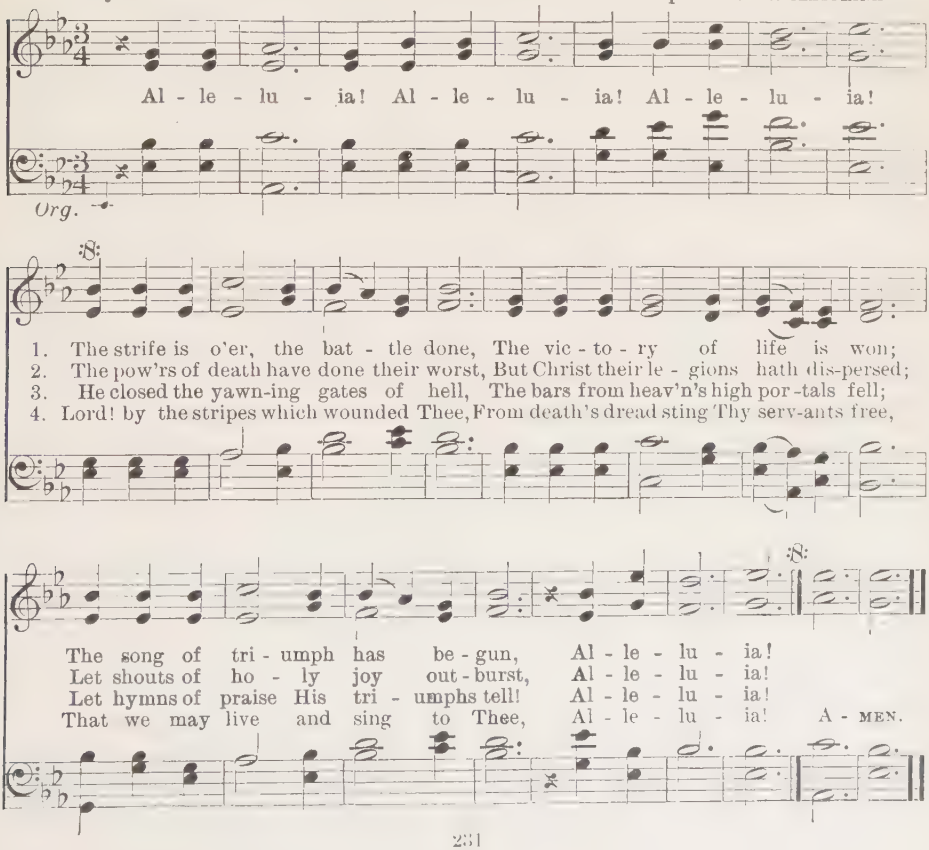
Martin Teschner

Joyously

1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring.
2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son, Who
3. The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are prais - ing Thee on high, And
4. The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went; Our
in the Lord's Name com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.
mor - tal men and all things Cre - at - ed, make re - ply.
praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.
Refrain
All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!

5 To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the pray'rs we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

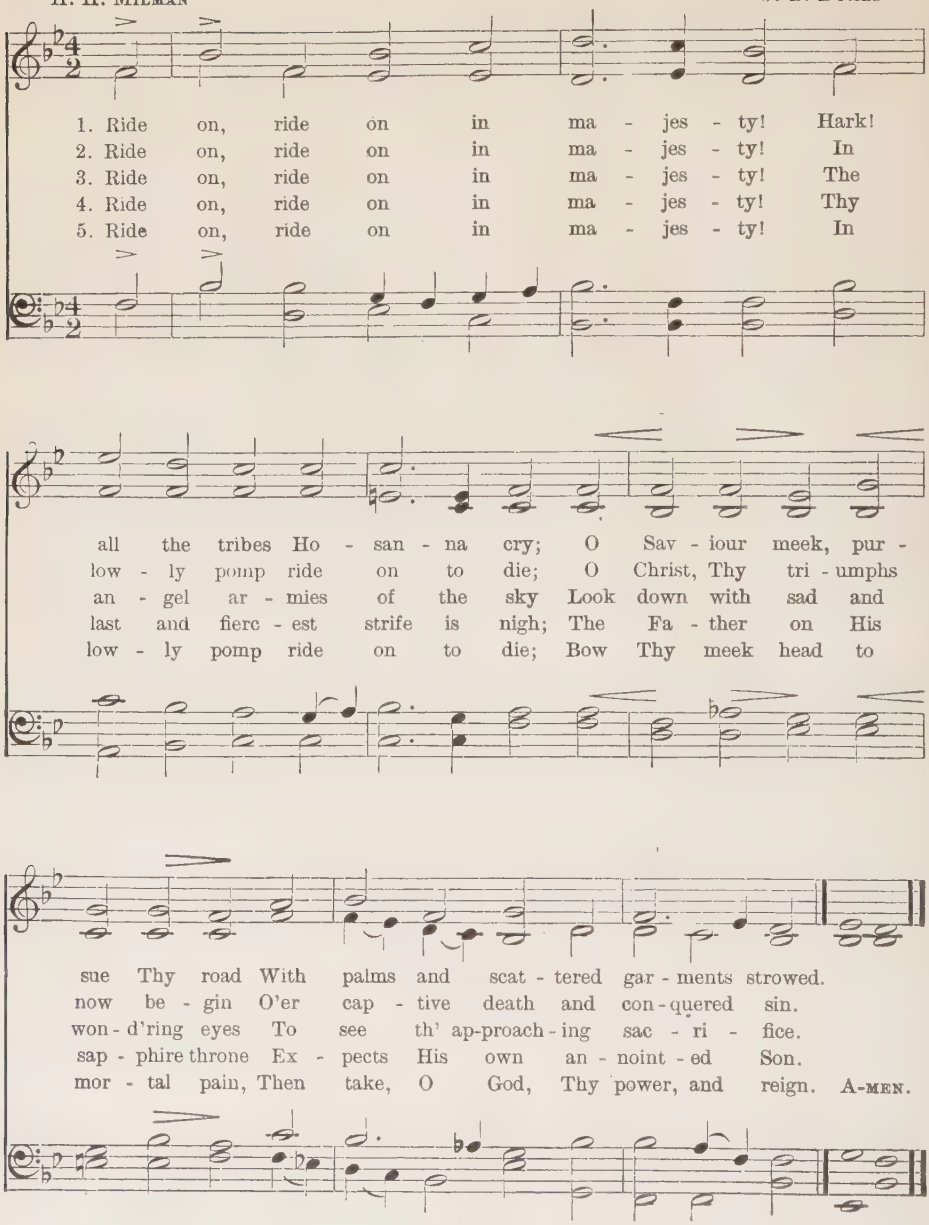
238 Alleluia!

Latin Hymn
Tr. by FRANCIS POTT

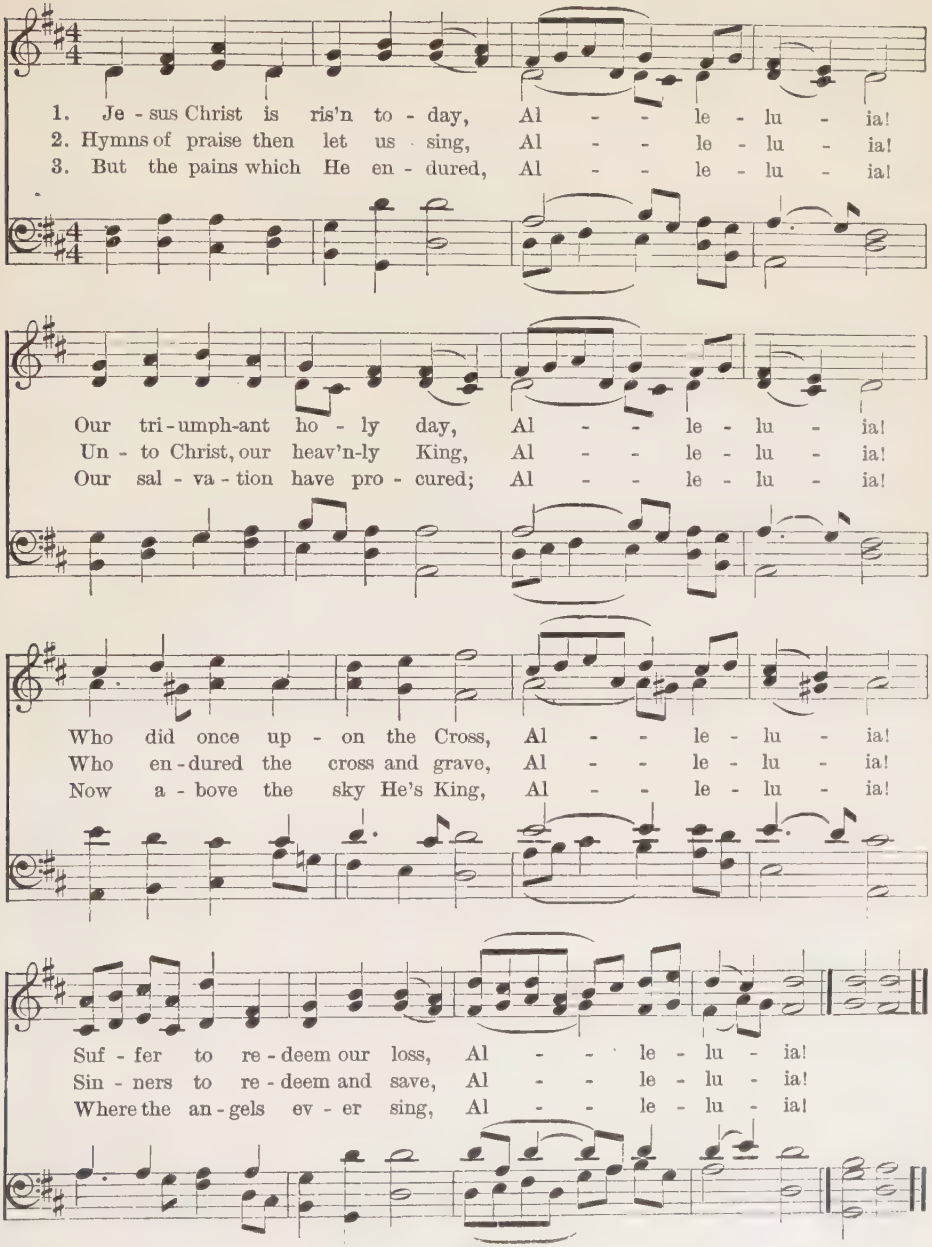
Adapted from PALESTRINA

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Org.
1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of life is won;
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gions hath dis-persed;
3. He closed the yawn-ing gates of hell, The bars from heav'n's high por - tals fell;
4. Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee, From death's dread sting Thy serv-ants free,
The song of tri - umph has be - gun, Al - le - lu - ia!
Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst, Al - le - lu - ia!
Let hymns of praise His tri - umphs tell! Al - le - lu - ia!
That we may live and sing to Thee, Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

239 Ride on, Ride on in Majesty!

H. H. Milman J. B. Dykes

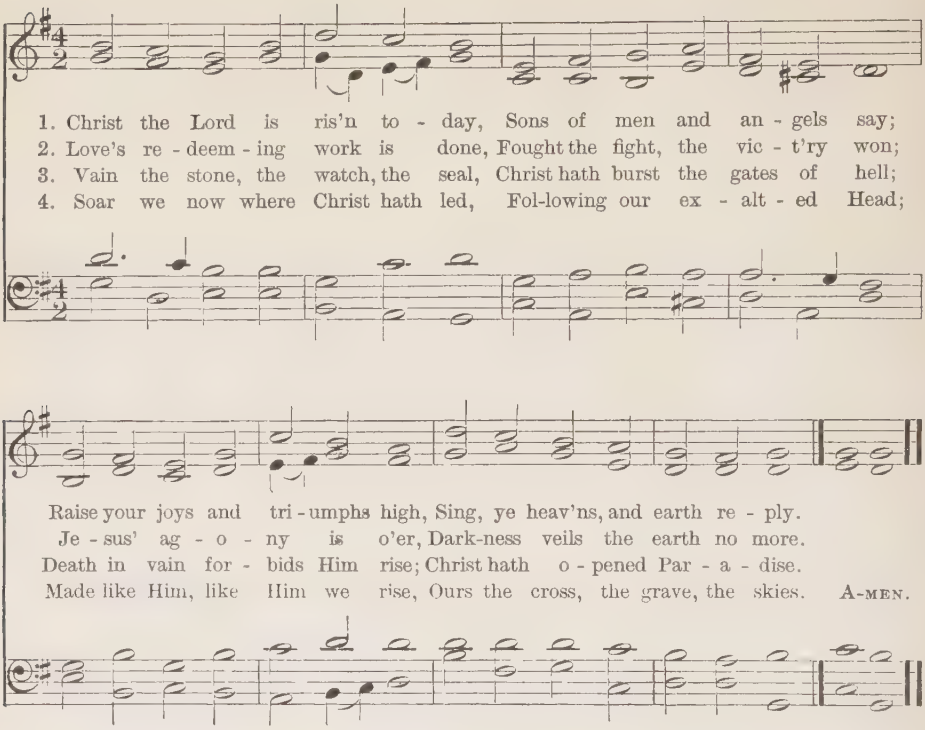

1. Ride on, ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark!
2. Ride on, ride on in ma - jes - ty! In
3. Ride on, ride on in ma - jes - ty! The
4. Ride on, ride on in ma - jes - ty! Thy
5. Ride on, ride on in ma - jes - ty! In
all the tribes Ho - san - na cry; O Sav - iour meek, pur -
low - ly pomp ride on to die; O Christ, Thy tri - umphs
an - gel ar - mies of the sky Look down with sad and
last and fierc - est strife is nigh; The Fa - ther on His
low - ly pomp ride on to die; Bow Thy meek head to
sue Thy road With palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed.
now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.
won - d'ring eyes To see th' ap-proach - ing sac - ri - fice.
sap - phire throne Ex - pects His own an - noint - ed Son.
mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign. A-men.

240 Jesus Christ is Risen To-day

TATE and BRADY — LYRA DAVIDICA

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - - le - lu - ia!
3. But the pains which He en - dured, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Our tri - umph-ant ho - ly day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Un - to Christ, our heav'n-ly King, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Our sal - va - tion have pro - cured; Al - - le - lu - ia!
Who did once up - on the Cross, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Who en - dured the cross and grave, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Now a - bove the sky He's King, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Sin - ners to re - deem and save, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Where the an - gels ev - er sing, Al - - le - lu - ia!

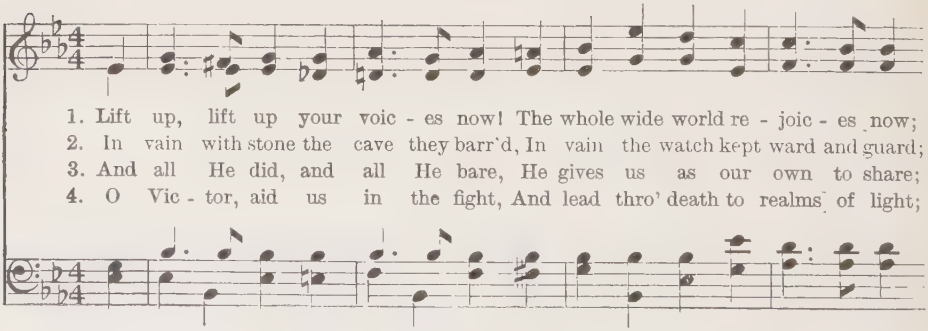
241 Christ the Lord is Risen To-day

CHARLES WESLEY — W. H. HAVERGAL

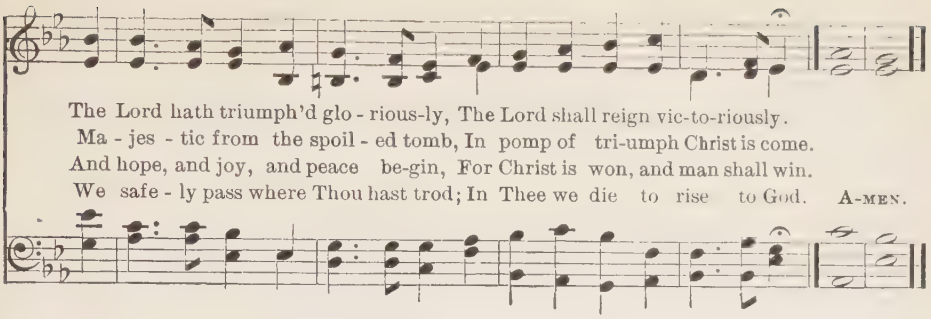

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say;
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Fought the fight, the vic - t'ry won;
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
4. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Fol-lowing our ex - alt - ed Head;
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply.
Je - sus' ag - o - ny is o'er, Dark-ness veils the earth no more.
Death in vain for - bids Him rise; Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise.
Made like Him, like Him we rise, Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. A-MEN.

242 Lift up, Lift up Your Voices Now

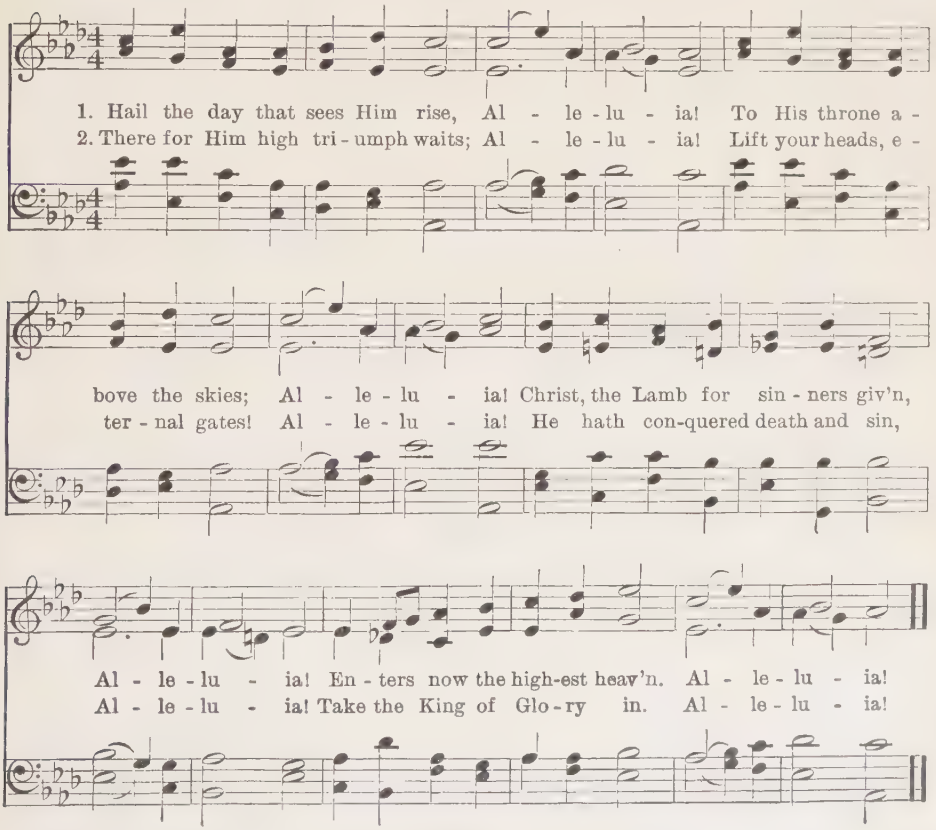
Rev. J. M. NEALE — J. BAPTISTE CALKIN


1. Lift up, lift up your voic - es now! The whole wide world re - joic - es now;
2. In vain with stone the cave they barr'd, In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
3. And all He did, and all He bare, He gives us as our own to share;
4. O Vic - tor, aid us in the fight, And lead thro' death to realms of light;

Lift up, Lift up Your Voices Now

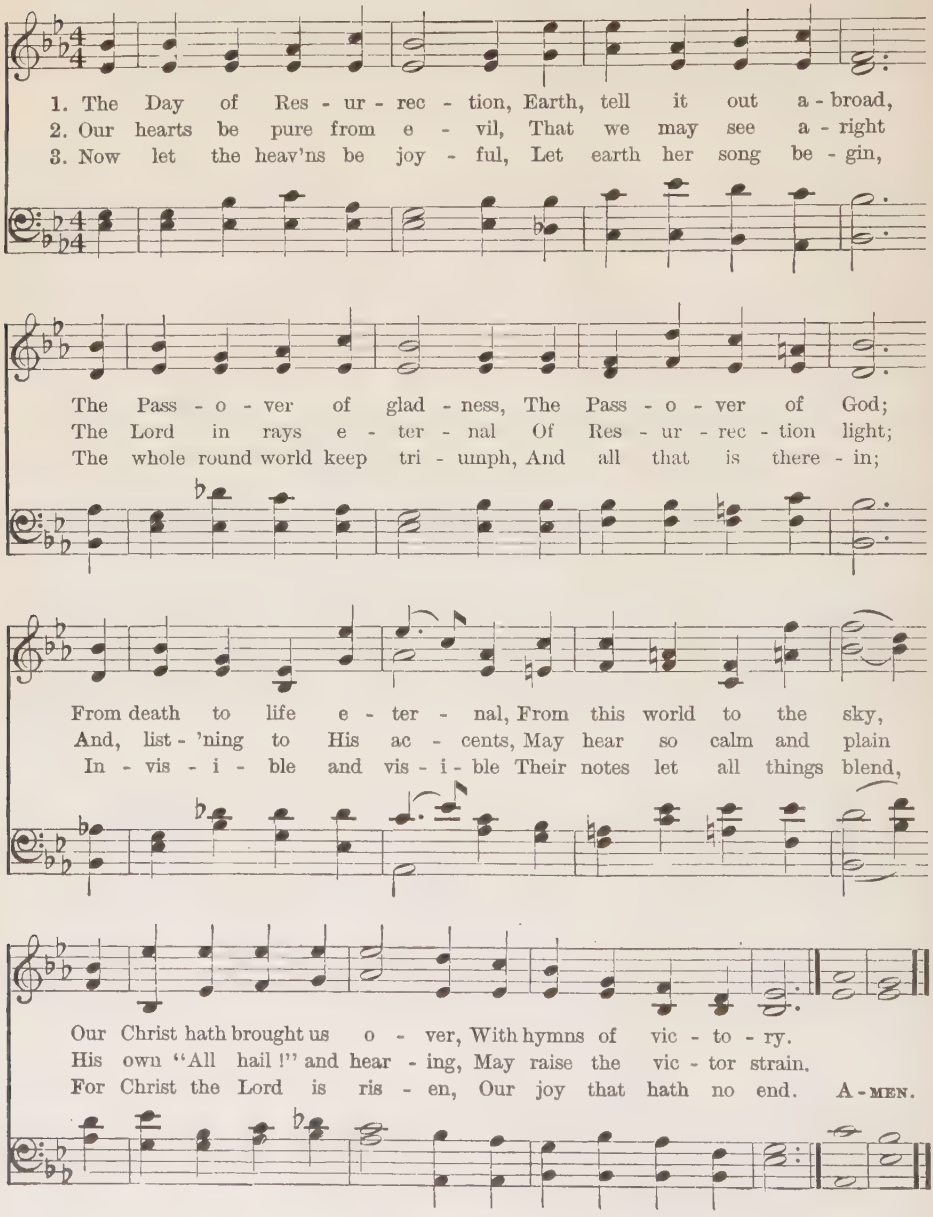

The Lord hath triumph'd glo - rious-ly, The Lord shall reign vic-to-riously.
Ma - jes - tic from the spoil - ed tomb, In pomp of tri-umph Christ is come.
And hope, and joy, and peace be-gin, For Christ is won, and man shall win.
We safe - ly pass where Thou hast trod; In Thee we die to rise to God. A-MEN.

243 Hail the Day that Sees Him Rise

CHARLES WESLEY W. H. MONK

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia! To His throne a -
2. There for Him high tri - umph waits; Al - le - lu - ia! Lift your heads, e -
bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners giv'n,
ter - nal gates! Al - le - lu - ia! He hath con-quered death and sin,
Al - le - lu - ia! En - ters now the high-est heav'n. Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Take the King of Glo - ry in. Al - le - lu - ia!

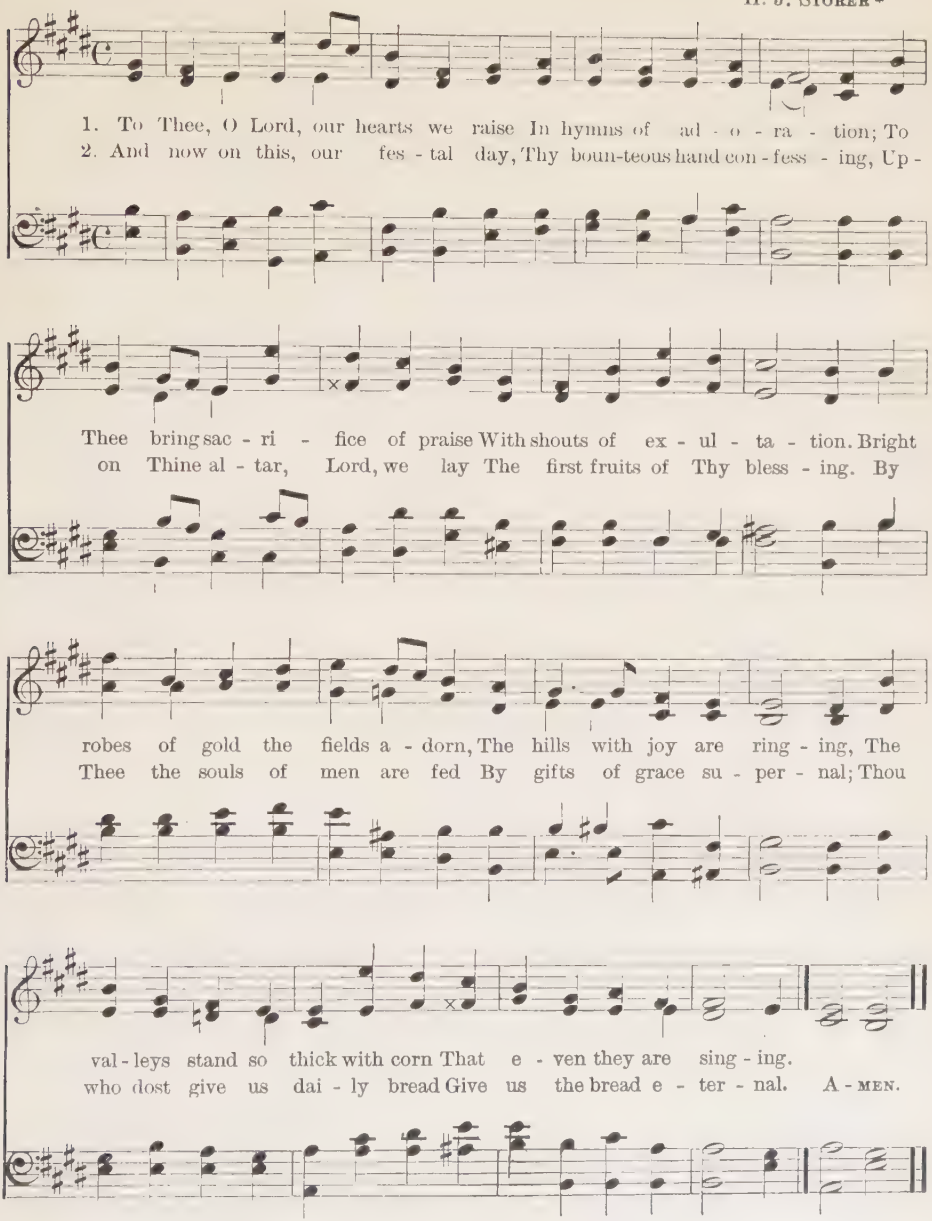
244 The Day of Resurrection

JOHN OF DAMASCUS
Tr. by Rev. J. M. NEALE

HENRY SMART

1. The Day of Res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad,
2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right
3. Now let the heav'ns be joy - ful, Let earth her song be - gin,
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God;
The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of Res - ur - rec - tion light;
The whole round world keep tri - umph, And all that is there - in;
From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,
And, list - 'ning to His ac - cents, May hear so calm and plain
In - vis - i - ble and vis - i - ble Their notes let all things blend,
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.
His own "All hail!" and hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.
For Christ the Lord is ris - en, Our joy that hath no end. A - MEN.

245 To Thee, O Lord, Our Hearts We Raise

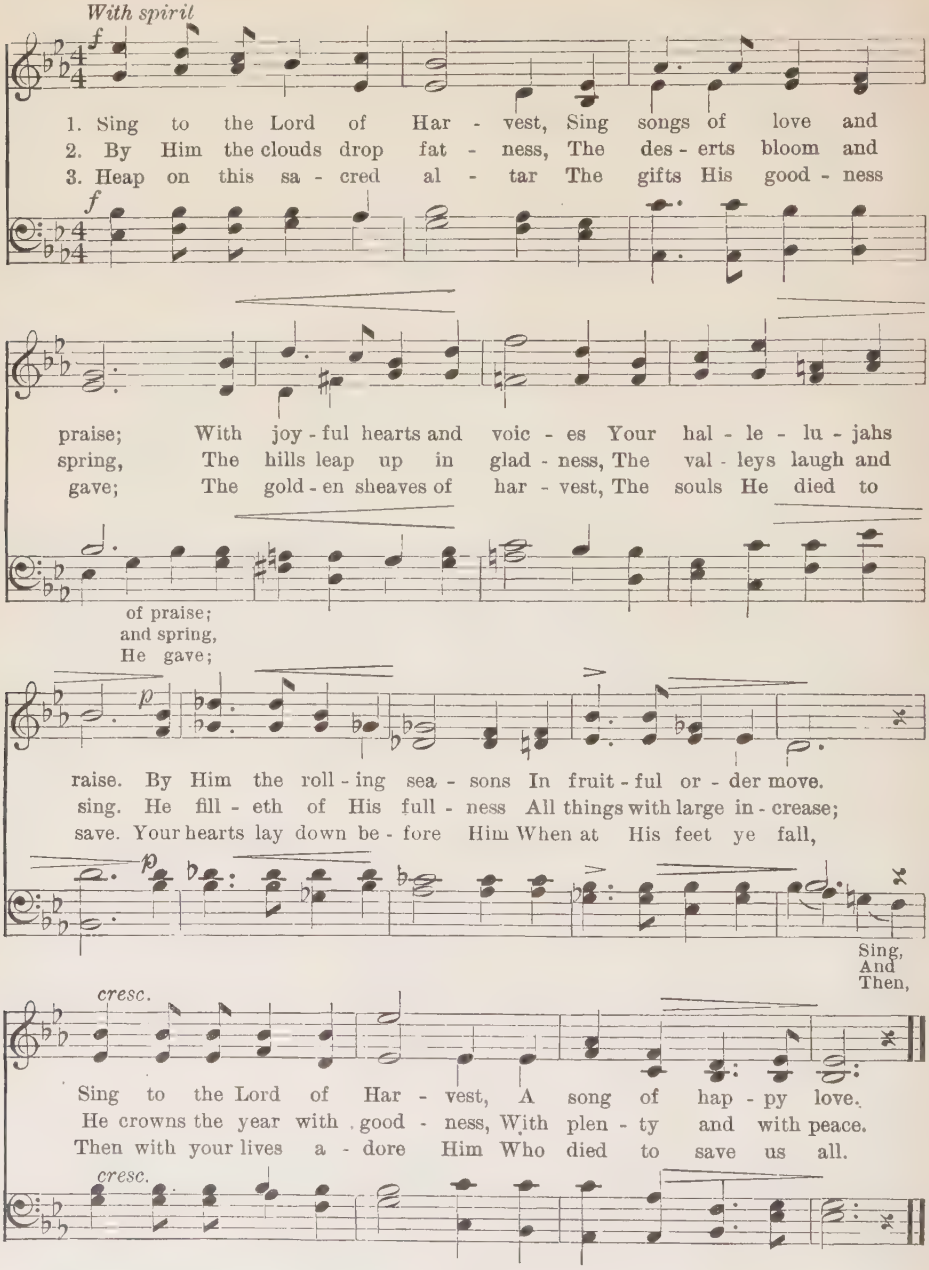
WILLIAM C. DIX

H. J. STORER *

1. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion; To
2. And now on this, our fes - tal day, Thy boun-teous hand con - fess - ing, Up -
Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion. Bright
on Thine al - tar, Lord, we lay The first fruits of Thy bless - ing. By
robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing, The
Thee the souls of men are fed By gifts of grace su - per - nal; Thou
val - leys stand so thick with corn That e - ven they are sing - ing.
who dost give us dai - ly bread Give us the bread e - ter - nal. A - MEN.

* Tune "Harvest Home," used by kind permission of the composer

246 Sing to the Lord of Harvest

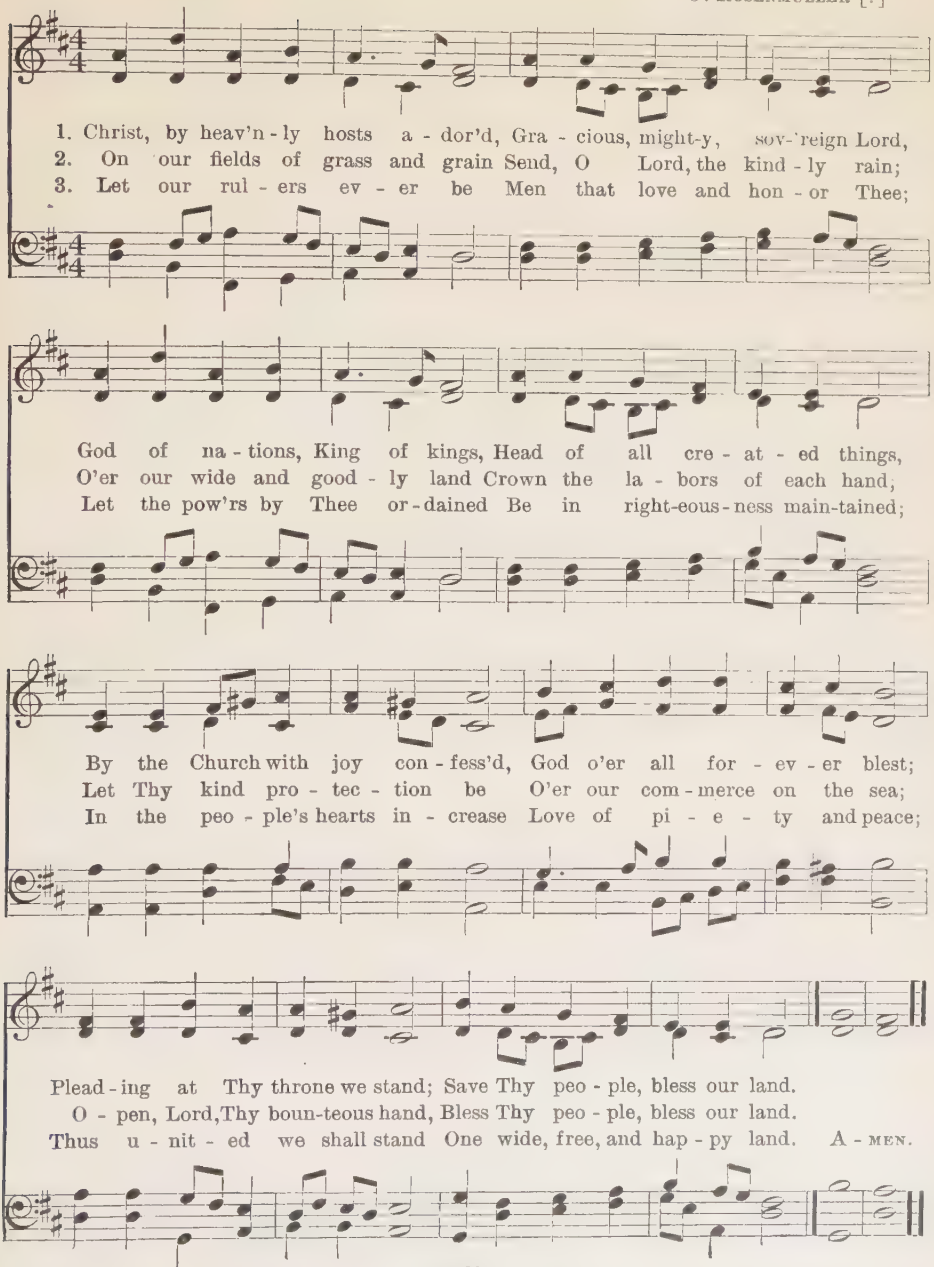
J. S. B. Monsell

Eleanor Smith

With spirit
f
1. Sing to the Lord of Har - vest, Sing songs of love and
2. By Him the clouds drop fat - ness, The des - erts bloom and
3. Heap on this sa - cred al - tar The gifts His good - ness
praise; With joy - ful hearts and voic - es Your hal - le - lu - jahs
spring, The hills leap up in glad - ness, The val - leys laugh and
gave; The gold - en sheaves of har - vest, The souls He died to
of praise;
and spring,
He gave;
raise. By Him the roll - ing sea - sons In fruit - ful or - der move.
sing. He fill - eth of His full - ness All things with large in - crease;
save. Your hearts lay down be - fore Him When at His feet ye fall,
Sing,
And
Then,
cresc.
Sing to the Lord of Har - vest, A song of hap - py love.
He crowns the year with good - ness, With plen - ty and with peace.
Then with your lives a - dore Him Who died to save us all.
cresc.

247 Harvest Hymn

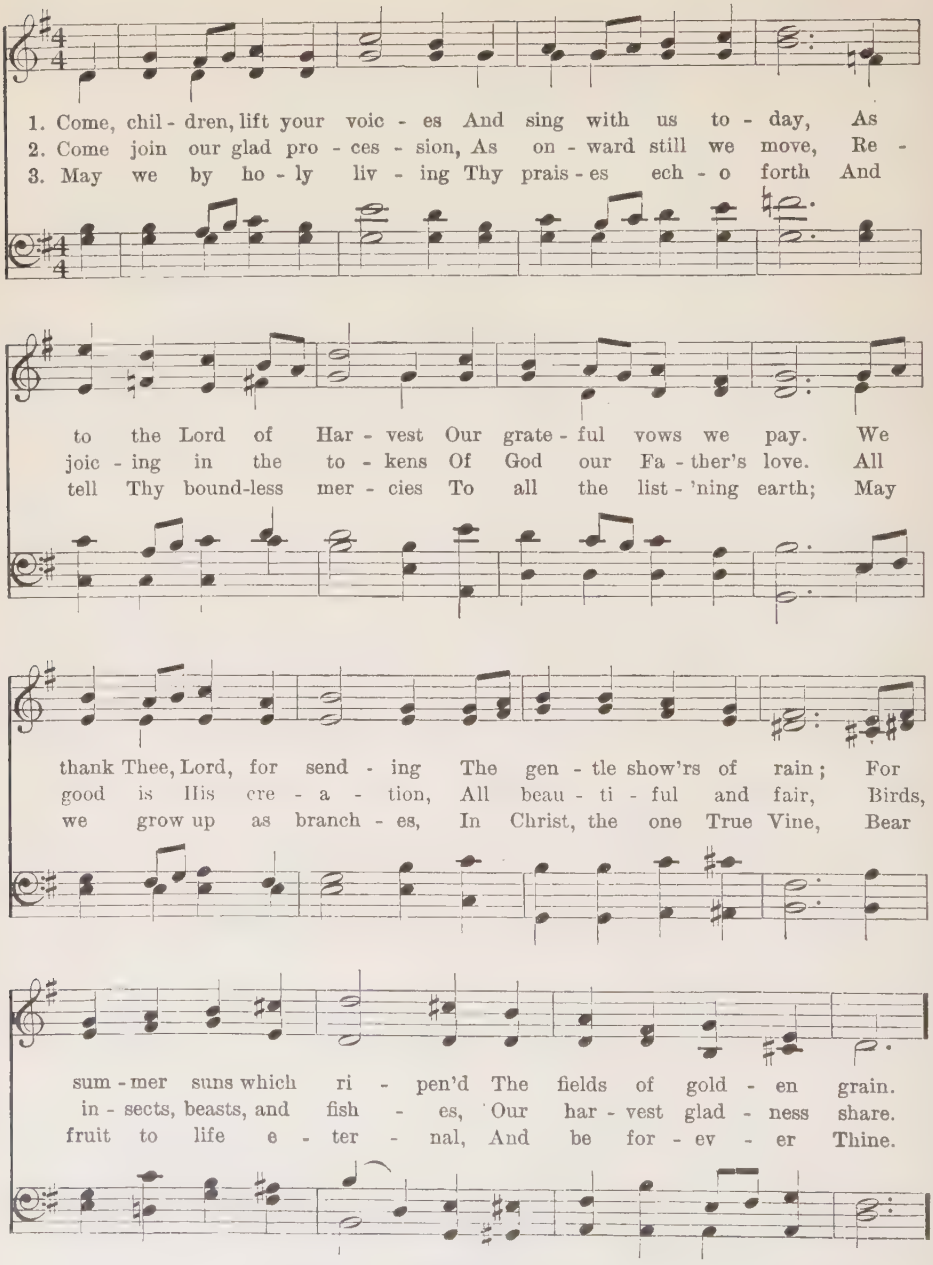
HENRY HARBAUGH

J. ROSENMÜLLER [?]

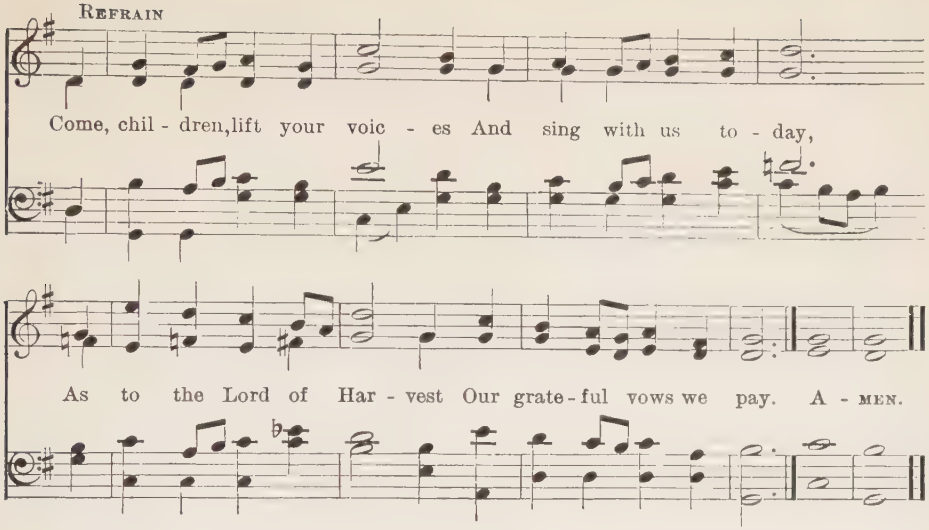

1. Christ, by heav'n-ly hosts a-dor'd, Gra-cious, might-y, sov-'reign Lord,
2. On our fields of grass and grain Send, O Lord, the kind-ly rain;
3. Let our rul-ers ev-er be Men that love and hon-or Thee;
God of na-tions, King of kings, Head of all cre-at-ed things,
O'er our wide and good-ly land Crown the la-bors of each hand;
Let the pow'rs by Thee or-dained Be in right-eous-ness main-tained;
By the Church with joy con-fess'd, God o'er all for-ev-er blest;
Let Thy kind pro-tec-tion be O'er our com-merce on the sea;
In the peo-ple's hearts in-crease Love of pi-e-ty and peace;
Plead-ing at Thy throne we stand; Save Thy peo-ple, bless our land.
O-pen, Lord, Thy boun-teous hand, Bless Thy peo-ple, bless our land.
Thus u-nit-ed we shall stand One wide, free, and hap-py land. A-MEN.

248 Come, Children, Lift Your Voices

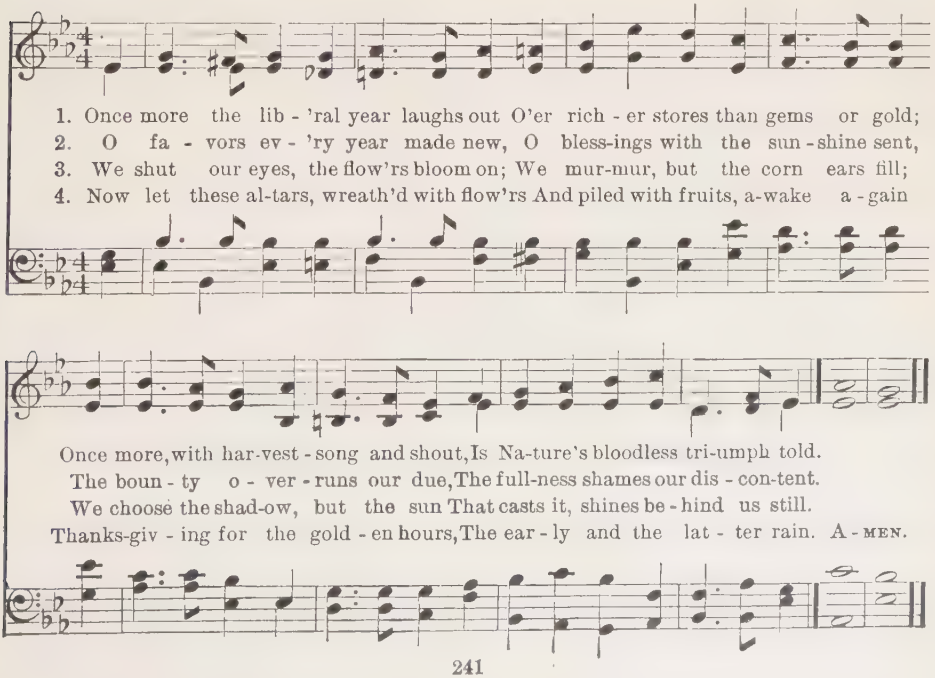
Mrs. C. F. Hernaman — Berthold Tours


1. Come, chil - dren, lift your voic - es And sing with us to - day, As
2. Come join our glad pro - ces - sion, As on - ward still we move, Re -
3. May we by ho - ly liv - ing Thy prais - es ech - o forth And
to the Lord of Har - vest Our grate - ful vows we pay. We
joic - ing in the to - kens Of God our Fa - ther's love. All
tell Thy bound-less mer - cies To all the list - 'ning earth; May
thank Thee, Lord, for send - ing The gen - tle show'rs of rain; For
good is His cre - a - tion, All beau - ti - ful and fair, Birds,
we grow up as branch - es, In Christ, the one True Vine, Bear
sum - mer suns which ri - pen'd The fields of gold - en grain.
in - sects, beasts, and fish - es, Our har - vest glad - ness share.
fruit to life e - ter - nal, And be for - ev - er Thine.

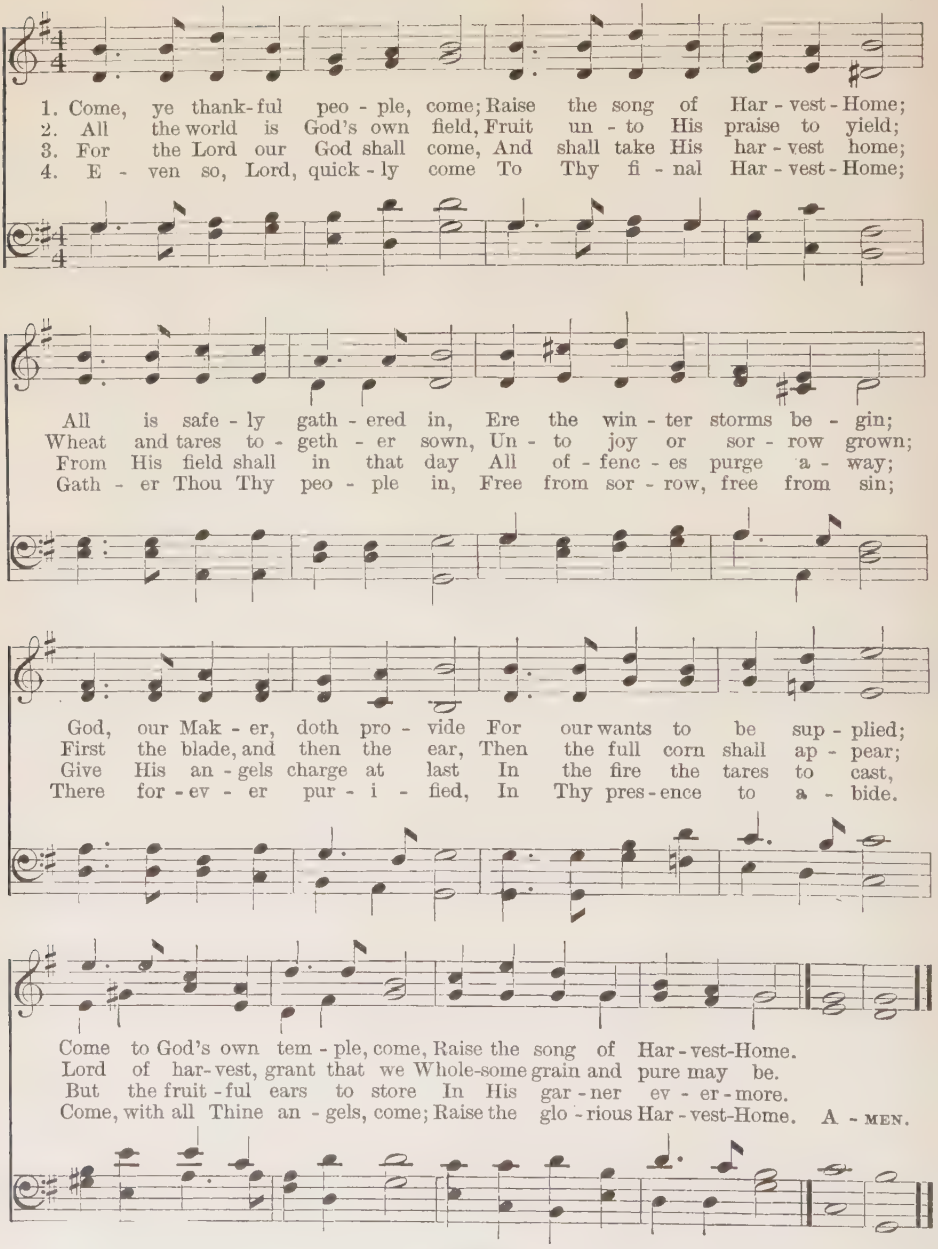
Come, Children, Lift Your Voices

REFRAIN

249 Once More the Liberal Year Laughs Out

JOHN G. WHITTIER — J. BAPTISTE CALKIN


1. Once more the lib - 'ral year laughs out O'er rich - er stores than gems or gold;
2. O fa - vors ev - 'ry year made new, O bless-ings with the sun - shine sent,
3. We shut our eyes, the flow'rs bloom on; We mur-mur, but the corn ears fill;
4. Now let these al-tars, wreath'd with flow'rs And piled with fruits, a-wake a - gain
Once more, with har-vest - song and shout, Is Na-ture's bloodless tri-umph told.
The boun - ty o - ver - runs our due, The full-ness shames our dis - con-tent.
We choose the shad-ow, but the sun That casts it, shines be - hind us still.
Thanks-giv - ing for the gold - en hours, The ear - ly and the lat - ter rain. A - MEN.

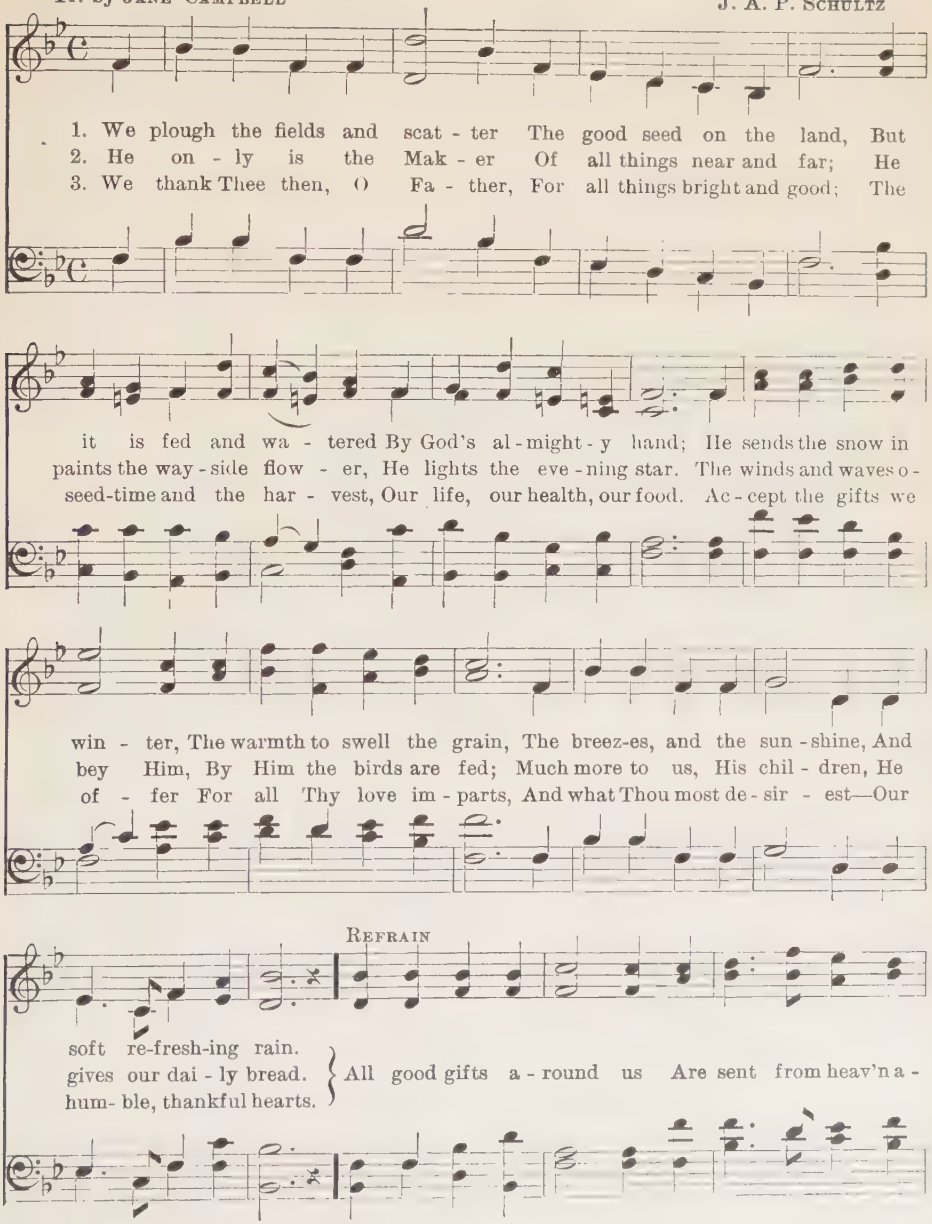
250 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

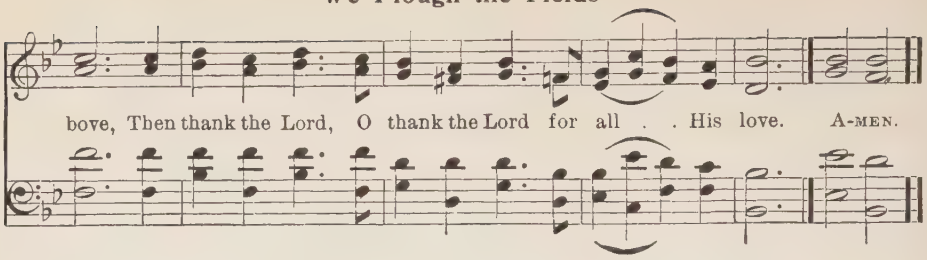
HENRY ALFORD G. J. ELVEY

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come; Raise the song of Har - vest - Home;
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;
4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come To Thy fi - nal Har - vest - Home;
All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
From His field shall in that day All of - fenc - es purge a - way;
Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;
God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;
Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
There for - ev - er pur - i - fied, In Thy pres - ence to a - bide.
Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest-Home.
Lord of har-vest, grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.
Come, with all Thine an - gels, come; Raise the glo - rious Har - vest-Home. A - MEN.

251 We Plough the Fields

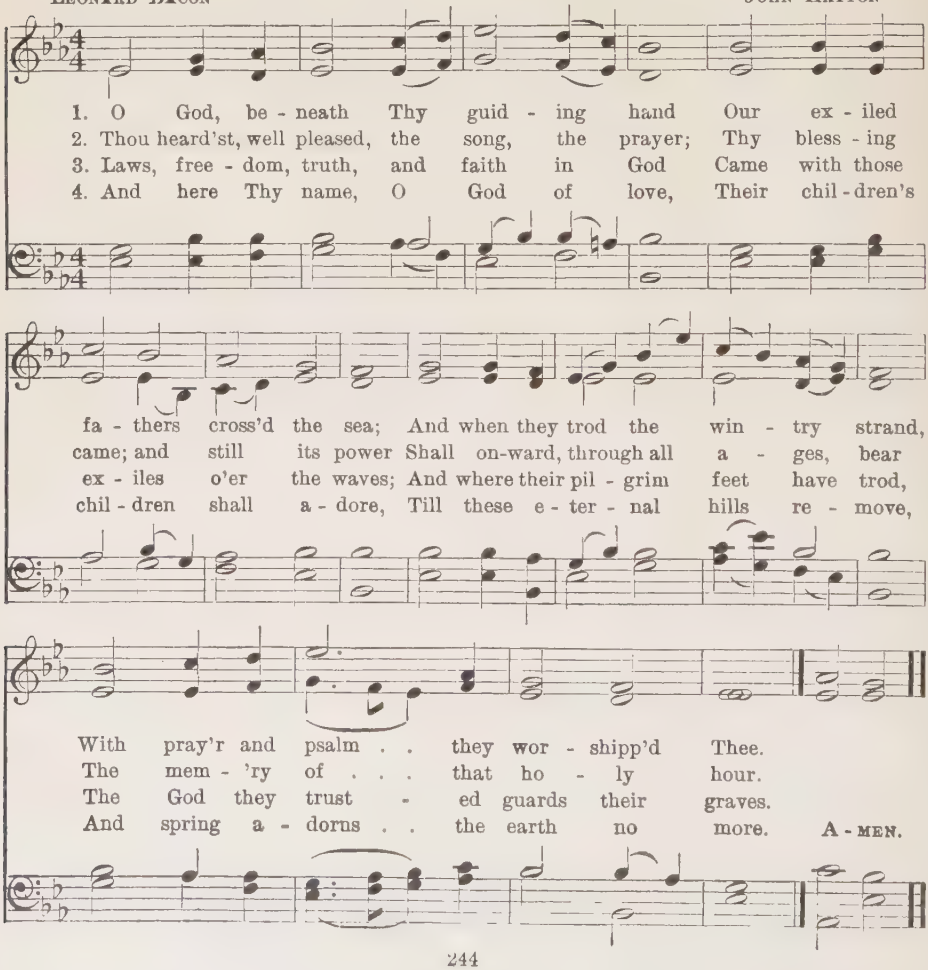
M. Claudius
Tr. by Jane Campbell

J. A. P. Schultz


1. We plough the fields and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But
it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - might - y hand; He sends the snow in
win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez-es, and the sun - shine, And
Refrain
soft re-fresh-ing rain.
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He
paints the way - side flow - er, He lights the eve - ning star. The winds and waves o -
bey Him, By Him the birds are fed; Much more to us, His chil - dren, He
gives our dai - ly bread.
3. We thank Thee then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good; The
seed-time and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food. Ac - cept the gifts we
of - fer For all Thy love im - parts, And what Thou most de - sir - est—Our
hum- ble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a -

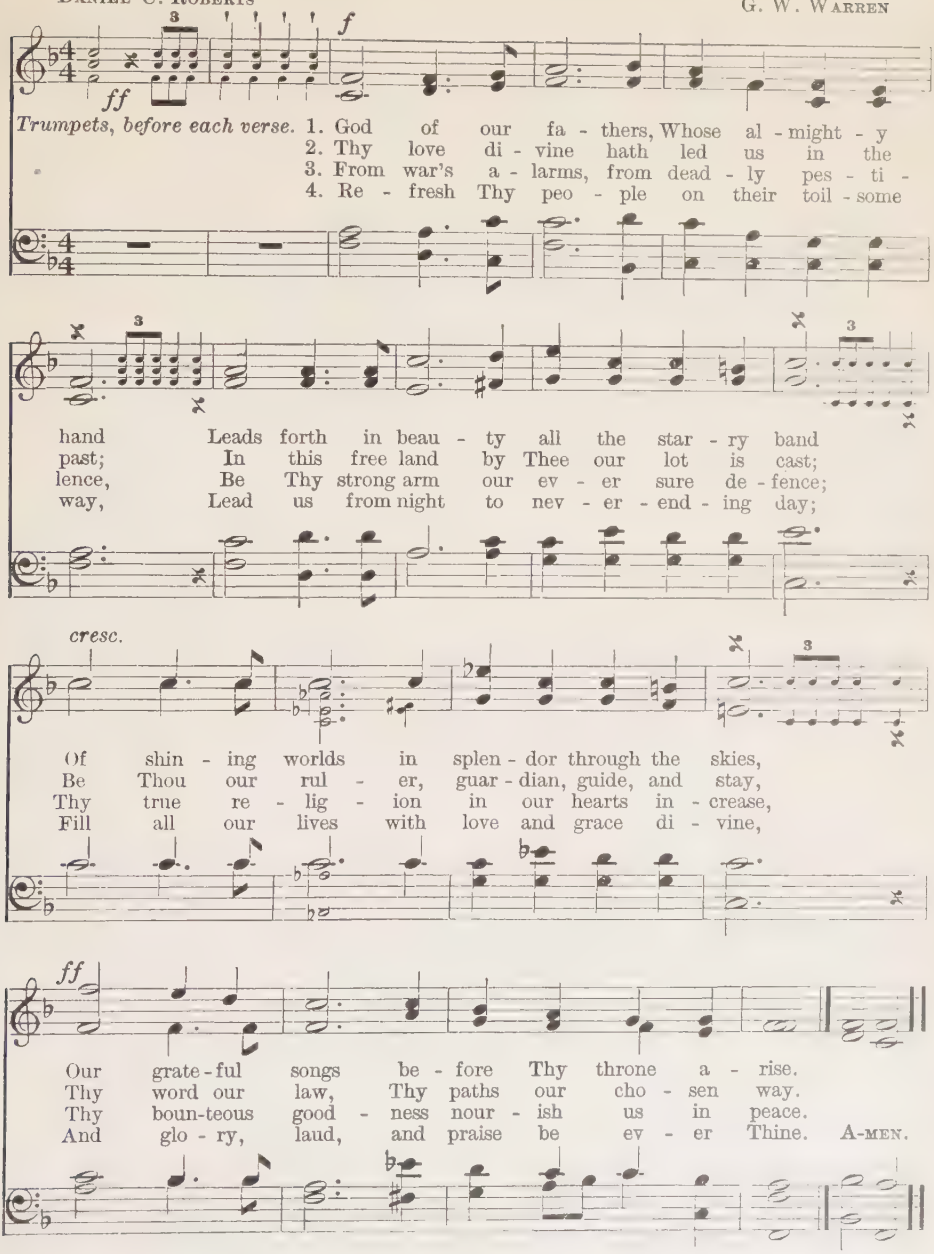


252 O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

LEONARD BACON JOHN HATTON

1. O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand Our ex - iled
2. Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer; Thy bless - ing
3. Laws, free - dom, truth, and faith in God Came with those
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their chil - dren's
fa - thers cross'd the sea; And when they trod the win - try strand,
came; and still its power Shall on-ward, through all a - ges, bear
ex - iles o'er the waves; And where their pil - grim feet have trod,
chil - dren shall a - dore, Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move,
With pray'r and psalm . . they wor - shipp'd Thee.
The mem - 'ry of . . . that ho - ly hour.
The God they trust - ed guards their graves.
And spring a - dorns . . the earth no more. A - MEN.

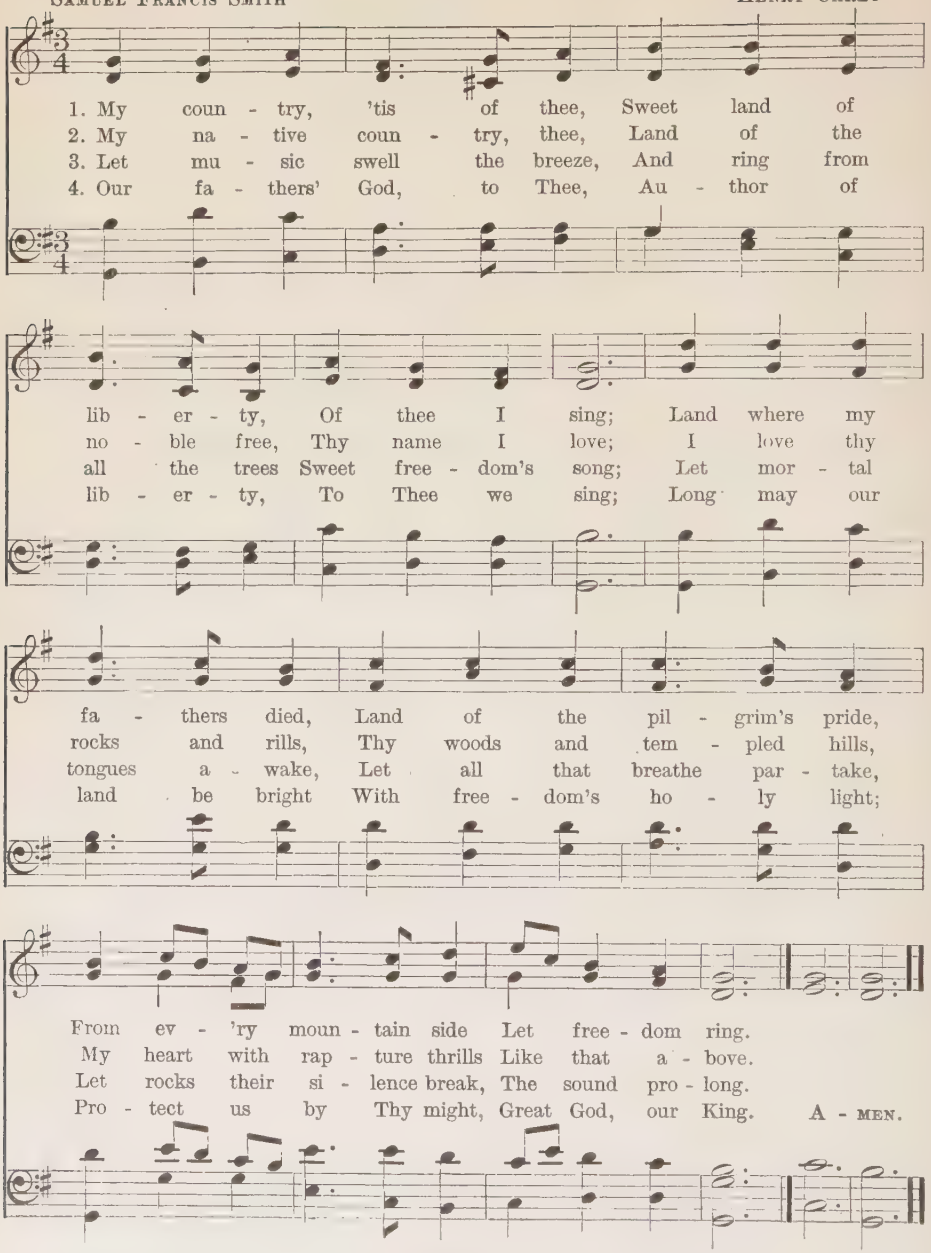
253 God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand

DANIEL C. ROBERTS

G. W. WARREN

ff
f
Trumpets, before each verse.
1. God of our fa - thers, Whose al - might - y
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti -
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some
hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band
past; In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
lence, Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fence;
way, Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;
cresc.
Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies,
Be Thou our rul - er, guar - dian, guide, and stay,
Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts in - crease,
Fill all our lives with love and grace di - vine,
ff
Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho - sen way.
Thy boun-teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
And glo - ry, laud, and praise be ev - er Thine. A-MEN.

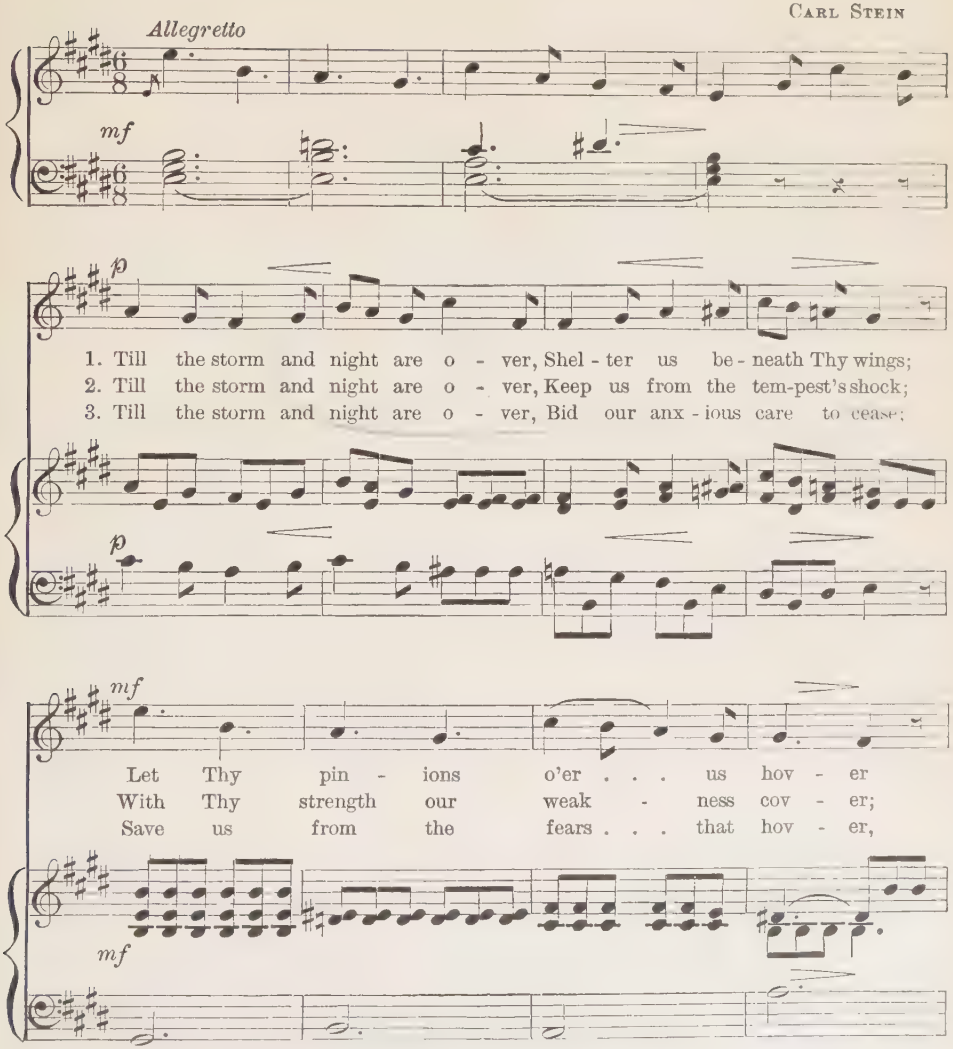
254 My Country, 'tis of Thee

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH — HENRY CAREY

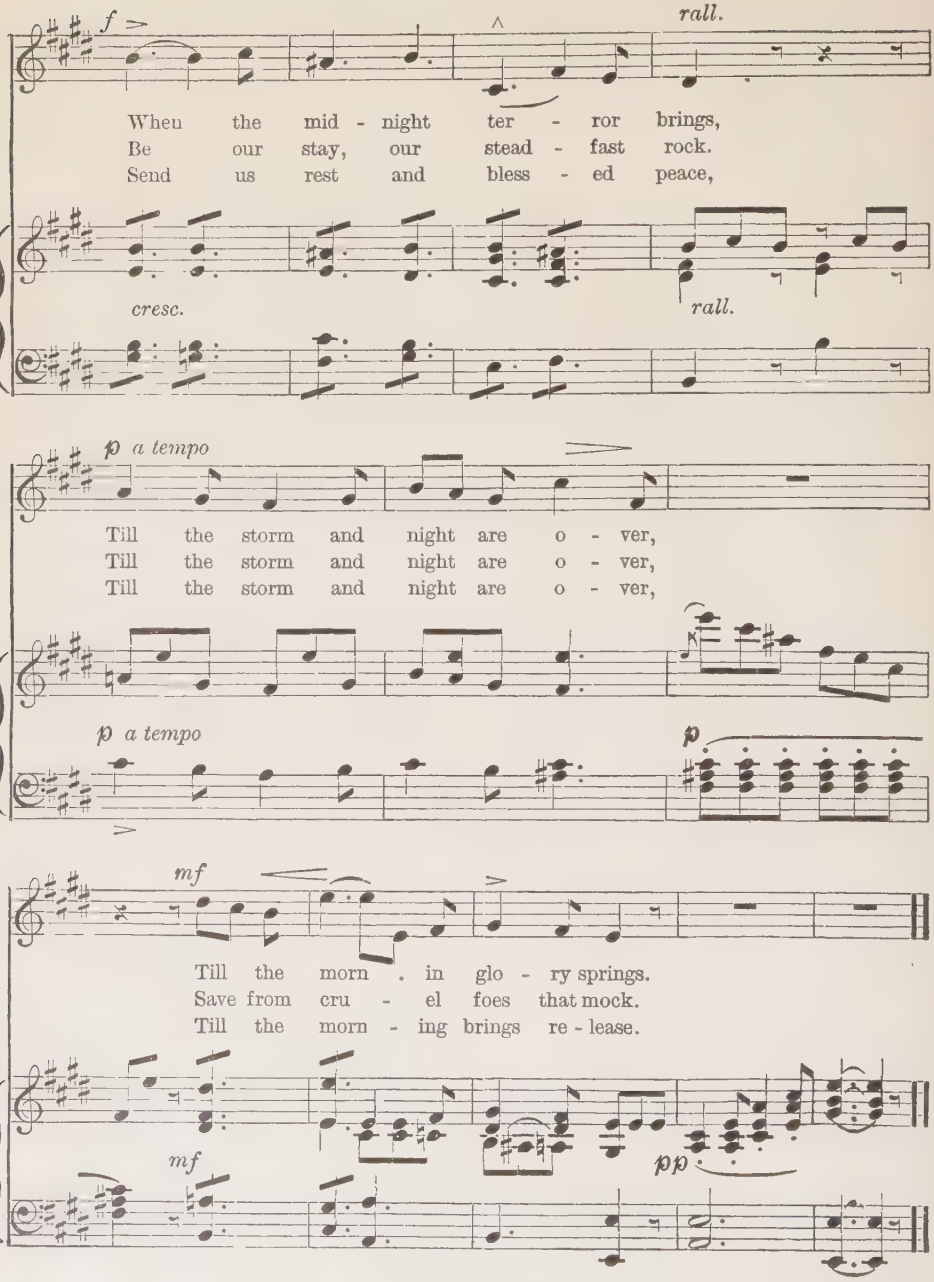

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of
lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
all the trees Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal
lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride,
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills,
tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe par - take,
land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;
From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King. A - MEN.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIR

255 Till the Storm and Night are Over

CARL STEIN

Allegretto
mf
p
1. Till the storm and night are o - ver, Shel - ter us be - neath Thy wings;
2. Till the storm and night are o - ver, Keep us from the tem-pest's shock;
3. Till the storm and night are o - ver, Bid our anx - ious care to cease;
p
mf
Let Thy pin - ions o'er . . . us hov - er
With Thy strength our weak - ness cov - er;
Save us from the fears . . . that hov - er,
mf

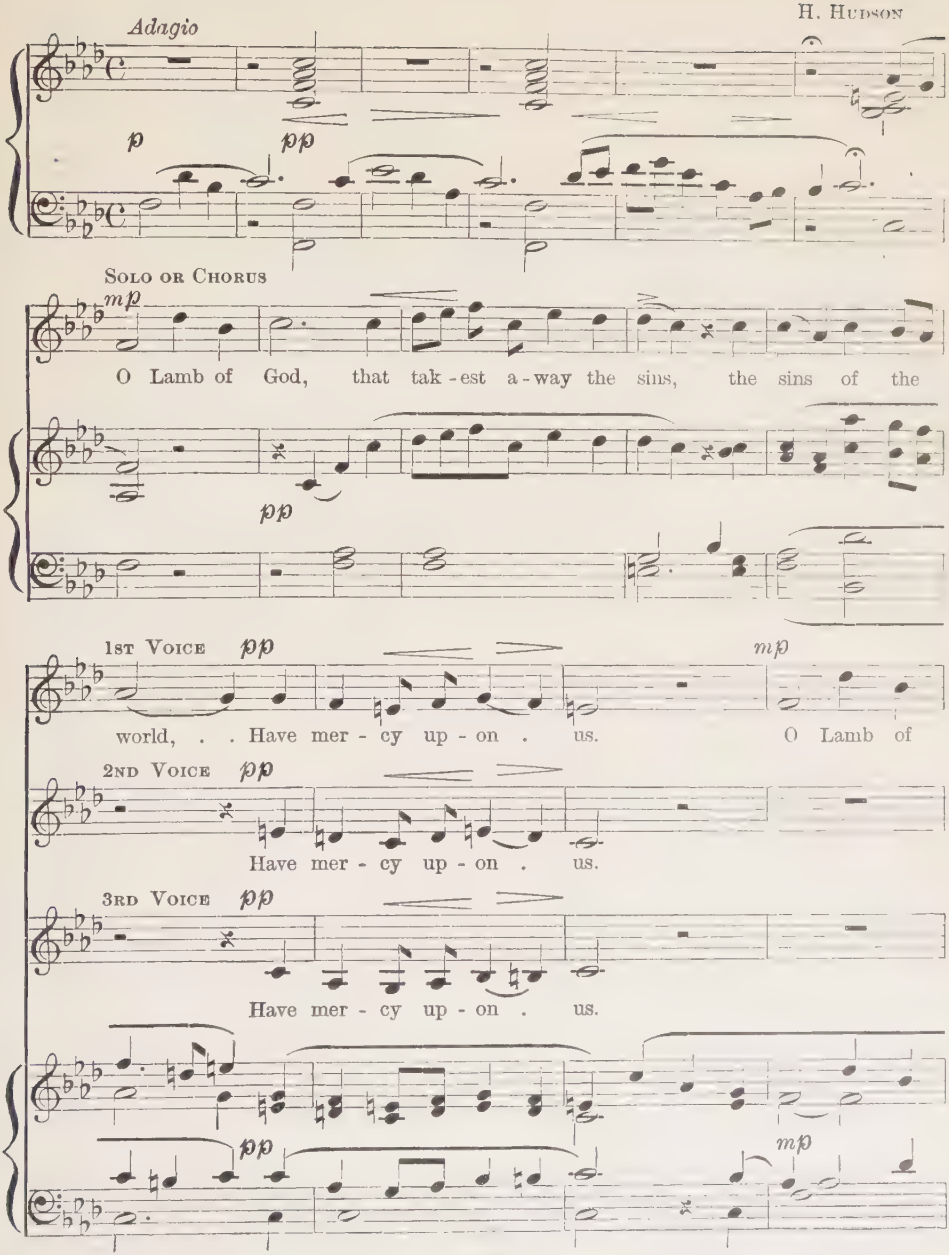
Till the Storm and Night are Over

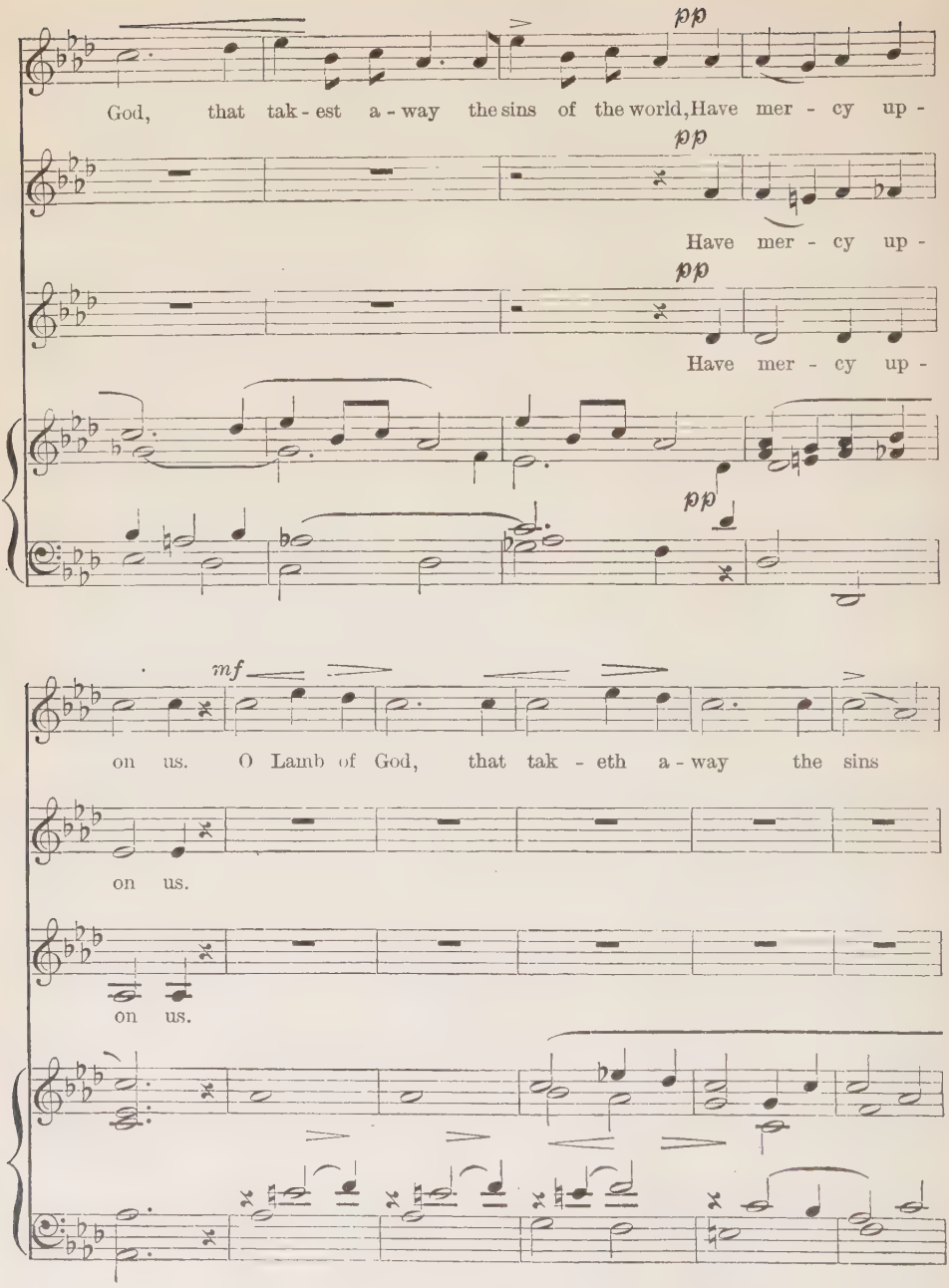
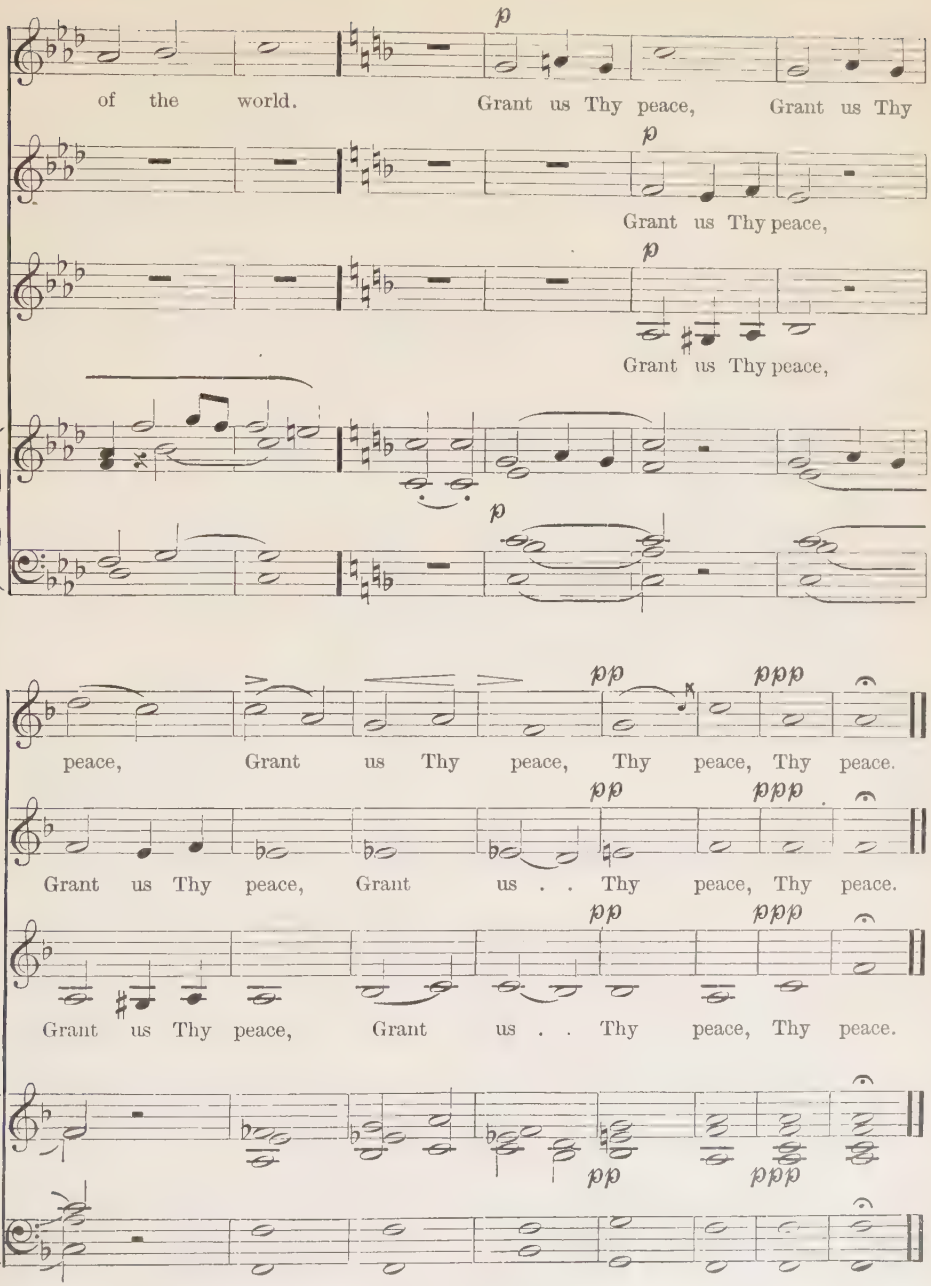

f
rall.
When the mid - night ter - ror brings,
Be our stay, our stead - fast rock.
Send us rest and bless - ed peace,
cresc.
rall.
p a tempo
Till the storm and night are o - ver,
Till the storm and night are o - ver,
Till the storm and night are o - ver,
p a tempo
p
mf
Till the morn . in glo - ry springs.
Save from cru - el foes that mock.
Till the morn - ing brings re - lease.
mf
pp

O Lamb of God

(AGNUS DEI)

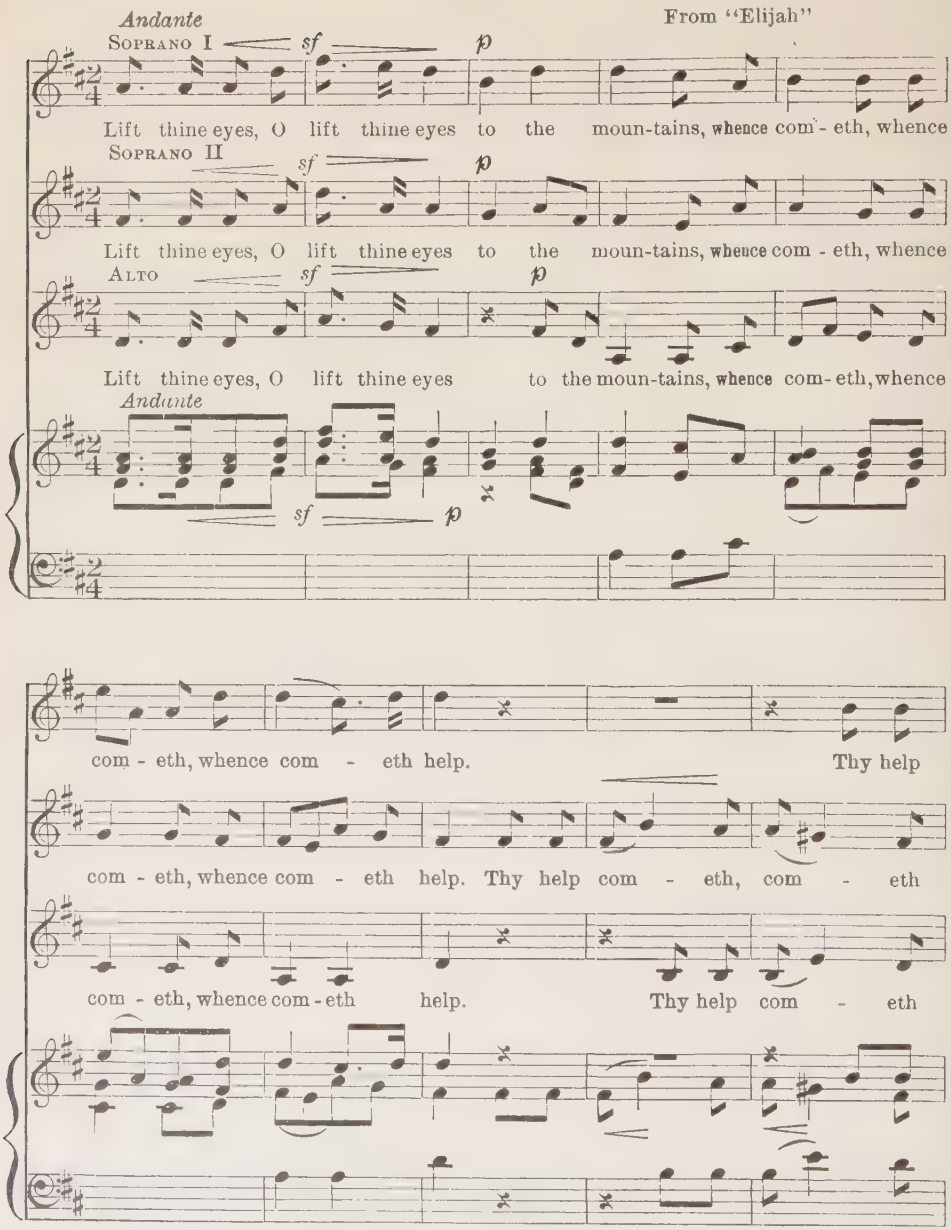
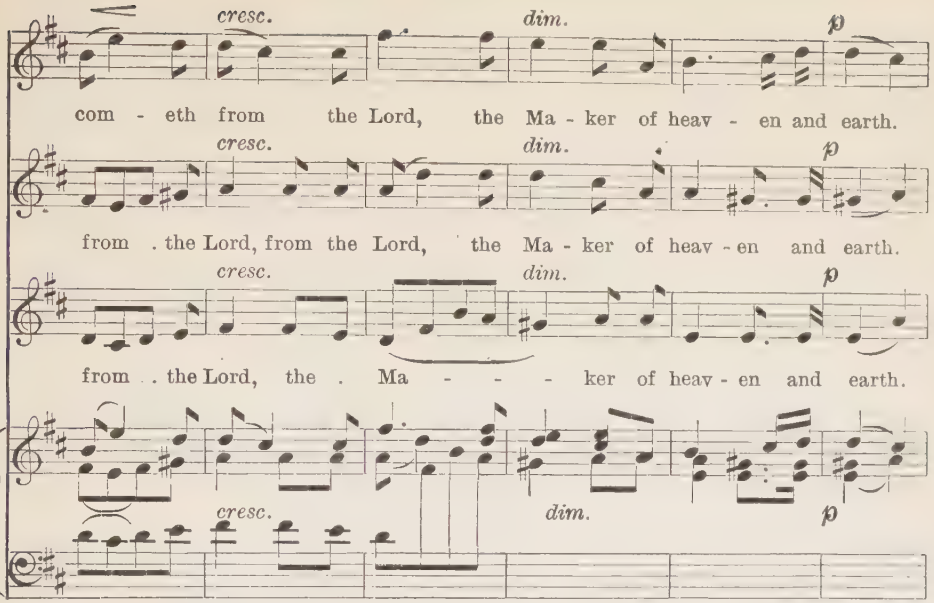
H. Hudson

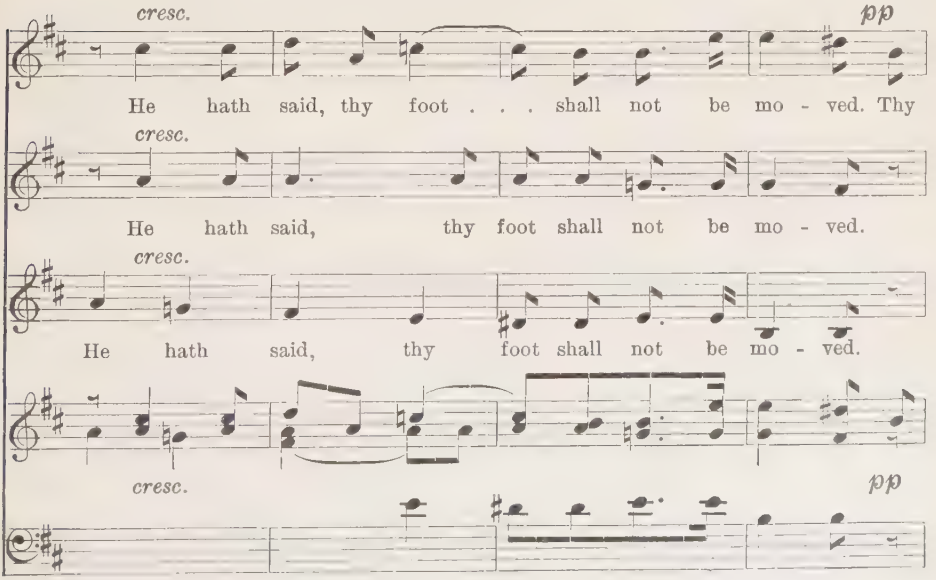
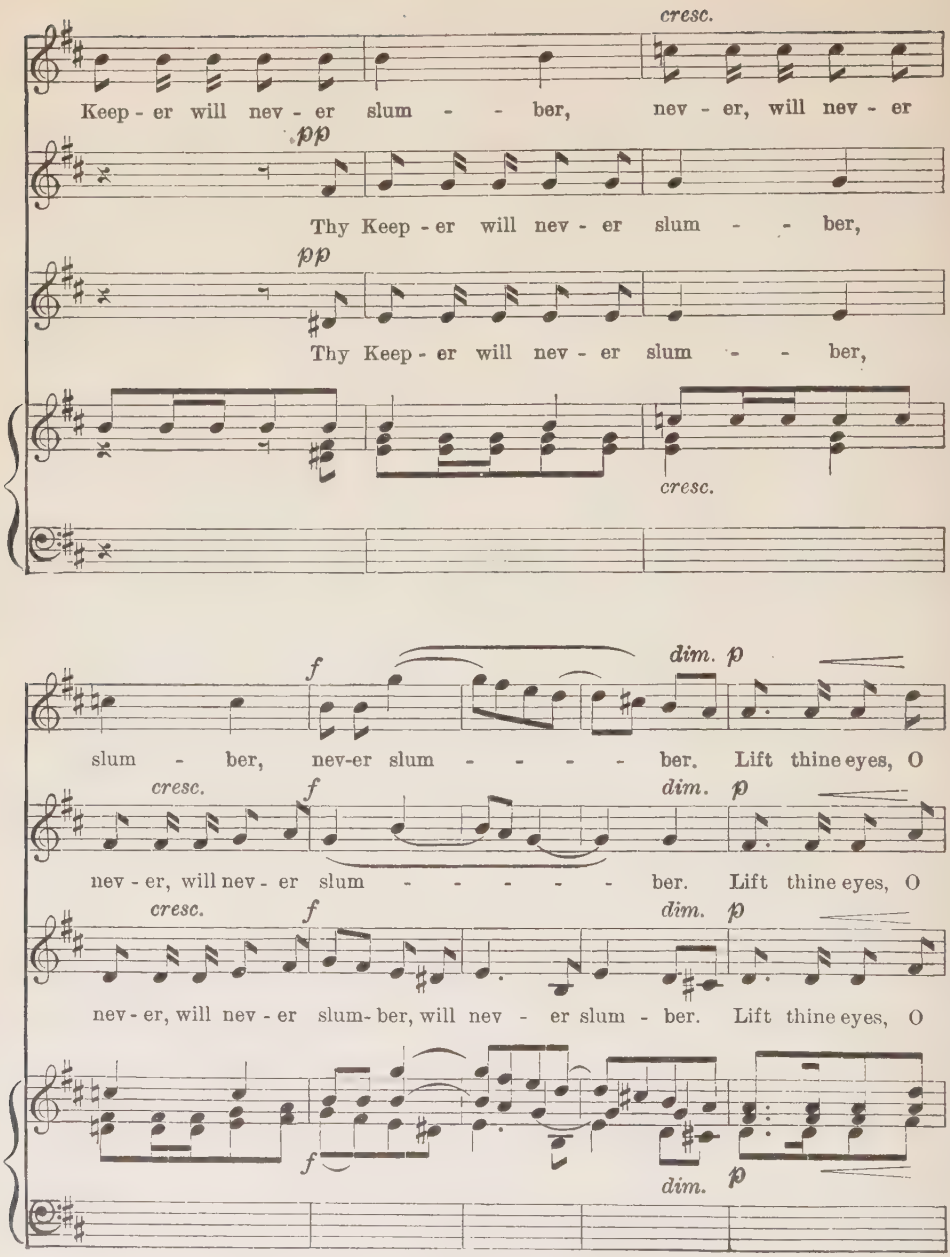


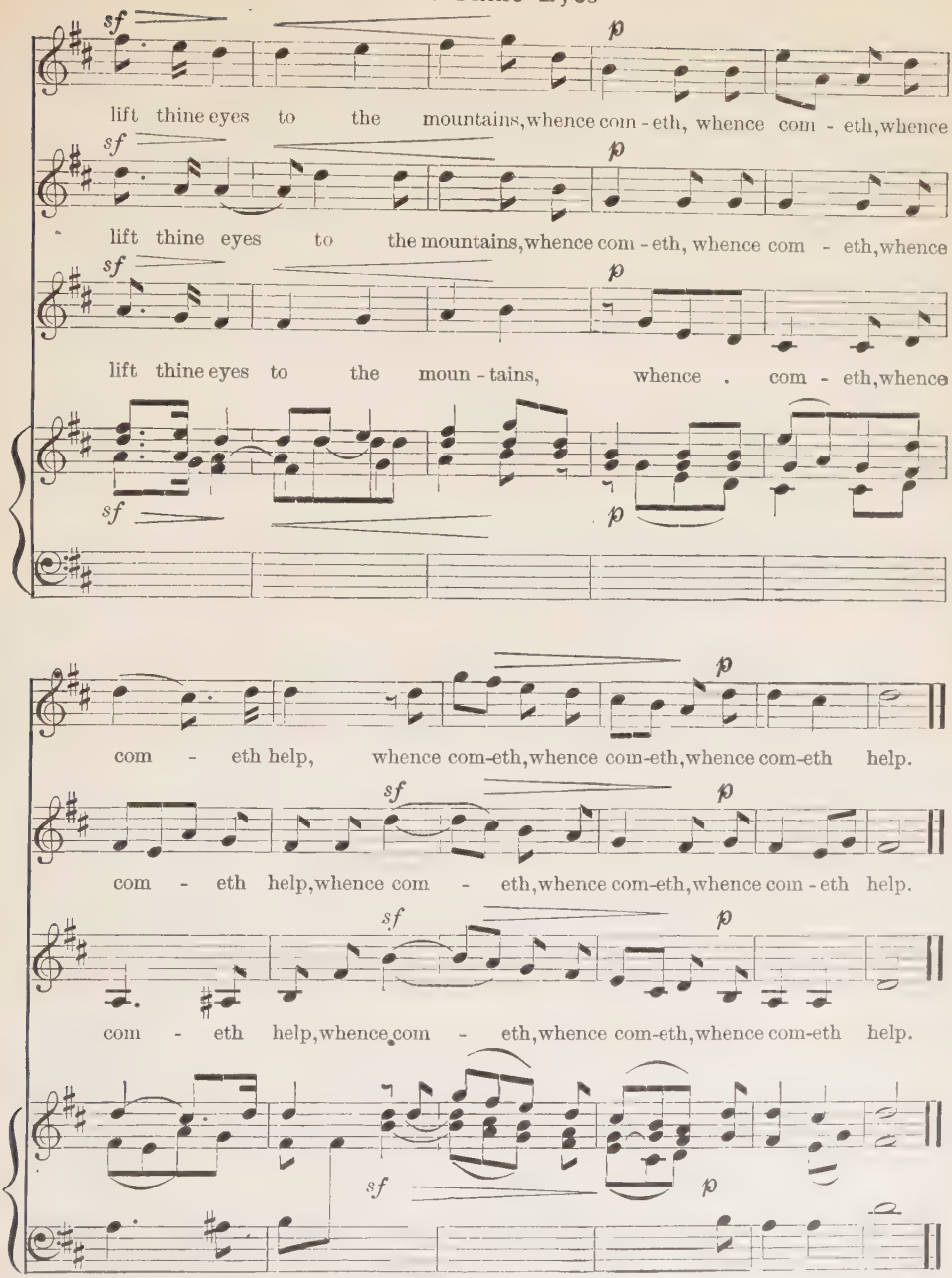
O Lamb of God

pp
God, that tak - est a - way the sins of the world, Have mer - cy up -
pp
Have mer - cy up -
pp
Have mer - cy up -
pp
mf
on us. O Lamb of God, that tak - eth a - way the sins
on us.
on us.

p
of the world. Grant us Thy peace, Grant us Thy
p
Grant us Thy peace,
p
Grant us Thy peace,
p
pp ppp
peace, Grant us Thy peace, Thy peace, Thy peace.
pp ppp
Grant us Thy peace, Grant us . . Thy peace, Thy peace.
pp ppp
Grant us Thy peace, Grant us . . Thy peace, Thy peace.
pp ppp

Lift Thine Eyes

FELIX MENDELSSOHN–BARTHOLDY
From "Elijah"

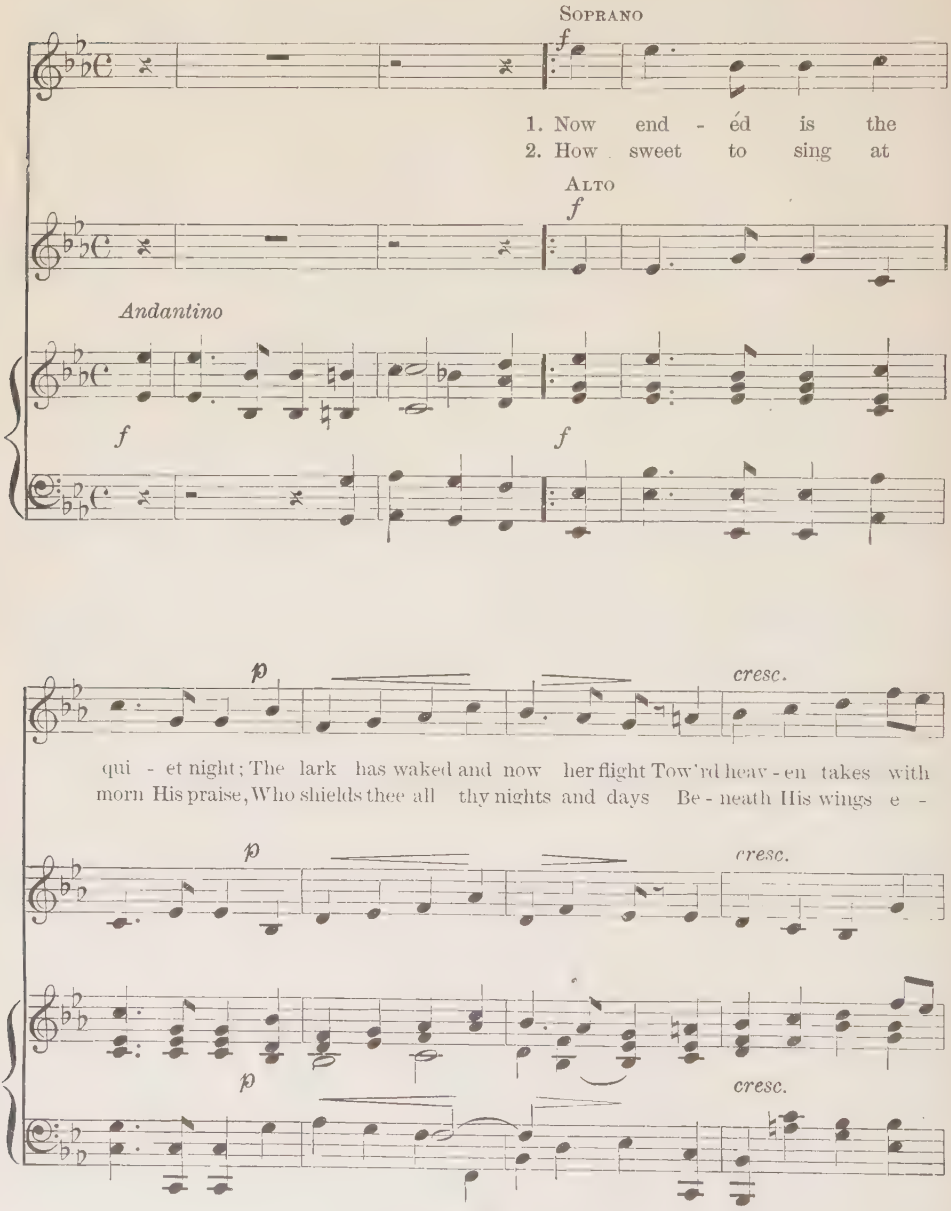
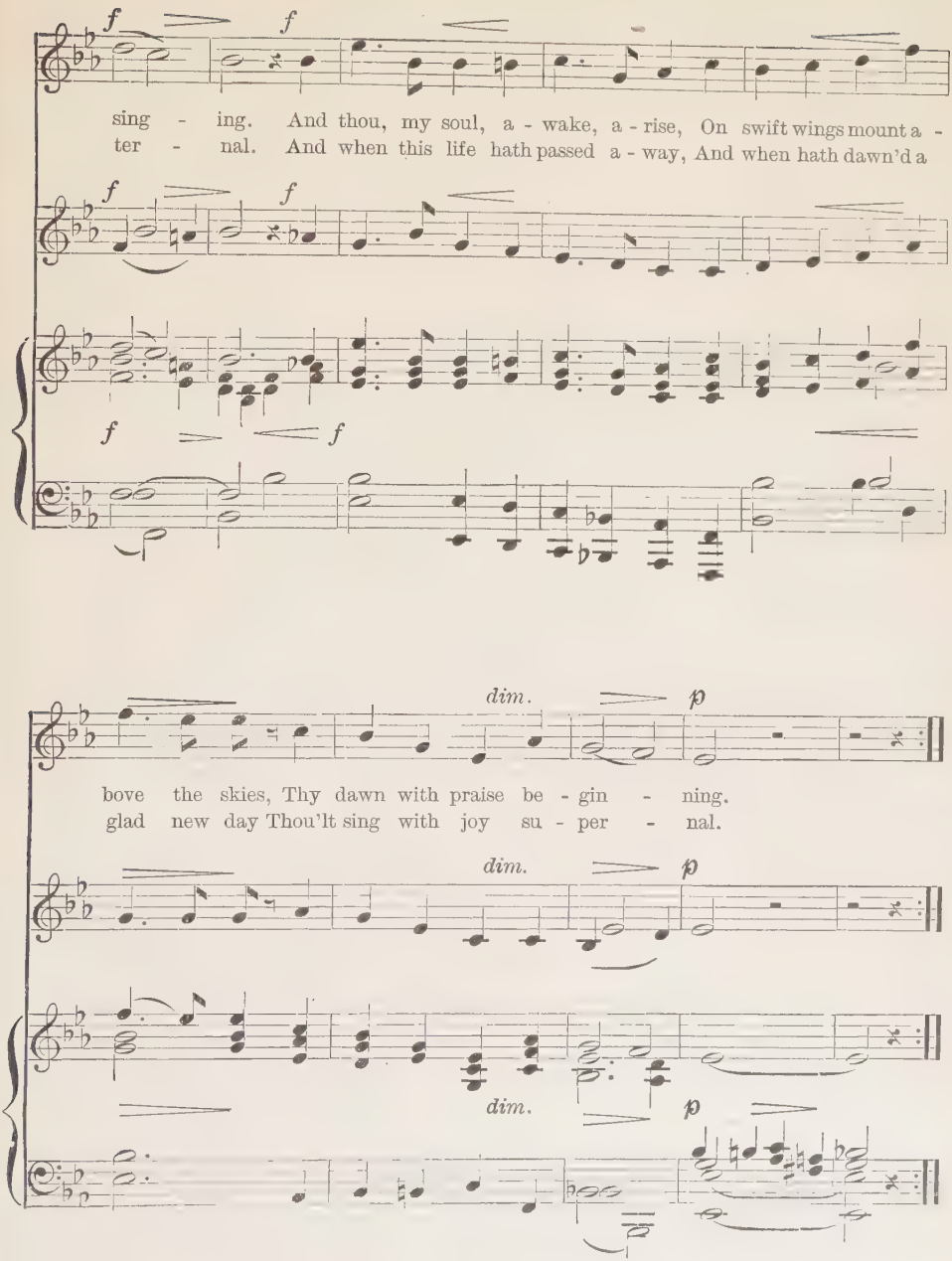

Andante
SOPRANO I
sf
p
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, whence com - eth, whence
SOPRANO II
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, whence com - eth, whence
ALTO
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, whence com- eth, whence
Andante
com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help
com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth, com - eth
com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth

cresc.
dim.
p
com - eth from the Lord, the Ma - ker of heav - en and earth.
from . the Lord, from the Lord, the Ma - ker of heav - en and earth.
from . . the Lord, the . Ma - - - ker of heav - en and earth.


cresc.
pp
He hath said, thy foot . . . shall not be mo - ved. Thy
He hath said, thy foot shall not be mo - ved.
He hath said, thy foot shall not be mo - ved.

cresc.
Keep - er will nev - er slum - - ber, nev - er, will nev - er
pp
Thy Keep - er will nev - er slum - - ber,
pp
Thy Keep - er will nev - er slum - - ber,
cresc.
f
dim. p
slum - ber, nev-er slum - - - - - ber. Lift thine eyes, O
cresc.
f
dim. p
nev - er, will nev - er slum - - - - - - ber. Lift thine eyes, O
cresc.
f
dim. p
nev - er, will nev - er slum- ber, will nev - er slum - ber. Lift thine eyes, O
f
dim. p


lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence
lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence
lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence
com - eth help, whence com-eth, whence com-eth, whence com-eth help.
com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence com-eth, whence com - eth help.
com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence com-eth, whence com-eth help.

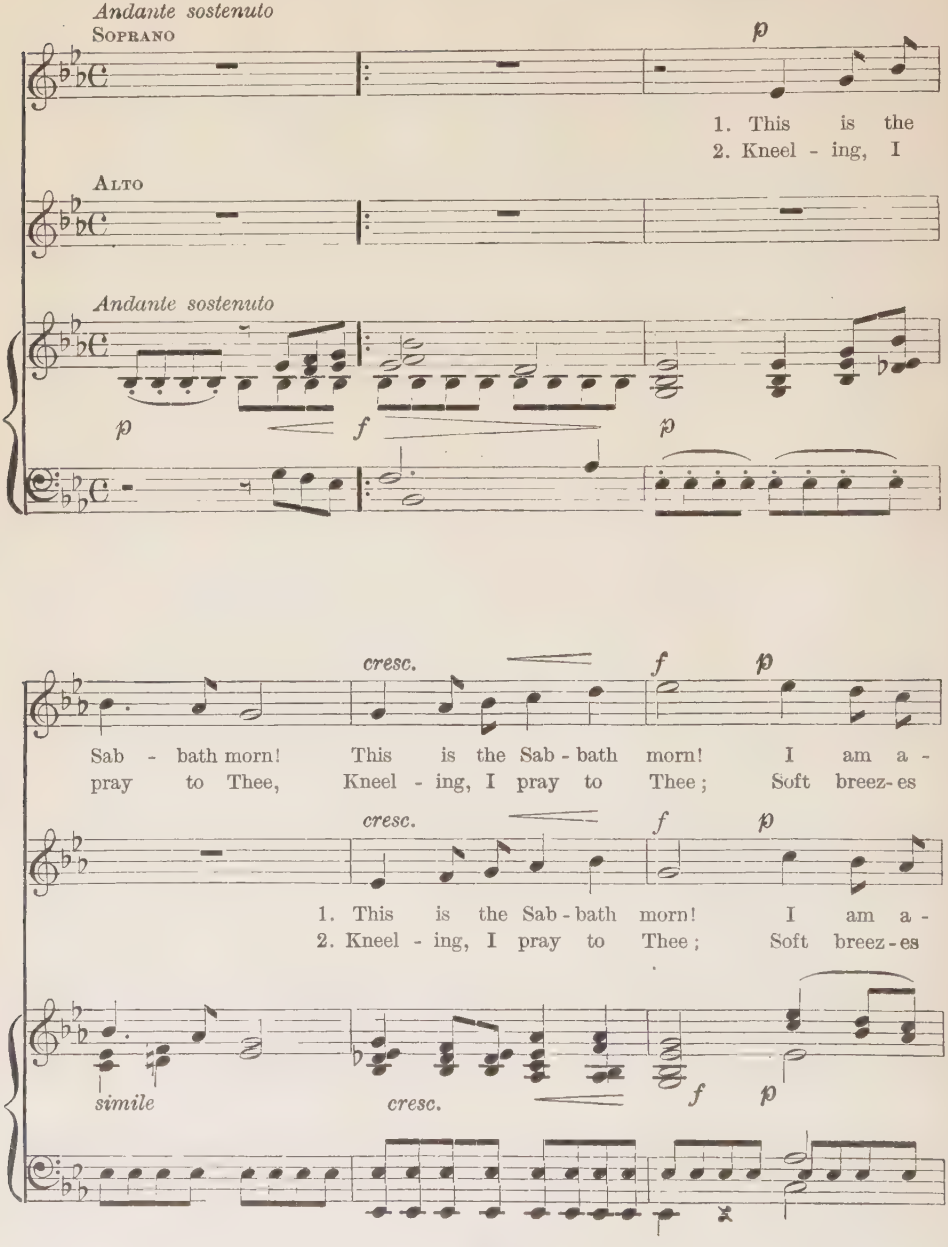
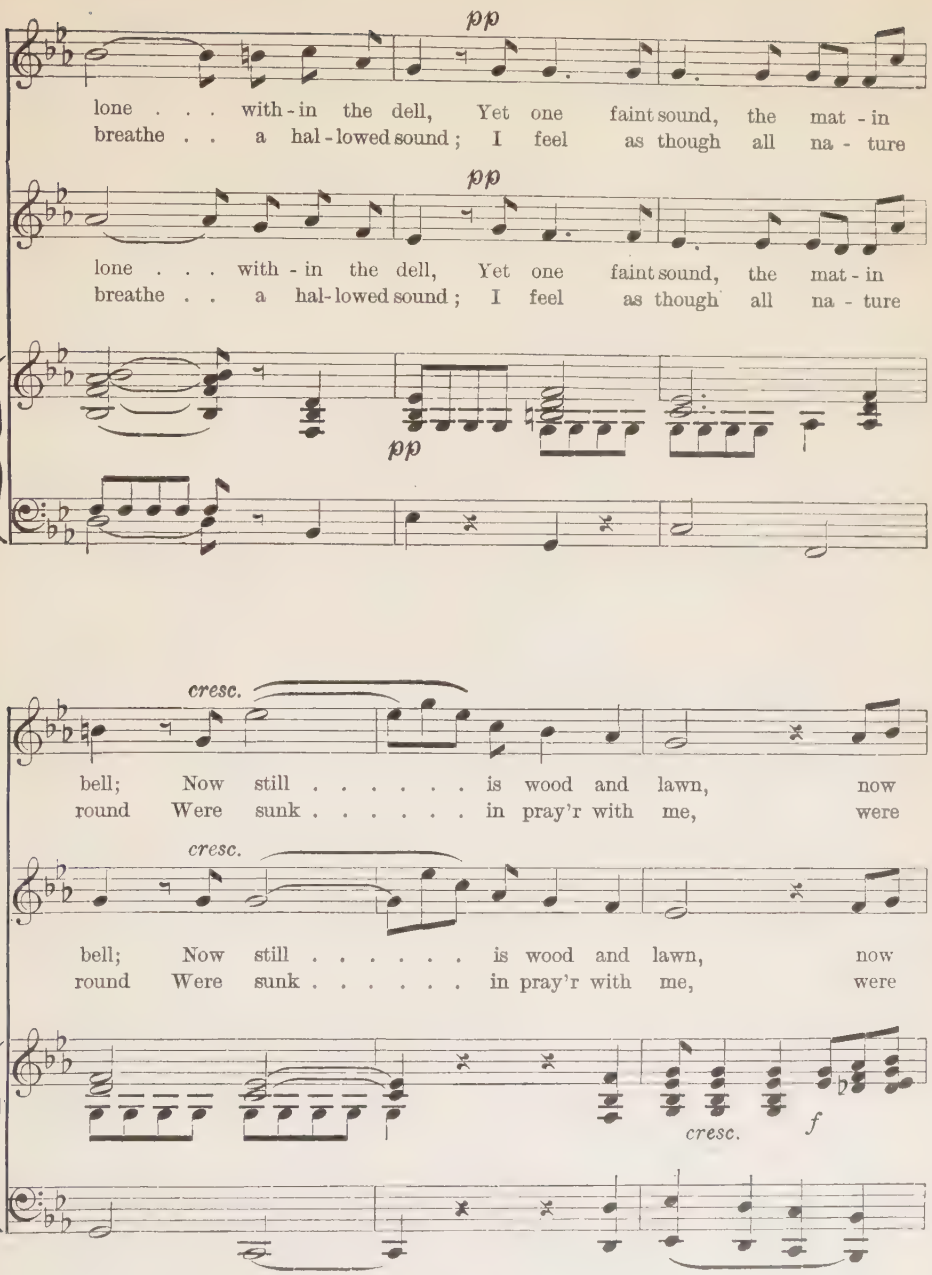
Now Ended is the Quiet Night

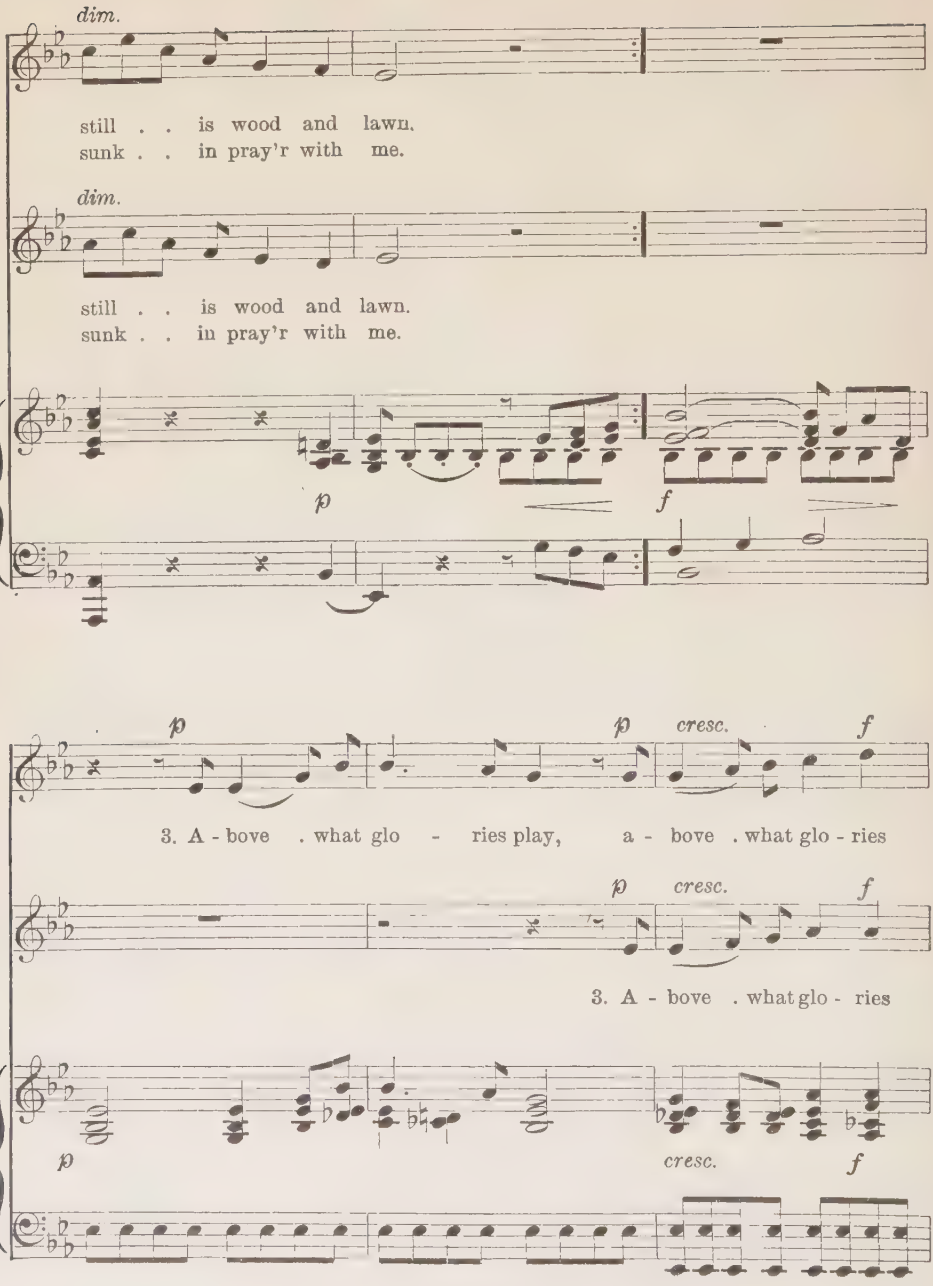
Tr. from G. C. Dieffenbach

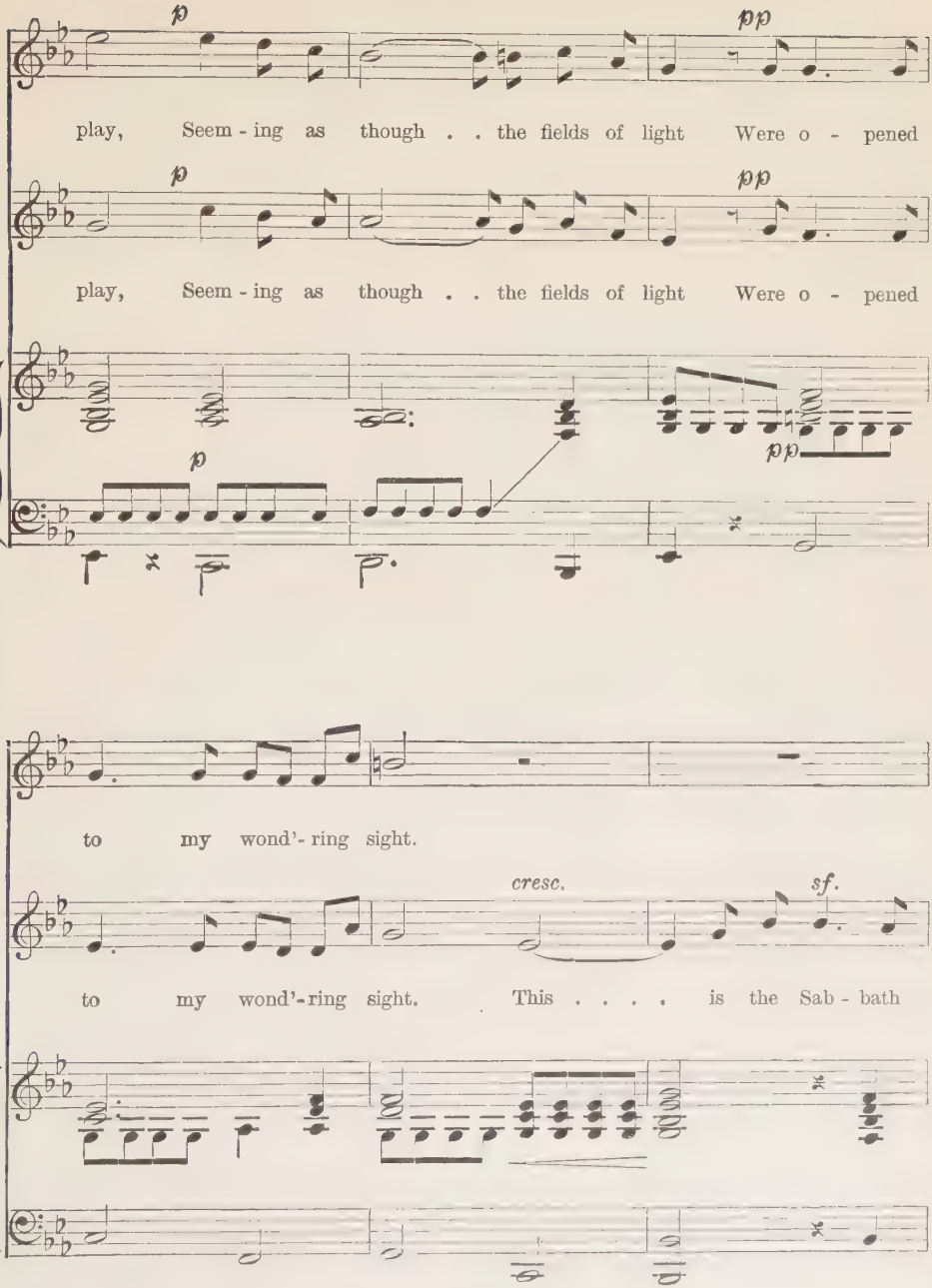
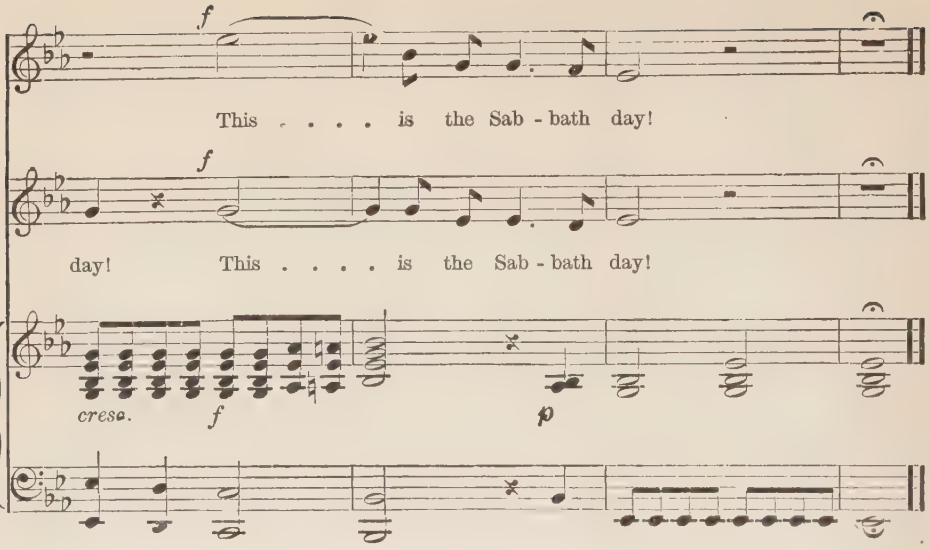
H. M. Schletterer


f
f
sing - ing. And thou, my soul, a - wake, a - rise, On swift wings mount a -
ter - nal. And when this life hath passed a - way, And when hath dawn'd a
f
f
f
f
dim.
p
bove the skies, Thy dawn with praise be - gin - ning.
glad new day Thou'lt sing with joy su - per - nal.
dim.
p
dim.
p

259 The Sabbath Morn

Tr. from Ludwig Uhland

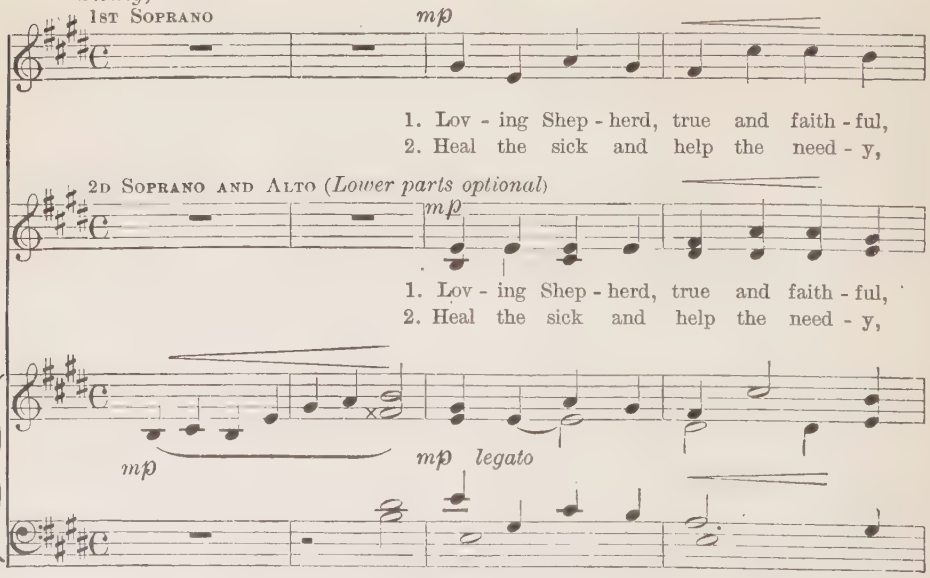
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

pp
lone . . . with - in the dell, Yet one faint sound, the mat - in
breathe . . a hal - lowed sound; I feel as though all na - ture
pp
lone . . . with - in the dell, Yet one faint sound, the mat - in
breathe . . a hal - lowed sound; I feel as though all na - ture
pp
cresc.
bell; Now still . . . . . is wood and lawn, now
round Were sunk . . . . . in pray'r with me, were
cresc.
bell; Now still . . . . . is wood and lawn, now
round Were sunk . . . . . in pray'r with me, were
cresc.
f

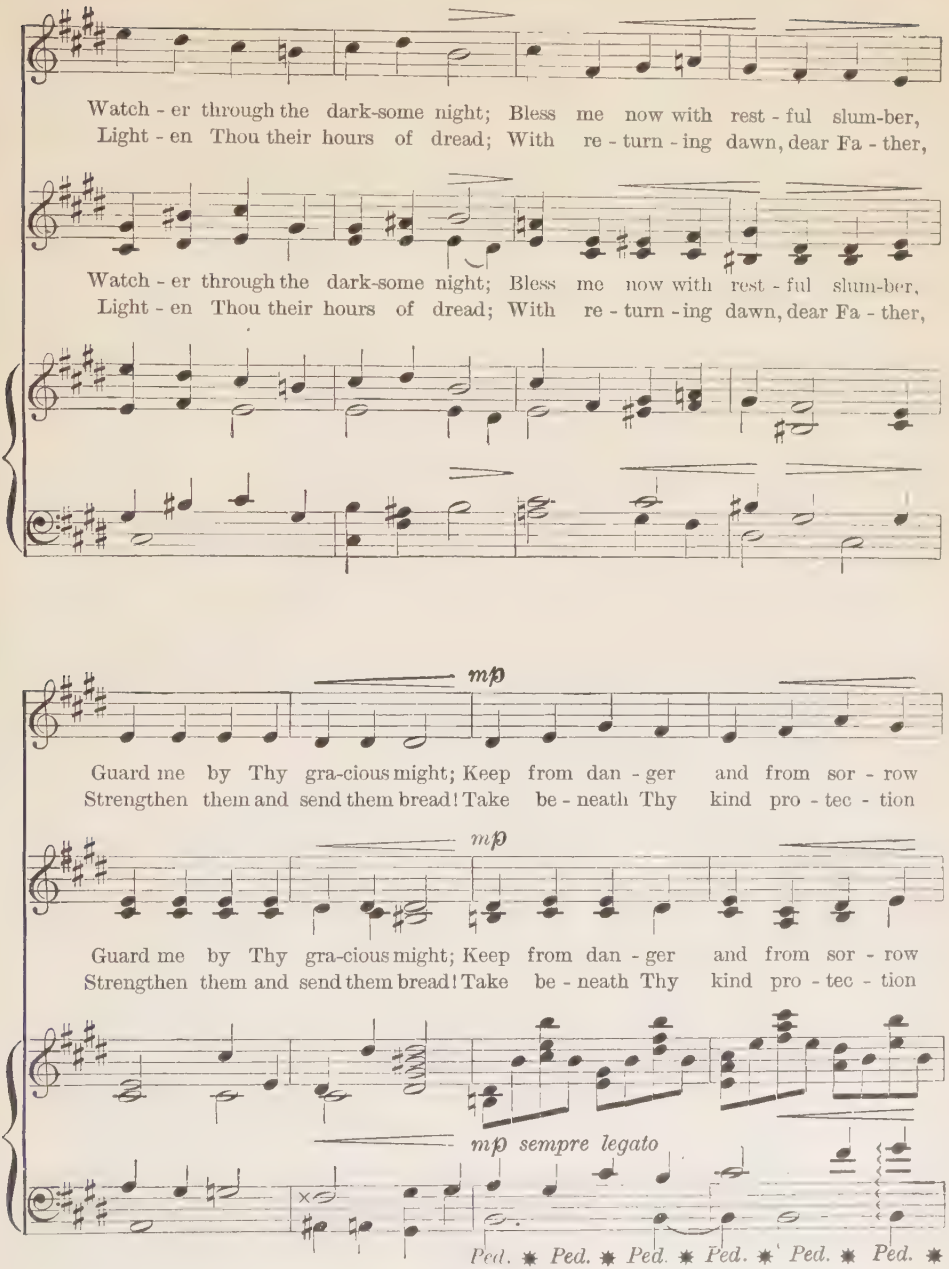

dim.
still . . is wood and lawn.
sunk . . in pray'r with me.
dim.
still . . is wood and lawn.
sunk . . in pray'r with me.
p
f
p
p
cresc.
f
3. A - bove . what glo - ries play, a - bove . what glo - ries
p
cresc.
f
3. A - bove . what glo - ries
p
cresc.
f

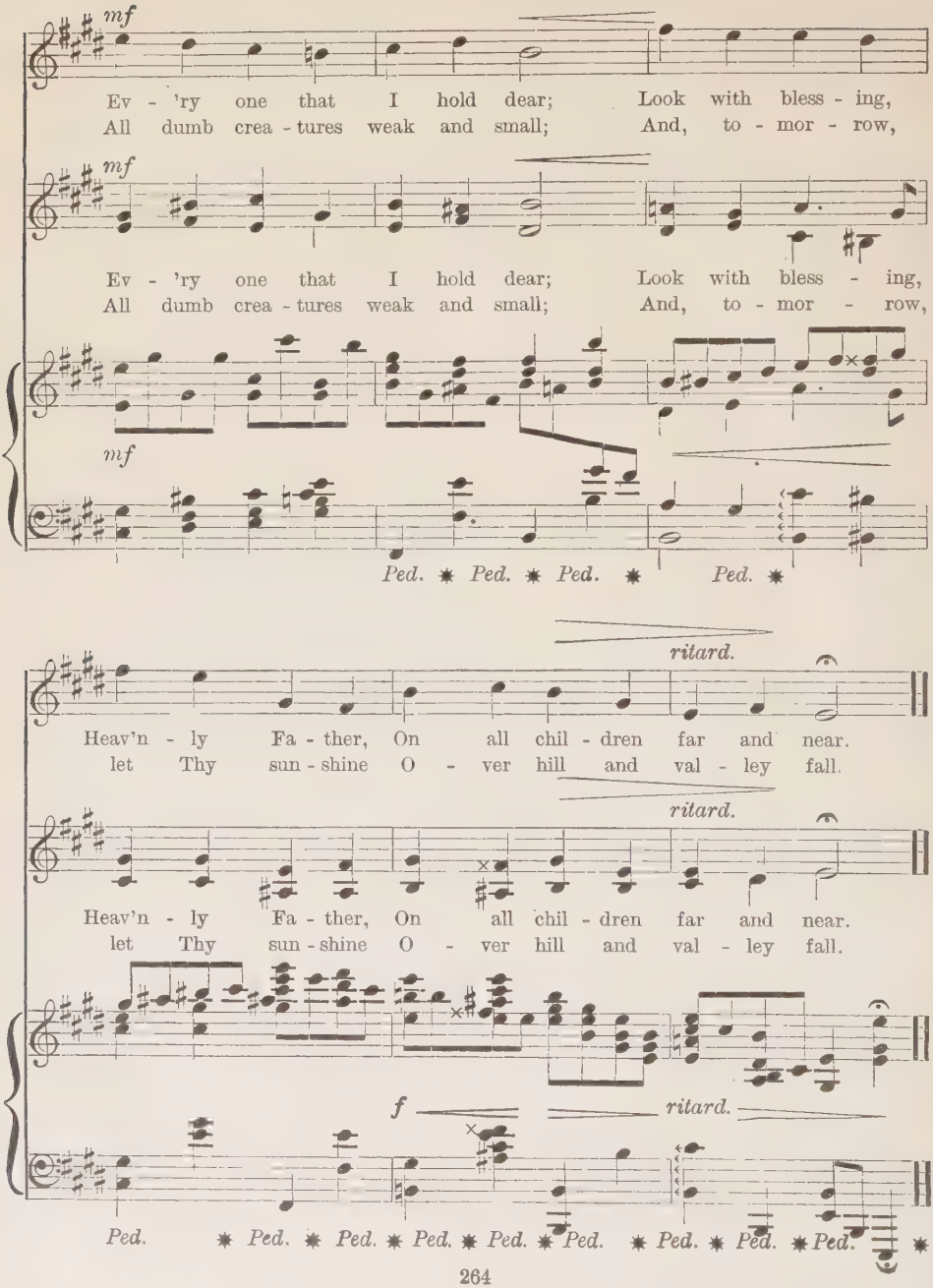

p
pp
play, Seem - ing as though . . the fields of light Were o - pened
p
pp
play, Seem - ing as though . . the fields of light Were o - pened
p
pp
to my wond'- ring sight.
cresc.
sf.
to my wond'-ring sight. This . . . . is the Sab - bath

260 Loving Shepherd, True and Faithful

Laura E. Poulsson — Margaret Ruthven Lang

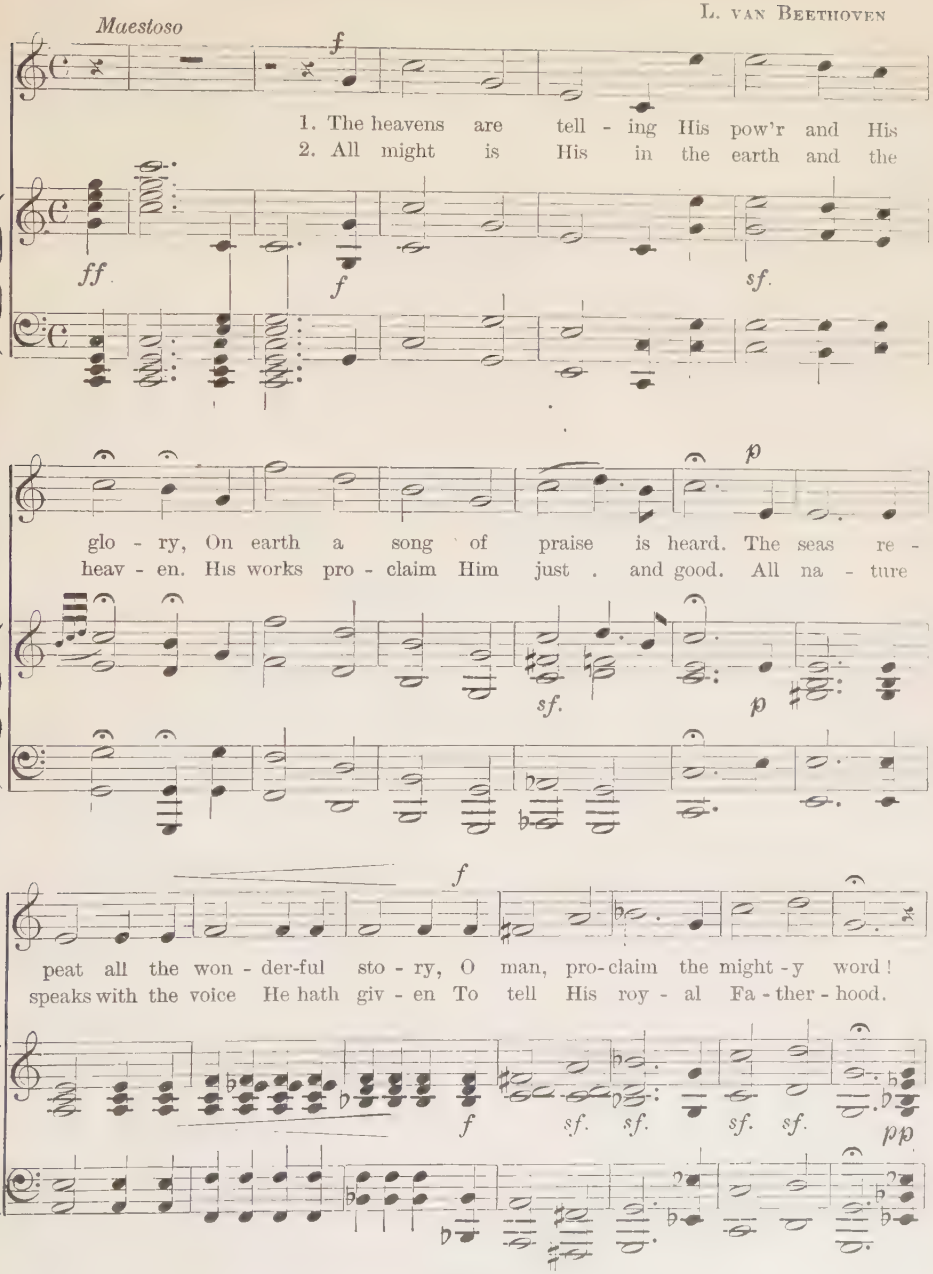
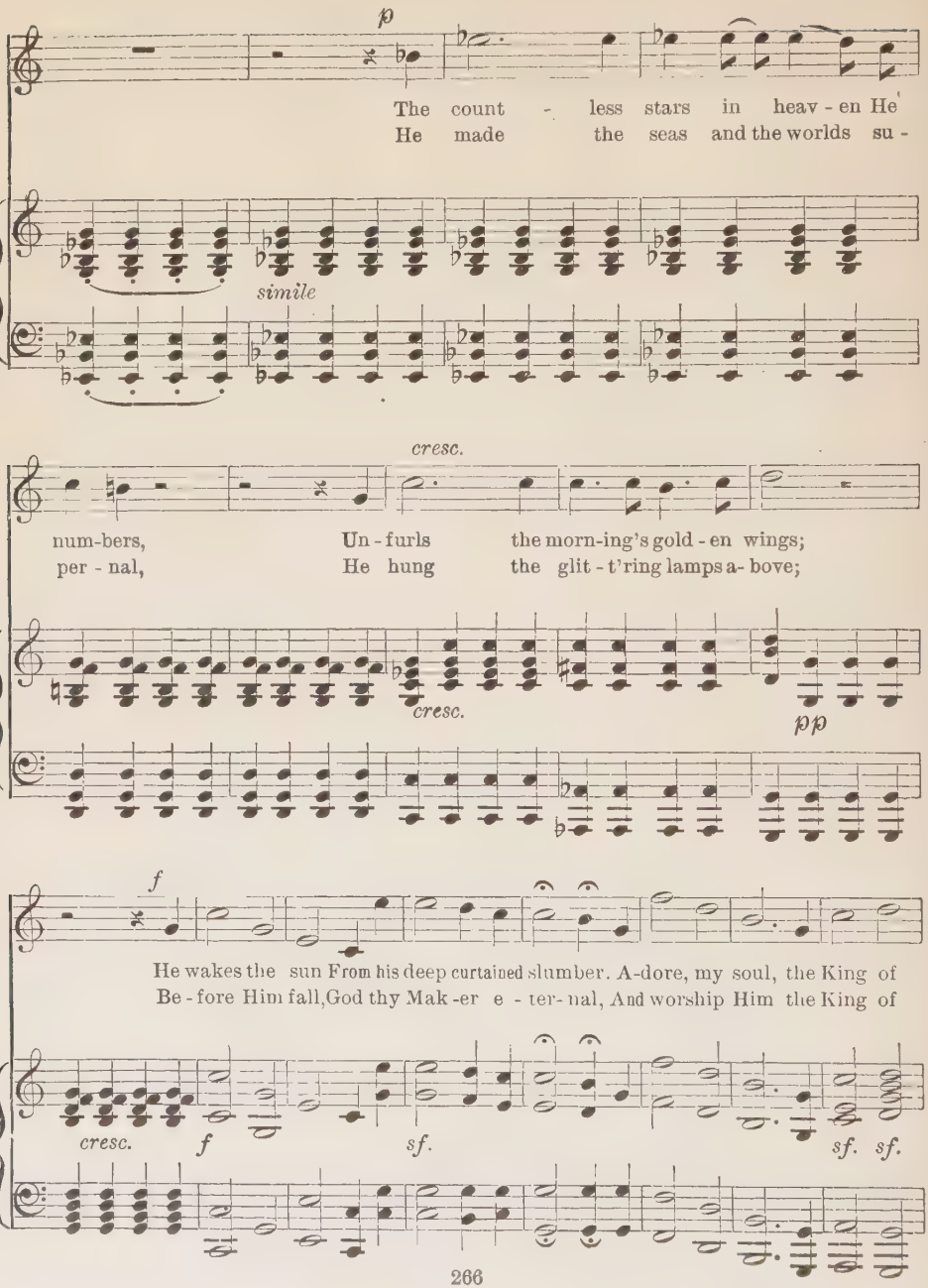
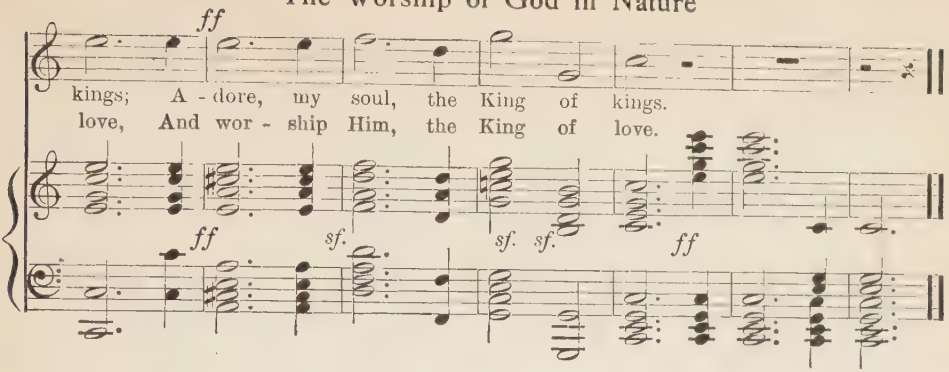
Slowly; with sustained tone

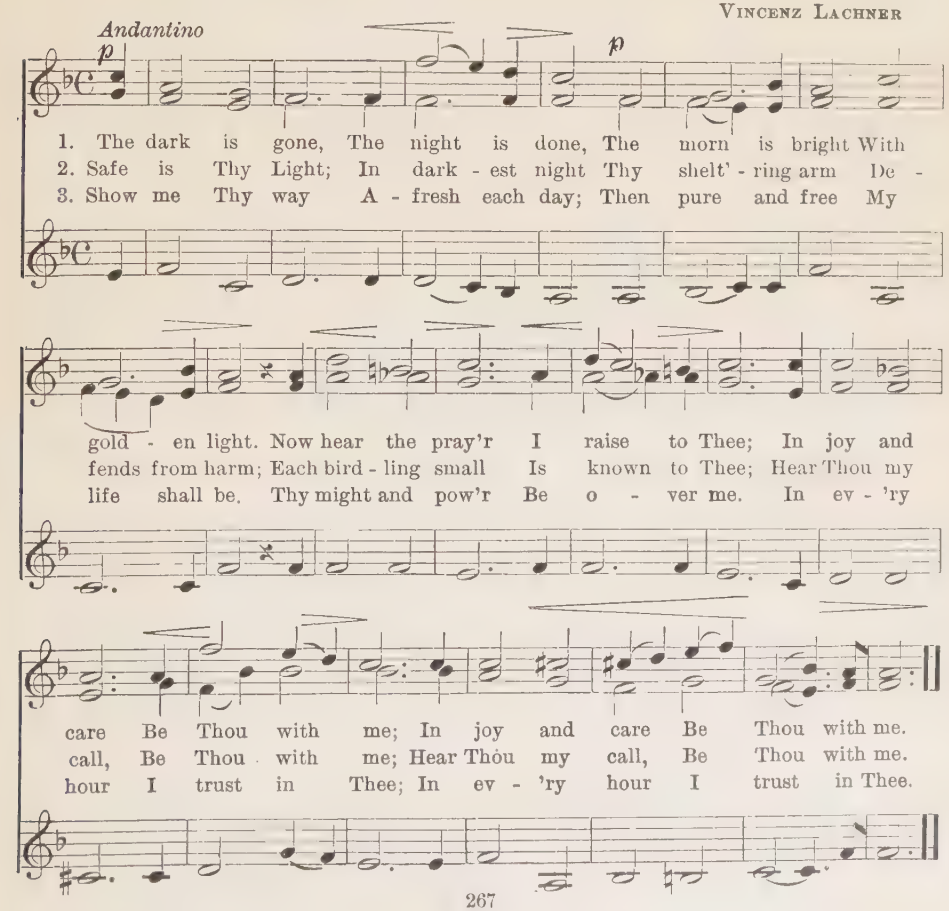

1st Soprano
mp
1. Lov - ing Shep - herd, true and faith - ful,
2. Heal the sick and help the need - y,
2d Soprano and Alto (Lower parts optional)
mp
1. Lov - ing Shep - herd, true and faith - ful,
2. Heal the sick and help the need - y,
mp
mp legato

Loving Shepherd, True and Faithful

Watch - er through the dark-some night; Bless me now with rest - ful slum-ber,
Light - en Thou their hours of dread; With re - turn - ing dawn, dear Fa - ther,
Watch - er through the dark-some night; Bless me now with rest - ful slum-ber,
Light - en Thou their hours of dread; With re - turn - ing dawn, dear Fa - ther,
mp
Guard me by Thy gra-cious might; Keep from dan - ger and from sor - row
Strengthen them and send them bread! Take be - neath Thy kind pro - tec - tion
mp
Guard me by Thy gra-cious might; Keep from dan - ger and from sor - row
Strengthen them and send them bread! Take be - neath Thy kind pro - tec - tion
mp sempre legato
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Loving Shepherd, True and Faithful

mf
Ev - 'ry one that I hold dear; Look with bless - ing,
All dumb crea - tures weak and small; And, to - mor - row,
mf
Ev - 'ry one that I hold dear; Look with bless - ing,
All dumb crea - tures weak and small; And, to - mor - row,
mf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
ritard.
Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, On all chil - dren far and near.
let Thy sun - shine O - ver hill and val - ley fall.
ritard.
Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, On all chil - dren far and near.
let Thy sun - shine O - ver hill and val - ley fall.
f
ritard.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

261 The Worship of God in Nature

L. van Beethoven

Maestoso
1. The heavens are tell - ing His pow'r and His
2. All might is His in the earth and the
glo - ry, On earth a song of praise is heard. The seas re -
heav - en. His works pro - claim Him just . and good. All na - ture
peat all the won - der-ful sto - ry, O man, pro-claim the might - y word!
speaks with the voice He hath giv - en To tell His roy - al Fa - ther - hood.

p
The count - less stars in heav - en He
He made the seas and the worlds su -
simile
cresc.
num-bers, Un - furls the morn-ing's gold - en wings;
per - nal, He hung the glit - t'ring lamps a- bove;
cresc.
pp
f
He wakes the sun From his deep curtained slumber. A-dore, my soul, the King of
Be - fore Him fall, God thy Mak - er e - ter - nal, And worship Him the King of
cresc.
f
sf.
sf. sf.

262 The Dark is Gone

VINCENZ LACHNER

Andantino
p
p
1. The dark is gone, The night is done, The morn is bright With
2. Safe is Thy Light; In dark - est night Thy shelt' - ring arm De -
3. Show me Thy way A - fresh each day; Then pure and free My
gold - en light. Now hear the pray'r I raise to Thee; In joy and
fends from harm; Each bird - ling small Is known to Thee; Hear Thou my
life shall be. Thy might and pow'r Be o - ver me. In ev - 'ry
care Be Thou with me; In joy and care Be Thou with me.
call, Be Thou with me; Hear Thou my call, Be Thou with me.
hour I trust in Thee; In ev - 'ry hour I trust in Thee.

Antiphon

George Herbert

Eleanor Smith

Chorus *mf*

Maestoso. *cresc.* *ff* *rit.* Solo *mp*

Let all the world in ev - 'ry cor - ner sing, *My God and King.* The

mf *cresc.* *ff* *rit.*

or Semi-chorus

a tempo

heav'ns are not too high, His praise may thith-er flie; The earth is not too

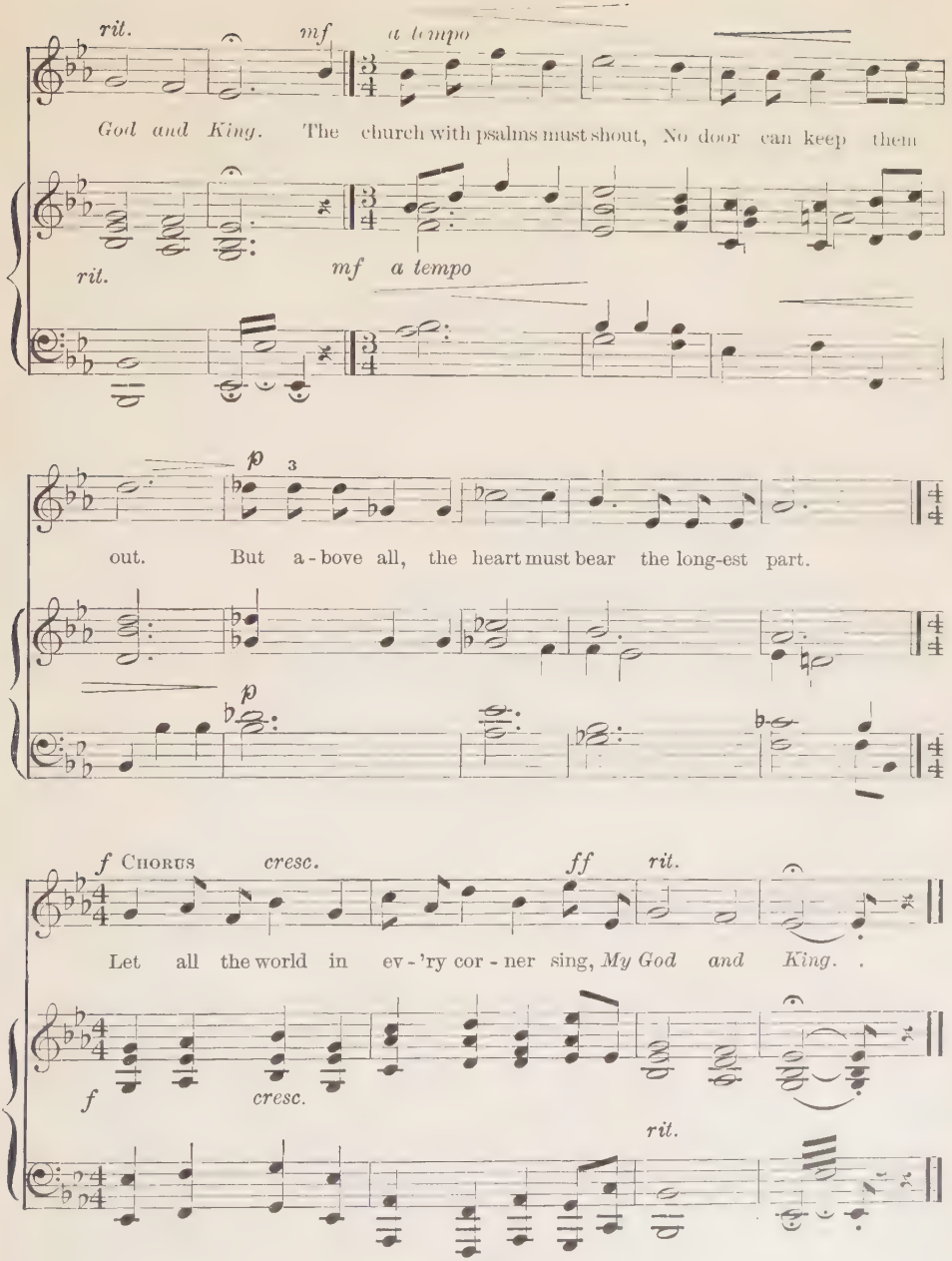
mp *a tempo*

Chorus *cresc.* *mf* *ff*

low, His prais-es there may grow. Let all the world in ev-'ry cor - ner sing, *My*

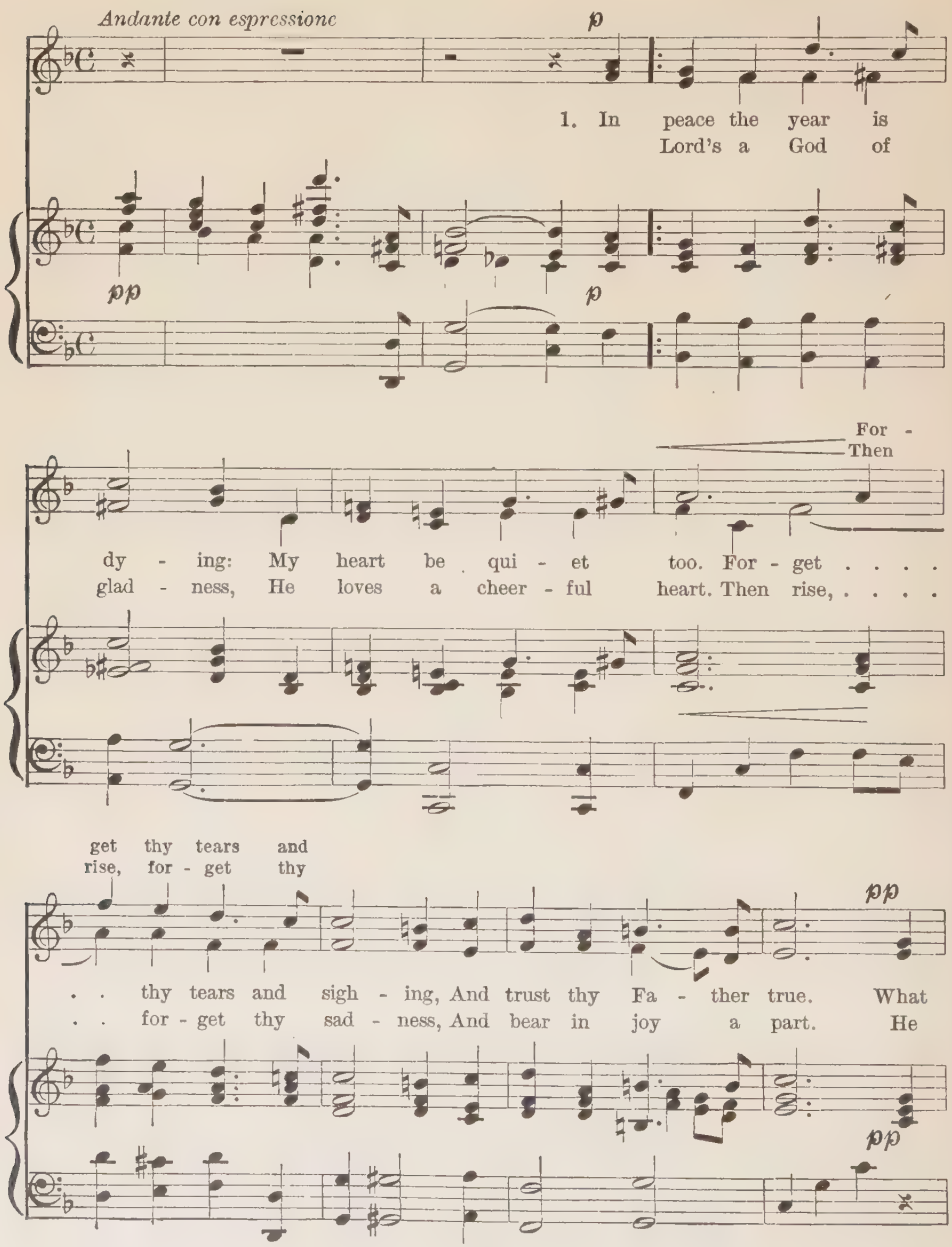
mf *cresc.* *ff*

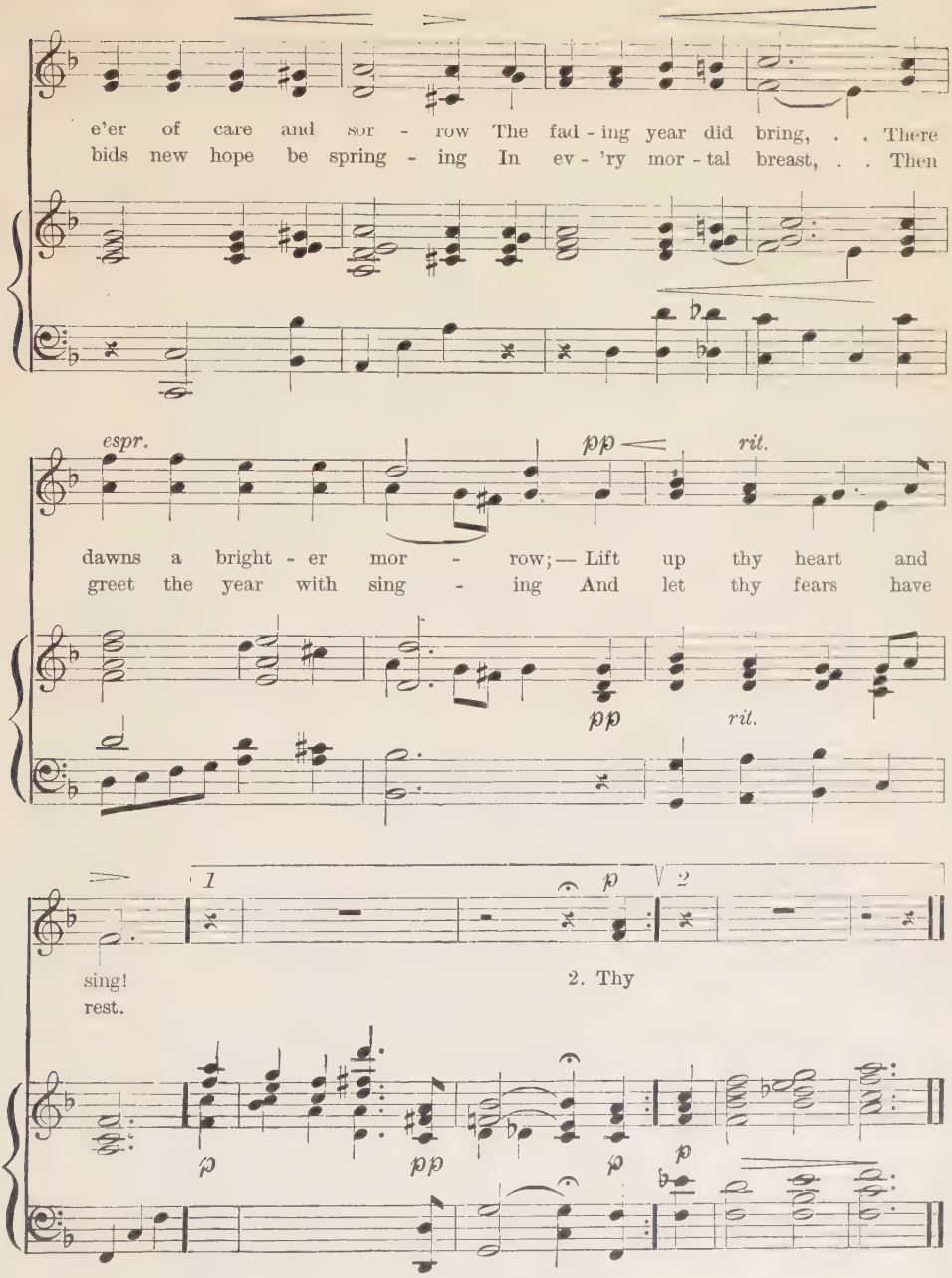
Antiphon

Solo or Semi-chorus

The New Year

After E. von Reuss

Johannes Pache

Andante con espressione

p
1. In peace the year is
Lord's a God of
pp
p
For -
Then
dy - ing: My heart be qui - et too. For - get . . . .
glad - ness, He loves a cheer - ful heart. Then rise, ...
get thy tears and
rise, for - get thy
pp
. . thy tears and sigh - ing, And trust thy Fa - ther true. What
. . for - get thy sad - ness, And bear in joy a part. He
pp

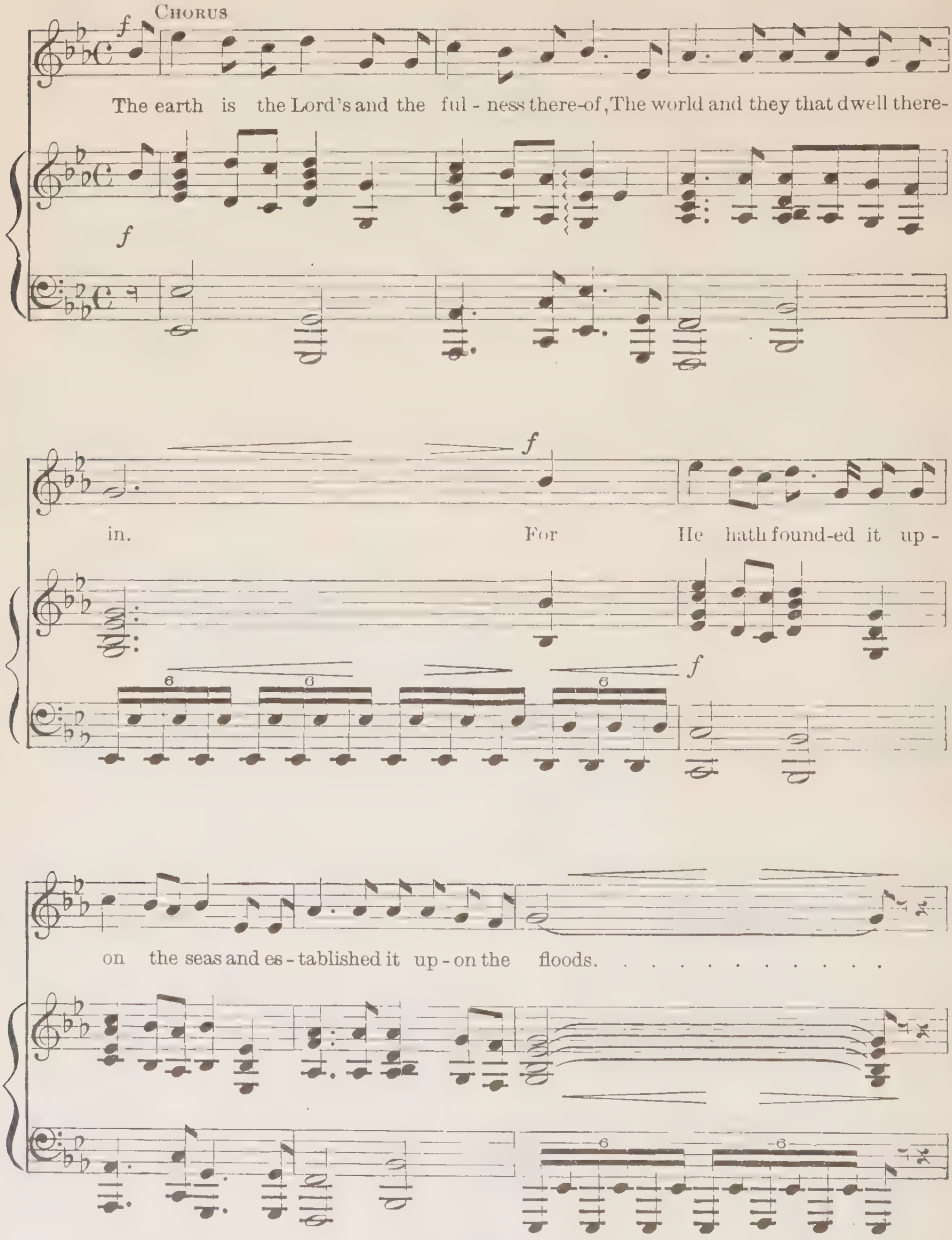

e'er of care and sor - row The fad - ing year did bring, . . There
bids new hope be spring - ing In ev - 'ry mor - tal breast, . . Then
espr.
pp
rit.
dawns a bright - er mor - row; — Lift up thy heart and
greet the year with sing - ing And let thy fears have
pp
rit.
1
p
2
sing!
rest.
2. Thy
p
pp
p
p

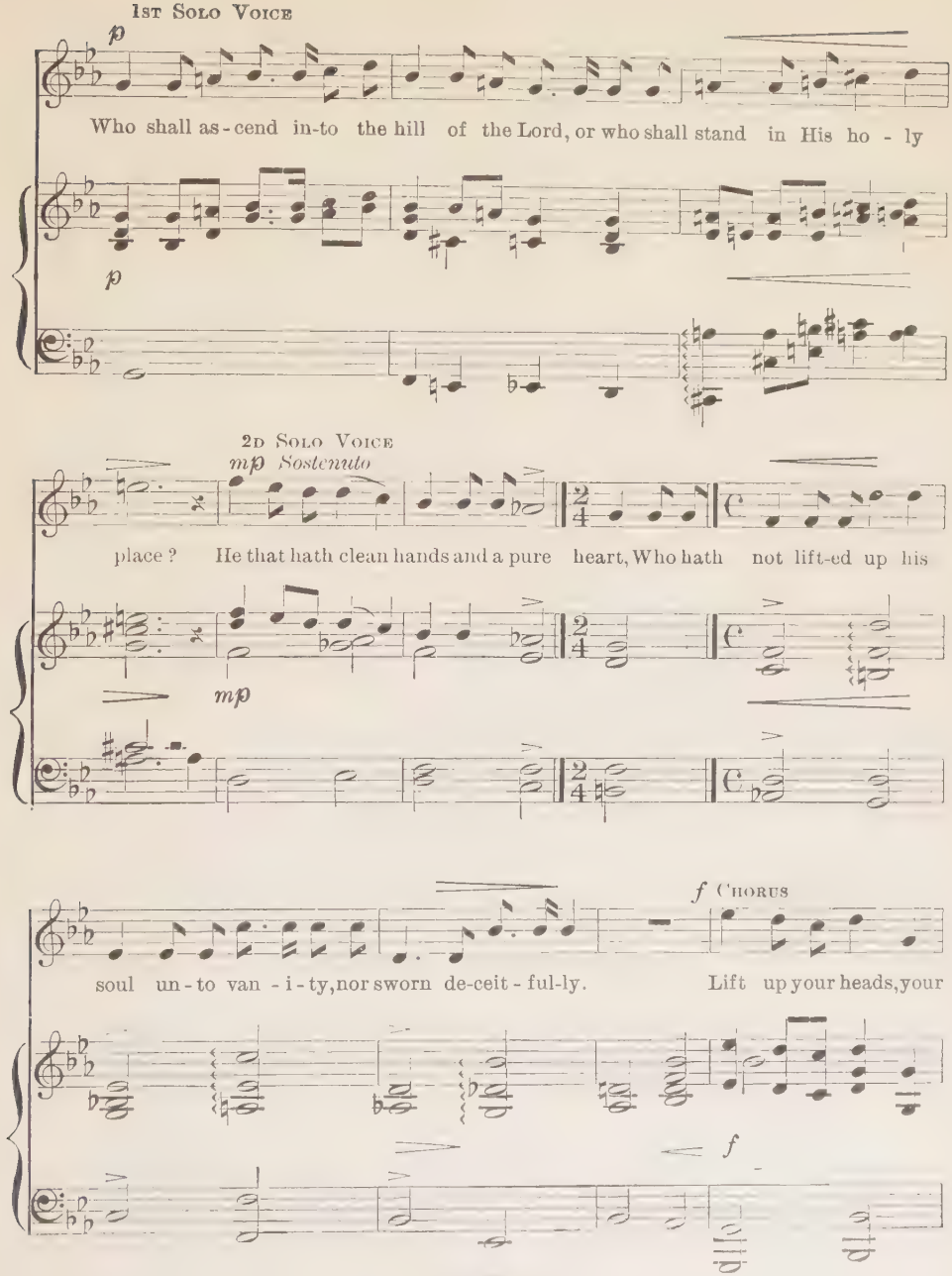
265 The Earth is the Lord's

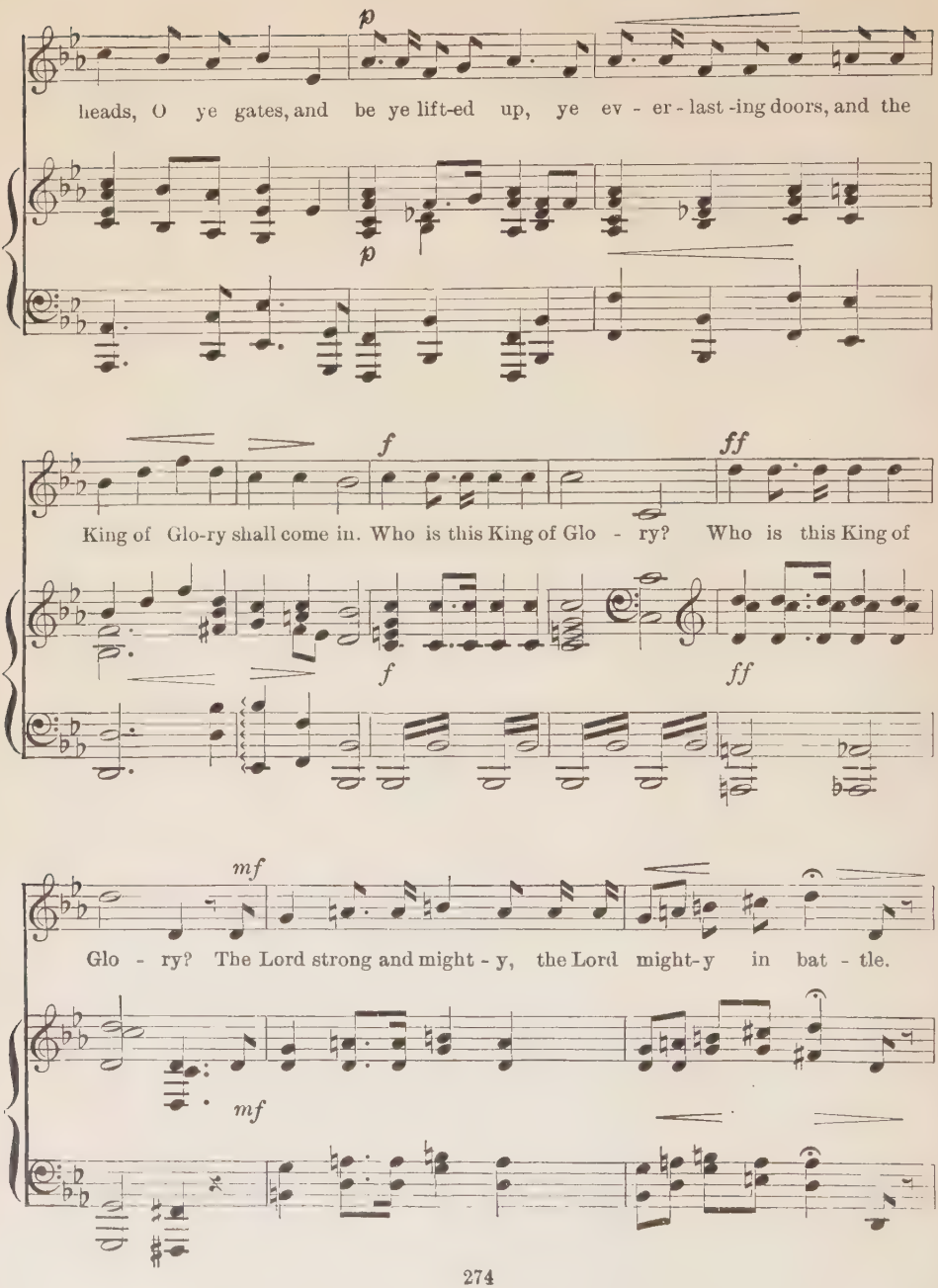
Psalm XXIV

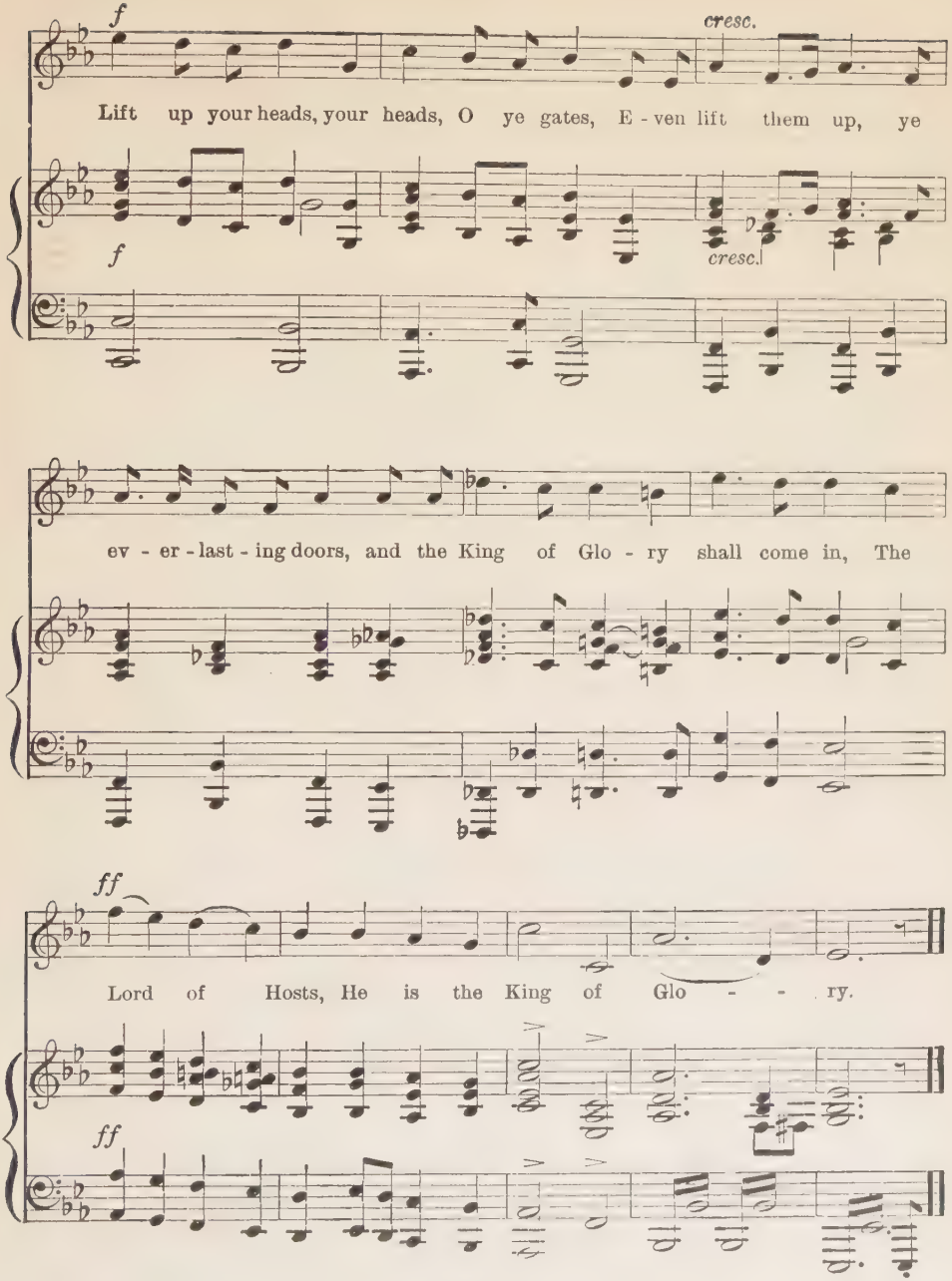
ELEANOR SMITH

Maestoso


CHORUS
f
The earth is the Lord's and the ful - ness there-of, The world and they that dwell there-
f
in.
For He hath found-ed it up -
on the seas and es - tablished it up - on the floods.


1st Solo Voice
p
Who shall as - cend in-to the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in His ho - ly
p
2d Solo Voice
mp Sostenuto
place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, Who hath not lift-ed up his
mp
f Chorus
soul un - to van - i - ty, nor sworn de-ceit - ful-ly. Lift up your heads, your
f


p
heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift-ed up, ye ev - er - last -ing doors, and the
p
f
ff
King of Glo-ry shall come in. Who is this King of Glo - ry? Who is this King of
f
ff
mf
Glo - ry? The Lord strong and might - y, the Lord might-y in bat - tle.
mf


f
cresc.
Lift up your heads, your heads, O ye gates, E - ven lift them up, ye
f
cresc.
ev - er - last - ing doors, and the King of Glo - ry shall come in, The
ff
Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glo - - ry.
ff

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15	Come, My Soul, Thou Must be Waking	F. R. L. von Canitz	*Eleanor Smith*
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126	Dear Lord in Heaven	Anonymous	*Carl Reinecke*
10	Morning Hymn	From the Danish	*August Winding*
125	Morning Prayer (Father in Heaven)		*Folk Song*
9	Morning Prayer (Heav'nly Father)		*Josef Rheinberger*
124	Morning Song		*Carl Wilhelm*
166	New Every Morning is the Love	John Keble	*Samuel Webbe*
14	Night and Day	Johann Meyer-Kiel	*Carl Reinecke*
258	Now Ended is the Quiet Night	From G. C. Dieffenbach	*H. M. Schletterer*
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128	Now the Night has Gone Away	Mary Blake	*Eleanor Smith*
12	O God! Who When the Night was Deep	F. T. Palgrave	*J. M. Courtney*
11	The Breaking Morn Comes Back to Bless		*Eleanor Smith*
262	The Dark is Gone		*Vincenz Lachner*
122	The Morning Bright	Rev. T. O. Summers	*J. M. Courtney*
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16	Evening Prayer (Dear Lord, another happy day)		*J. Tyson-Wolff*
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29	Our Father in Heaven	Mary Blake	*J. M. Courtney*
139	Saviour, Teach Me Day by Day	Jane E. Leeson	*Eleanor Smith*
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7	The Eyes of All Wait Upon Thee (Sentence)	Psalm CXLV: 15	*Helen Goodrich*
66	The Good Shepherd (By pleasant paths)	Tr. by Mary Blake	*Folk Song*
33	The Good Shepherd (Thou, gracious Lord)	E. Oxenford	*J. Stainer*
213	The King of Love My Shepherd is	H. W. Baker	*J. B. Dykes*
28	The Watcher in the Skies		*B. Hamma*
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64	Wait Upon the Lord		*G. Malan*
56	When the Lord of Life was Here	Stopford A. Brooke	*John Heathcote*

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221	Jerusalem, the Golden	From Bernard of Cluny	*A. Ewing*
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58	The Golden Shore	E. Oxenford	*J. Stainer*

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154	All Things Bright and Beautiful	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	*Eleanor Smith*
23	Autumn Song		*Friedrich Silcher*
47	Can You Count the Stars?		*John Martin*
24	December	Old English	*Gertrude Madeira Smith*
42	Each Blade of Grass	Tr. by Helen Goodrich	*Freidemann Bach*
153	Early Spring		*M. La Salle*
156	Flowers	Frances Havergal	*Alberto Randegger*
159	God Sends His Bright Spring Sun	Elizabeth Peabody	*Eleanor Smith*
22	Golden Days		*Arthur Edward Johnstone*
46	I Love Thy Skies	George McDonald	*Eleanor Smith*
19	Joy in Spring		*Friedrich Zühmstedt*
48	Little Lamb, Who Made Thee?	William Blake	*Gertrude Madeira Smith*
158	O Verdant Spring	From Martin Luther	*Anna Bancroft*
39	Sowing and Reaping		*J. G. Schade*
152	The Alder by the River	Celia Thaxter	*John Martin*
34	The Evening Star	From Elisabeth Kulmann	*Carl Reinecke*
51	The Fir Tree	G. C. Dieffenbach	*Franz Abt*
20	The Glory of the Spring	T. H. Gill	*J. M. Courtney*
44	The Lily of the Field	Mary Blake	*William Heathcote*
231	The Worship of God in Nature		*L. van Beethoven*
151	This is the Way the Snow Comes Down		*Wm. W. Gilchrist*
50	When Mother was Ill	From Julius Sturm	*Carl Reinecke*
209	When Spring Unlocks the Flowers	R. Heber	*English Traditional Melody*
21	When the Earth Awakes	Mary Slade	*Folk Tune*
157	Who Shows the Swallow?	Mary Blake	*Richard Graner*
155	Who Taught the Bird?	Jane Turner	*Jean Crofter*
43	Who Taught the Earth?	M. B. Turner	*J. W. Elliott*
25	Winter Song	Samuel Longfellow	*Eleanor Smith*

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225	Go Forward, Christian Soldier	Lawrence Tuttiett	*English*
226	Hark! Hark! the Organ Loudly Peals	Godfrey Thring	*J. W. Elliott*
224	O Brothers, Lift Your Voices	E. H. Bickersteth	*Berthold Tours*
222	Onward, Christian Soldiers	S. Baring Gould	*Arthur S. Sullivan*
163	We are Little Soldier Men	Mary Slade	*Eleanor Smith*
161	We Journey on to the Land of Love	Ellen Bert	*Eleanor Smith*
223	We March, We March to Victory!	Gerald Moultrie	*J. Barnby*
162	What Shall Little Children Say?	Mary Blake	*John Heathcote*

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52	Be with Us, O Father	Mary Slade	*Robert Ochme*
146	Birthday Song		*Carl Reinecke*
205	Cast Thy Burden upon the Lord		*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*
147	Children of the Lord	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	*Jean Crofter*
54	Child's Prayer	From Agnes Hutberg	*Wilhelm Taubert*
68	Come to Us on the Sea		*Carl Loewe*
210	Eternal Father! Strong to Save	William Whiting	*J. B. Dykes*
211	Father of Mercies! in Thy Word	Anne Steele	*Thomas Haweis*
132	From the Heaven Above Us		*F. Silcher*
138	God in Heaven, Hear Our Singing	Frances Havergal	*Alberto Randegger*
133	God is Always Near Me	Charles Wesley	*EleanorSmith*
212	Great Creator, Lord of All	J. B. Pollock	*P. H. Deimer*
36	Heavenly Father, Send Thy Blessing	Bishop Wordsworth	*Plymouth Collection*
32	Holy Father, Thou Hast Taught Me		*J. M. Courtney*
202	Holy, Holy, Holy	Reginald Heber	*J. B. Dykes*
145	In our Work and in our Play	W. C. Dix	*John Heathcote*
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150	Jesus, High in Glory	J. Erskine Clarke	*John Martin*
141	Jesus, Holy, Undefiled	Anonymous	*Eleanor Smith*
136	Lamb of God, I Look to Thee	Charles Wesley	*Anna Bancroft*
257	Lift Thine Eyes		*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*
207	Lord, as to Thy Dear Cross We Flee	John H. Gurney	*Albert L. Peace*
38	Lord, I Would Own Thy Tender Care	Jane Taylor	*John Heathcote*
67	Lord of My Life	Anonymous	*William Heathly*
53	Lord of the Springtime		*Old Hymn*
1	Make Me a Clean Heart (Sentence)	Psalm LI: 10	*Helen Goodrich*
144	My God, Give Water to the Streams	From Lamartine	*Anna Bancroft*
215	O God of Love, O King of Peace	H. W. Baker	*St. Alban's Tune Book*
204	O God of Mercy, God of Might	Godfrey Thring	*E. D. Drewett*
206	O Jesus, Thou art Standing	W. W. How	*J. H. Knecht and E. Husband*
256	O Lamb of God (Agnus Dei)		*H. Hudson*
63	O Lord of Earth	Margaret Herrick	*G. A. Macfarren*
216	O Lord of Heaven, and Earth, and Sea	Christopher Wordsworth	*J. B. Dykes*
203	O Thou Great Teacher from the Skies	T. C. Upham	*J. B. Dykes*
134	O Thou Who Wast a Little Child		*E. Kruse*
35	Prayer	E. Oxenford	*J. Stainer*
208	Send Down Thy Truth, O God	Edward Rowland Sill	*M. La Salle*
2	The Blessing of Peace (Sentence)	Psalm XXIX: 11	*Helen Goodrich*
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41	Thou Bid'st Us Seek Thee Early	Jeanette Threlfall	*Henry Leslie*
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60	When the Morning's Bright and Gay	Mary Blake	*Carl Attenhofer*

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228	Wake, Awake, for Night is Flying	Philip Nicolai	*F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*

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234	Brightest and Best	Reginald Heber	*Charles Gounod*
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80	Christmas Comes but Once a Year		*J. W. Elliott*
82	Christmas Hymn	Tr. by E. M. Arndt	*Carl Reinecke*
89	Christmas Lullaby		*Old Carol from Westphalia*
83	Come, All Ye Shepherds	From the Bohemian	*Old Bohemian Carol*
75	Gather Around the Christmas Tree	J. H. H.	*John Henry Hopkins*
84	Good Christian Men, Rejoice		*M. Praetorius*
231	Hark! the Herald Angels Sing	Charles Wesley	*F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*
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85	Holy Night		*Franz Gruber*
95	In Another Land and Time	Anonymous	*Eleanor Smith*
93	Infant so Gentle	From the French	*Gascon Carol*
73	'Mid the Darkness of the Night	From the French	*French Carol*
91	O Christmas Child	Mary Slade	*Gottlob Siegert*
233	O Come, All Ye Faithful	Old Latin Hymn	*John Reading*
90	O Come, Little Children		*Folk Song*
94	O Come, Ye Happy Children	From the French	*Old French Carol*
88	O Hemlock Tree!		*Folk Song*
230	O Little Town of Bethlehem	Phillips Brooks	*L. H. Redner*
78	Sing, O Earth and Starry Sky!	From the Bohemian	*Bohemian Carol*
74	Sleep, Little Child	From the French	*Old French Carol*
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96	The Manger Hymn	From Martin Luther	*Jean Crofter*

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77	We Three Kings of Orient Are	J. H. Hopkins	*Eleanor Smith*
79	What Child is This?	W. C. Dix	*F. T. Field*
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81	Ye Shepherds, Arise!	Folk Rhyme	*Carl Reinecke*
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101	The Day of Resurrection	From John of Damascus	*Friedrich Zelter*
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99	The World Itself Keeps Easter Day	Rev. J. M. Neale	*Dr. J. S. B. Hodges*
98	Ye Happy Bells of Easter Day	Rev. J. M. Neale	*Dr. J. S. B. Hodges*
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